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THE MEMOIRS OF DR. THOMAS W. EVANS

IN THE "STORY OF THE NATIONS" SERIES

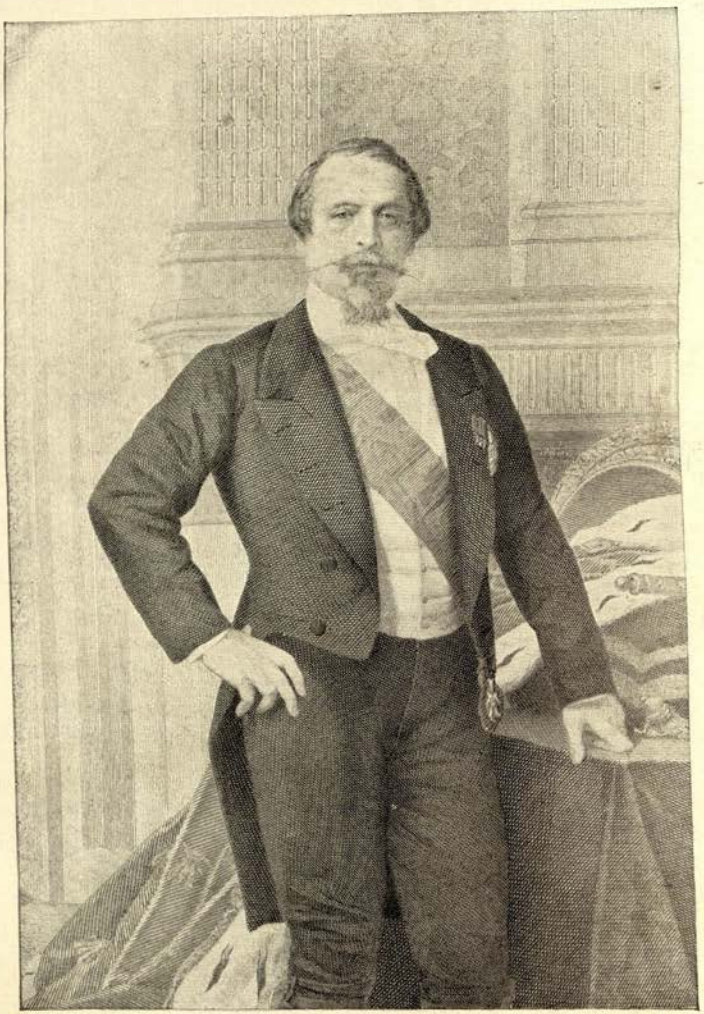
Illustrated. Large Crown 8vo, Cloth, 5/-

MODERN FRANCE (1789–1895)

BY ANDRÉ LEBON,

MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

From an engraving of the portrait by Cabanel.

Frontispiece to Vol. II.

THE MEMOIRS

OF

DR. THOMAS W. EVANS

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE

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Contents

CHAPTER IX

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS FROM THE TUILERIES

PAGE

The invasion of the Tuileries—General Mellinet parleys with the invaders—How the palace was protected—The interior of the Tuileries—The Empress waits in the palace to hear from the Assembly—She is advised to leave—She hesitates—Prince de Metternich and Signor Nigra—M. Piétri—The Empress bids adieu to her friends—She leaves the Tuileries—She is forced to return—Quite by chance—"The wreck of the Medusa"—"Are you afraid?"—"Not a bit"—A curious coincidence—"*Il faut de l'audace*"—"*Voilà l'Impératrice*"—No one at home—The Empress comes to my house 317

CHAPTER X

THE REVOLUTION—THE EMPRESS AT MY HOUSE

The calm before the storm—Paris in revolution—The Champs Élysées The Place de la Concorde—The street scenes—Some reflections—How certain things came to pass without a hitch—The funeral of Victor Noir—A paradox—Concerning the "Republic"—A race, and the winners—A strange letter—A mystery explained—I return to my house—Two ladies wish to see me—My interview with the Empress—An awkward situation—Planning to escape from Paris—Questions to be considered—The plan finally agreed upon—Our passports—The safety of the Empress left to chance—The Empress no pessimist—Paris at midnight—I make a reconnaissance . . 339

Contents

CHAPTER XI

THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS FROM PARIS

PAGE

The departure from my house—How we passed through the Porte Maillot—A little history—The Empress talks freely—The French people—Saint-Germain-en-Laye—On the road to Poissy—We stop at the wine-shop of Madame Fontaine—*À la bonne franquette*—We stop again near Mantes—*O fortunatos agricolas*—I procure another carriage and fresh horses—The formation of the new Government is reported to her Majesty—Her astonishment on hearing that General Trochu was the President of this Government—Her comments—Could she no longer rely on any one?—The consequences of the Revolution in Paris not fully apprehended at the time—The Empress discusses the situation—Her courage—Her patriotism 378

CHAPTER XII

ON THE ROAD TO THE COAST

Pacy-sur-Eure—A change of conveyances—The "outfit"—A professional opinion—Évreux—"*Vive la République*"—A tragic story—La Commandérie—Horses but no carriage—An accident—La Rivière de Thibouville—A serious question—"Le Soleil d'Or"—Diplomacy—"Too funny for anything!"—French peasants—A night alarm—Madame Desrats and her "cabriolet"—"My carriage is at your disposal"—A railway trip—A miserable morning—I go for a carriage—A polite clerk—A striking contrast—The last stage of our journey—Pont l'Évêque—Another coincidence . . . 407

CHAPTER XIII

DEAUVILLE—THE EMBARKATION

Deauville—Precautions—Looking for a boat in which to cross the Channel—Interview with Sir John Burgoyne—Lady Burgoyne—Dinner at the Hôtel du Casino—A small gold locket—I meet Sir John Burgoyne on the quay—Her Majesty leaves the Hôtel du Casino—A wild night—The strangeness of the situation—Contrasts—On board the *Gazelle*—Dr. Crane returns to Paris . . 439

Contents

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEETING OF MOTHER AND SON

PAGE

We leave the harbour—Rough weather—In a gale—We reach Ryde Roads—The landing—At the York Hotel—News of the Prince Imperial—The Empress and the Bible—We go to Brighton—The Empress hears that the Prince Imperial is at Hastings—She insists on going there—A vain device—We arrive at Hastings—I go to the Marine Hotel and find the Prince—My plan for a meeting between mother and son—The Empress cannot wait—The way barred—The Prince in the presence of his mother—Tears of joy and of sorrow—The Empress and the Prince Imperial remain in Hastings—House-hunting—Mrs. Evans comes to England—Miss Shaw—Camden Place—Negotiations—Camden Place is rented—"A spirited horse, perfectly safe"—Her Majesty leaves Hastings—She takes possession of her new home—The first night at Chislehurst—The first act of the Empress next day—A tragic story—Conversations with the Empress 460

CHAPTER XV

I VISIT THE EMPEROR—DIPLOMACY

I leave England—Queen Augusta—The prison and the prisoner—"The courtesy of the age"—My visit to the Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe—I visit the prison camps and hospitals—My return to England—France now isolated—The promise of the Czar—The Empress endeavours to limit the consequences of the French military disasters—She writes to the Emperor Alexander—She intercedes on behalf of the Republican Minister for Foreign Affairs—Count Bismarck is embarrassed—Diplomatic notes 500

CHAPTER XVI

INTRIGUES AND MORE DIPLOMACY

The mysterious M. Régnier—His interviews with Bismarck—The situation at Metz—M. Régnier is received by Marshal Bazaine—General Bourbaki leaves for Chislehurst—The Empress is astonished—She tries once more to obtain peace on favourable terms—She writes to her friend, Francis Joseph—The memorandum of the Emperor—General Boyer is sent to the German headquarters—His interviews with Count Bismarck—The French army makes no *pronunciamentos*—A council of war at Metz—

Contents

PAGE

"The only means of salvation"—General Boyer goes to Chislehurst—The Council at Camden Place—The Empress declares that she will never sign a treaty of peace in ignorance of its terms—Her letter to General Boyer—A lesson never forgotten—The alliance with Italy—The political ideas and sympathies of the Empress—An interesting incident—Her letters to the Emperor, written in October, 1869—A letter written in October, 1896—Justice will be done . . 523

CHAPTER XVII

THE END OF THE WAR—THE COMMUNE

I return to France—The suffering among the French prisoners—The Clothing Society—I engage in relief work—*Hostes dum vulnerati fratres*—The fellow-feeling produced by suffering shared in common—The end of the war—A National Assembly—The humiliating peace—The Emperor arrives in England—The Sedan of the Government of the National Defence—Mrs. Evans and I visit the Emperor and Empress at Camden Place—The admirable resignation of the Emperor—His interest in the education of the Prince Imperial—Mrs. Evans and I return to Paris—The aspect of the city 556

CHAPTER XVIII

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR

The visitors to Camden Place—November 15, 1871—The Emperor's health—His last photograph—Surgical advice is sought—A consultation is held—A statement contradicted—The operation—The death of the Emperor—The impression it produced in Paris and in London—Messages of condolence—The immediate cause of the Emperor's death—His funeral—"*Vive Napoléon IV.*" . . . 590

APPENDICES

I. A Letter from the Princess Josephine to Napoleon III.. 619
II. The Family of the Empress 620
III. The Emperor's Fortune 623
IV. Speech of Lord Brougham 624
V. The Falsified Despatch 626
VI. Concerning the Reorganisation of the Army . . . 629
VII. The Loyalty of General Trochu 631
VIII. Extracts from Official Reports of the French Government 632
IX. The Emperor's Responsibility 635

List of Illustrations

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. . . . *Frontispiece*
From an engraving of the portrait by Cabanel.

THE EMPRESS AND MADAME LEBRETON AT DR. EVANS'S HOUSE . . . *Facing p.* 359

PACY-SUR-EURE—A CHANGE OF CONVEYANCES „ 407

CAMBOLLE—VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE . . „ 413

THE "*SOLEIL D'OR*," LA RIVIÈRE DE THIBOUVILLE . . . . . „ 418

THE PORTE COCHÈRE AT LISIEUX . . „ 430

DEAUVILLE—THE EMPRESS AND DR. EVANS LEAVING THE HÔTEL DU CASINO . „ 452

CAMDEN PLACE . . . . . „ 482

THE RUINS OF THE TUILERIES . . „ 588

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL . . . „ 616
From a photograph taken by Elliot and Fry in 1878.

CHAPTER IX

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS FROM THE TUILERIES

The invasion of the Tuileries—General Mellinet parleys with the invaders—How the palace was protected—The interior of the Tuileries—The Empress waits in the palace to hear from the Assembly—She is advised to leave—She hesitates—Prince de Metternich and Signor Nigra—M. Piétri—The Empress bids adieu to her friends—She leaves the Tuileries—She is forced to return—Quite by chance—"The wreck of the Medusa"—"Are you afraid?"—"Not a bit"—A curious coincidence—"*Il faut de l'audace*"—"*Voilà l'Impératrice*"—No one at home—The Empress comes to my house.

THE events which took place on the 4th of September within the walls of the Palais-Bourbon and at the Luxembourg, if less exciting or less interesting to the reader than those witnessed in the streets of Paris and at the Tuileries, form, nevertheless, an integral and essential part of the drama that brought the Second Empire to its end. All these acts and scenes are closely connected, and none can be clearly understood except when looked at in its relation to the rest.

Not long after the representatives of the people—finding there was no means of continuing the session in the Chamber—had left the Palais-Bourbon, a

section of the mob that had gathered upon the Place de la Concorde approached the great gates at the entrance of the Garden of the Tuileries, which were held by a detachment of Zouaves of the Guard. Some were workmen in their Sunday clothes; others wore the uniform of the National Guard. At first, seditious cries only were heard—"*À bas l'Empire!*" "*Vive la République!*"—but gradually the band came nearer and nearer, and pressed closer and closer, until at length the gates were reached; and then the ring-leaders began to knock violently on the iron railing, and to demand loudly admittance to the enclosure. Very soon the eagles that ornamented the railing were broken down, the assailants meeting with no resistance. Encouraged by this, these men began to push against the gates, which were quickly forced open, when in rushed the whole band, followed by a body of *Mobiles* who had been stationed on the Place de la Concorde since noon.

As soon as the basin of the great fountain was passed, the invaders, who were now shouting "*Aux Tuileries! Aux Tuileries!*" at the top of their voices, saw the *Voltigeurs* of the Guard massed in the reserved garden—and they halted. To proceed farther would be dangerous. In view of the situation, which was critical in the extreme and might lead to a disaster at any moment, M. Louis Revenez, of the *Mobiles*, was delegated to go and parley with the officer in command. He left his comrades and advanced alone, with a white handkerchief fastened to the end of his musket; but he was joined on the way by M. Victorien Sardou, M. Armand Gouzien, and by

one or two other persons. Having reached the reserved garden, they were stopped by a sentinel, who asked what they wanted. The answer was, "To speak to the Governor of the Tuileries." A short parley followed, after which, two or three of these gentlemen having sent him their cards, requesting an interview, General Mellinet, the Governor, came forward and entered into conversation with them.

They told him that the Republic had been proclaimed, and that the people were clamouring to be admitted to the Palace of the Tuileries; that the National Guards also desired to be admitted, on the ground that this palace was the property of the nation; and that they themselves had come to request that its safe-keeping be entrusted to the National Guards, who, they assured the General, would take care that the property of the nation should be respected.

"Withdraw the Imperial Guard, let the National Guards enter the reserved garden," they said, "and you can let the people in, and there will be no disorder, nor will anything be destroyed; for the palace will be under the protection of those whom the people respect."

"You are right," said the General, "and especially since the Empress has already left the Tuileries. I am quite willing to withdraw the Imperial troops, on condition that their places are immediately taken by the National Guards."

Orders were then given to retire the troops; and as they fell back, the movement being observed, the invaders began to advance towards the gate near

which General Mellinet was standing, thinking that they could now push their way through. As the leaders very soon assumed a threatening attitude, General Mellinet—who had been joined by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, at the suggestion of M. de Lesseps or of M. Sardou that the invaders should be held back, if possible, a little while longer—stepped up on a chair and harangued the tumultuous throng that had gathered in front of him, with great spirit and most happy effect.

The old General was very popular in Paris. He was one of the heroes of the Crimea, and his face, slashed by a deep sabre cut, was well known to all the people, and they cheered him when they saw him. To their cries of "*À bas l'Empire*" he replied by pointing to the flag-staff.

"You see," he said, "there is no flag there. The Empress has gone."

And the crowd replied with a long "Ah! ah! ah!" and "*Vive la République!*"

"You are Frenchmen," continued the General, "and you would not dishonour yourselves by endeavouring to insult a woman. But the palace and these grounds are the property of the nation, and it is your duty, and it is my duty, to protect them. The Imperial troops will be withdrawn. But commit no disorder. If you make an attempt to do so, I shall do my duty. Go back!"

While the General was holding the crowd in check, National Guards were introduced into the court of the Tuileries from the post near by in the Rue de l'Échelle, and were massed in ranks in

front of the palace, and aligned up in the vestibule and carriage-way leading through the palace to the Place du Carrousel. So that when, finally, the light railing enclosing the reserved garden yielded to the pressure of the increasing multitude, and the rabble rushed in on to the walks and over the flower-beds, they were soon brought to a halt, and then were gradually forced back, or permitted to go through the carriage-way and across the inner court of the palace, between a double file of guards to the Place beyond. And so into the vestibule and through this passage the crowd continued to move for nearly an hour; greatly disconcerted, however, to find a guard at the foot of each staircase and at every door of the palace, and at being unable to visit the interior of the building, and drink the wine from the cellars, and masquerade in the garments of princes, and sleep in the beds of their sovereign, as their progenitors had done in 1848.

It was fortunate, indeed, that the companies of the National Guard stationed in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries on this day were composed largely of men devoted to the cause of order. They were prompt to obey when authority had lost its sanction, and were faithful to their self-assumed trusts. The palace was well protected; not a scratch did it receive, nor was there an article taken from it.

As the crowd scattered towards the Hôtel de Ville, and the howls of the would-be plunderers of the palace died away in the distance, quiet reigned again at the Tuileries. Its courts were deserted, the sentries were at their posts as usual, and no

one about the palace seemed to know what had happened, or how all these things had come to pass.

A few hours later, when the interior of the Tuileries was visited by the representatives of the new Government, the public galleries and great salons were found to present their usual appearance. Many of the old guardians, having laid aside the Imperial livery, were still at their posts. It was only on entering the apartments which had been occupied by the Imperial family that any appearance of disorder was observed. And even here the disorder was more apparent than real, for the reason that, the Empress having returned to Paris from Saint Cloud unexpectedly early in August, the rooms she occupied when at the Tuileries had not been prepared for her; the curtains had been taken down and the carpets removed; most of the furniture was covered up, and some of it had been sent off for repairs. The general impression conveyed to the mind of the visitor was that of rooms still in use, but from which the occupants had been suddenly called away. The standing furniture, the clocks, the candelabra, the jardinierès, the rich bronzes and decorative pieces, were all in their places, the pictures on the walls, and the books on the shelves, in their cases. The commodes, and wardrobes also, had not been disturbed, and were filled with clothing and wearing apparel of every description. But light, movable articles were scattered about in nearly every room. In the cabinet of the Empress, her table was found just as she rose from it for the last time, covered with writing-materials and the latest des-

patches ; not one had been taken away. On a bureau near by was a portmanteau containing a few articles of clothing, but open, as if being prepared for a journey. On the floor were two or three empty hat-boxes. In an adjoining room, a breakfast, scarcely touched, remained upon the table. It consisted of a boiled egg, a little cheese, and some bread.

In the study of the Prince Imperial a toy was lying upon the floor. It consisted of a company of leaden soldiers, which could be put in motion by the turning of a handle. An exercise-book, which had been used for writing historical themes, lay open upon the table. One leaf was entirely covered with a small and correct handwriting. The theme began thus :

"Louis XV., Bourbon, Fleury, 1723–1741. Regency resumed. Bourbon, 1723–1725. Bourbon, Madame de Prie, Paris. Duvernois [Duvernay was intended]. At home, corruption, stock-jobbing, frivolity, intolerance. Abroad, marriage of the King with Marie Lesczynska. Rupture with Spain, which country displays Austrian tendencies," &c.

The apartment occupied by the Emperor on the ground floor, between the Pavillon de l'Horloge and the Pavillon de Flore, was found exactly in the state in which he had left it. It was full of books, maps, models, and military diagrams. It contained also a large number of political papers and much private correspondence. This correspondence was seized, together with all the letters and despatches

addressed to the Regent. And so were the books containing the accounts kept of the expenses of the palace housekeeping. A selection from these papers was subsequently published by the Government;[1] greatly to the disappointment, however, of that portion of the public who had hoped to find in the correspondence of the Imperial family material for scandal. For it only served to prove how well the Emperor loved his country; that few sovereigns have ever taken so deep a personal interest in the affairs of the Government, or so carefully studied the questions most immediately concerning the economical prosperity and general welfare of their subjects, or have been inspired by loftier ideals or a more noble ambition; and that, true to himself, at the last hour he strove with singular self-abandonment to bear the burden of defeat, in order to save the army and check the tide of disaster that threatened to sweep over the land.

It was much to the credit of the new Government that the personal effects of the Imperial family were not retained, but after a few weeks were packed up, and either sent to England or deposited for safe-keeping with their friends in Paris.

But while these events were taking place without, the scene within the palace was no less moving and exciting. After her Majesty had dismissed the Deputation that had been sent to ask her to transfer her power, she waited to hear the result of their confer-

[1] Under the title of "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale."

ence with General de Palikao, and what action the Assembly would take in order to meet the exigencies of the situation. But from moment to moment the despatches received from the Minister of the Interior, from the War Department, and from the Prefecture of Police, became more and more ominous. It was reported that the mob had invaded the Chamber of Deputies, that the Imperial arms were being broken in pieces wherever seen; that cries of "*Vive la République!*" were to be heard in the streets. Then a messenger, flushed with excitement, came to announce that the eagles ornamenting the great gates fronting on the Place de la Concorde had been pulled down, and that the rioters were endeavouring to force their way into the Garden of the Tuileries. The Empress listened to all these reports unmoved, and without manifesting the slightest fear. But the persons near her began to see the meaning of these events, and to grow anxious for her Majesty's safety. They therefore advised her to leave the palace, and not to expose herself to the danger of falling into the hands of the populace.

To them all she replied simply: "I do not fear. How can I leave?"

Finally, three of the Ministers arrived at the Tuileries—M. Jérôme David, M. Busson-Billault, and M. Henri Chevreau.[1] Entering the salon, where the

[1] In a letter written at Chislehurst, in November, 1870, the Empress writes: "As for the 4th of September, I will only say that General Trochu abandoned me, *if nothing worse;* he was not seen at the Tuileries after the invasion of the Chamber, nor were the Ministers, with the exception of three who insisted on my departure, and I did not wish to go until the Tuileries were invaded. Light

Empress was still standing, they reported to her Majesty that not only had the mob taken possession of the Chamber of Deputies, but that Deputies presumed to be loyal to the Imperial Government were going over to the Revolution, and that Paris was in the hands of the populace. It was the opinion of these gentlemen—and their official position gave great weight to their opinion—that the Empress should leave the palace immediately. They told her very plainly that she could no longer remain where she was, in safety. But she was undaunted by this account of the on-rush of the Revolution and the apprehensions of personal peril displayed, and was neither moved nor made afraid. She objected most decidedly to leaving, and with great spirit and feeling replied: "Here I have been placed by the Emperor, and here I will stay. To abandon my post will weaken the power to resist the invasion. Unless there is some recognised authority, the disorganisation will be complete, and France at the mercy of M. Bismarck."

It was now nearly three o'clock, and the mob, crying "*Aux Tuileries! Aux Tuileries!*" were approaching the reserved garden. Their cries could be

will be thrown on these matters some day, as upon a good many things besides."

M. Jules Brame, in his testimony before the Parliamentary Commission, tells what the Ministry were doing at this time. "I," says M. Brame, "was with the Minister of War to the very end; three of my colleagues were out-of-doors striving to stimulate the military chiefs and questors to make an effort to protect the Assembly; and three others went at once to the Tuileries to see if they could not save the Empress, who would have been strangled had they not warned her in time."

heard even by the Empress and the persons with whom she was talking. It was at this moment that Prince de Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and Signor Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, entered the ante-chamber and requested to be admitted into the presence of her Majesty.

"She is in great danger," they said. "The mob that has taken possession of the Palais-Bourbon is now preparing to attack the Tuileries. She must be informed of this, and that resistance is impossible. She cannot stay here any longer, except at the risk of her life, and we wish to offer her our protection."

They were very soon introduced into her Majesty's private cabinet, where she was then debating with those near her the expediency of leaving the palace. The two diplomats had considerable difficulty in persuading the Empress that the time for her to retire had come. M. de Metternich was excited, insistent, and abrupt even; and Signor Nigra no less insistent, but as calm and polished in his manner of address as when reciting Italian poetry to her Majesty at Compiègne.

After hearing what they had to say, her Majesty expressed a desire to consult with M. Piétri, the Prefect of Police, who was then at his post in the Prefecture, where he had been all the morning, reporting to the Tuileries every few minutes the situation so far as it was indicated by disturbances of public order in the streets. He was accordingly sent for. On arriving, he found the Empress still earnestly discussing with those about her the expediency of her leaving the Tuileries. Turning to M. Piétri the

moment she saw him, she asked him what he thought of it. He replied by telling her what he himself had seen while coming from the Prefecture—that the mob were then pushing against the gates of the palace. He said that within ten or fifteen minutes they would probably force their way into the building; that it was impossible to say what they would do, or what crime they might not commit, should an entrance be effected. In a word, corroborating all that had been said by the others who were then urging her Majesty to go, he told her that she could not remain without putting in peril not only her own life but the lives of some of her most intimate friends, as well as the lives of all the persons connected with the service of the palace, and who were there at their posts to aid and protect her.

To risk her own life was to the Empress nothing; but when she came to see that, by remaining, she might be putting in jeopardy the lives of many others, some of whom were very dear to her, she could no longer refuse to go. And yet she delayed, to bid adieu to her friends, la Vicomtesse Aguado, la Maréchale Conrobert, la Maréchale Pélissier, Mesdames de Rayneval, de la Poëze, de la Bédolière, de Sancy, de Saulcy, la Baronne de Bourgoing, and others, who gathered about her with hearts too full of emotion to find words to express their love and sympathy. To one of these ladies, who signified a desire to go with her, the Empress said:

"I fully appreciate your generous devotion to me, but I do not wish my misfortunes to be yours also. In France no one should be unhappy."

Then followed a clasping of hands, tears, sobs, a parting kiss, and yet the Empress lingered to say:

"I shall never forget what you all have been to me. I thank you. Goodbye—good——" And Signor Nigra interrupts this scene so full of tenderness and affection, by saying:

"Madame, M. de Metternich and I are waiting for you. You must hurry. In a few minutes escape may be impossible;" at the same time handing her a hat and veil that Madame Lebreton was holding, and assisting her to put on a light cloak—for there was no time now to prepare for a journey. She must leave the palace at once, and as she was.

With an effort, the Empress separated herself from her friends, looking back as she went, to give them, smiling through her tears, a last expression of her affectionate regard.

She was now with the Prince de Metternich, Signor Nigra, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, of her personal service, M. Conti, the Chief of the Emperor's Cabinet, Lieutenant Conneau, an orderly officer, and Madame Lebreton, the sister of General Bourbaki, her reader and companion. And as the little company walked out of the private cabinet of the Empress, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of September 1870, the tricoloured flag, that floated over the Tuileries when the sovereign was residing there, was lowered, never to be raised again. While passing through one of her own rooms, which had been furnished with elegance and a regard for home comfort rather than decorative effect, and which was full of souvenirs of love and friendship

and devotion, the Empress, stopping for a moment and looking about her, said, as if she were speaking to herself and could scarcely believe it possible, "Is this the last time?" And then, pressing forward, she herself led the way down the staircase to the ground floor of the palace, with the idea, it seems, that she could take the coupé which was generally stationed in the courtyard to the right, near the steps leading to the apartments of the Prince Imperial, and which, in fact, was there, with the coachman on his box, correctly dressed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, waiting his orders as usual. But the Prince de Metternich, noticing the livery, and the crown painted on the door of the carriage, thought it would be imprudent for the Empress to make use of it, and offered instead his own carriage, which was waiting on the quay near by. Lieutenant Conneau thereupon started off to bring the Prince's carriage into the court, and the Empress, who had been standing for hours, sat down on a bench in the vestibule. But in a very short time the young officer came running back, saying that it was no longer possible to pass out through the courtyard of the palace; that the Place du Carrousel was occupied by a tumultuous rabble, who were filling the air with songs mingled with cries of "*À mort!*" and "*Aux Tuileries!*" and that a band in advance of the rest were pounding on the railing that separated the courtyard from the Place. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière then left the company and went forward to the gate—which the rioters were now endeavouring to force open—for the purpose of parleying with them, and thus gaining

time. In this work he was highly successful, as he managed to keep them out of the court altogether.

But when he returned to the vestibule the Empress and her escort were not to be found. Seeing that it would be dangerous, if not impossible, to attempt to leave the Tuileries by any direct way, and that there was no time to lose, they had reascended the staircase they had just come down, and, retracing their steps through the apartments of the Empress, and entering the long suite of rooms that led by the way of the Pavilion of Flora to the galleries of the Louvre, had passed on through the new *Salle des États*, not yet finished, and still embellished with the decorations used on the 21st of May—the day when, with imposing ceremony, the result of the Plebiscitum was officially announced to the Emperor. But on coming to the door that led into the great Gallery of the Louvre, it was found that it could not be opened. It was locked. To the knocking on the door there was no response; but, in the silence that followed, the cries of the people without could be distinctly heard. The members of the little company began to feel very anxious. Was all retreat cut off? What was to be done? Before anything had been decided upon, and as the bewilderment of counsel began to suggest the growing danger of the situation, M. Charles Thélin, the Emperor's treasurer, appeared. Having heard that the Empress had just passed through the Pavilion of Flora, going towards the Louvre, he followed after her to offer his services. Quite by chance, but most luckily, he had with him a key that would open all the doors of the building.

And so it happened, by a strange freak of fortune, that the doors which were closed against the Empress Eugénie on the 4th of September, 1870, were unlocked by the same Charles Thélin who opened the doors of the prison at Ham, from which Louis Napoleon made his escape a little over twenty-four years before, on the 25th of May, 1846.

The way being now free, the Empress and her escort walked down the "Long" or "Great Gallery" of the Museum, and through the *Salle Carrée* into the Pavilion of Apollo; passing down this, and turning to the right, they entered the "Jewel Room," and then continued on to the *Salle des Sept Cheminées.*

Here the Empress stopped; and having remarked that the number of persons accompanying her was so large as surely to attract attention, suggested that they all, except MM. de Metternich and Nigra, should now retire, and leave her and Madame Lebreton to be conducted to a place of safety under the escort of these two gentlemen alone.

Thereupon the Empress took leave of the last of her palace followers, who had been joined by several of the guardians of the Museum, some of whom, with tears in their eyes, kissed the hand which she extended, and all of whom bade her goodbye with emotion. She thanked them all for the loyalty and the devotion they had shown to her; and so thoughtful was she of their safety also, that she urged them to be careful not to expose themselves to the fury of the mob, and made Lieutenant Conneau promise to take off his rather showy uniform before going into the street.

And then, as her friends left her, and as she herself

turned to go, looking up, she saw on the wall before her, Géricault's famous picture, "The Wreck of the Medusa." She stood fixed for a few seconds, unable to remove her eyes from it. "How strange!" said she to herself.

And to me, and to others, she has since often said, "How strange that this picture should be the last one I should ever look at in the galleries of the Louvre!"

But the Empress having quickly recovered from the impression produced by this picture of ill-omen, the two ladies walked on, under the guidance of MM. de Metternich and Nigra, through the rooms containing the Greek antiquities, and through the Egyptian Gallery, until they reached the landing at the right of the great colonnade. Then, descending the three broad flights of stone steps that lead to the ground floor of the Egyptian Museum, the little company threaded its way through the colossal and sombre antiquities of Old Egypt there assembled—the images of its gods, and the sarcophagi and funeral monuments of its dead kings and priests—until they reached the door at the extreme end, which opens upon the arched passage leading from the inner court of the Louvre to the Place in front of the Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

On coming to this door, it was found that a crowd of noisy "manifestors" was pouring through the passage, and the two diplomatists thought it would be highly imprudent to attempt then to leave the building with the ladies. So they stood here and waited for the crush to spend its force. Standing in the vestibule of the Museum, this demonstration was watched with

deep concern through the door held ajar; it seemed as if it would never end. But the Empress was the one least disturbed.

Signor Nigra has told me that, while standing here, observing the Empress seemed weary, he offered her his arm; and that soon after a peculiarly noisy band passed by, shouting "*À bas Badinguet!*" "*À bas l'Espagnole!*" "*Vive la République!*" Hearing these cries, he asked the Empress if she was afraid.

"Not a bit," she replied. "Why do you ask me? You are holding my arm; do you feel me tremble?"

By a curious coincidence, the same reply to the same question was made by Louis XVI. under nearly similar circumstances. When, on the 20th of June, 1792, the Paris mob, invading the Tuileries, entered the Royal apartment and laid hands on the person of the King, some one cried out, "Are you afraid?" And the King, turning to the man, said, "Put your hand upon my heart and see if I tremble."

Fortunately, the equal courage and firmness of the two sovereigns in the presence of danger did not prove alike disastrous to the two witnesses. The Italian ambassador has lived not only to repeat the story many times, but to serve his country with distinction to the present day; but during the Reign of Terror, the national guard, the poor tailor, Jean Lalanne, had his head chopped off "for having," as the judicial sentence solemnly reads, "on the 20th of June, 1792, shown that he possessed the character of a tyrant's under-servant, and, especially, in that he has seemed to take pleasure, in the presence of a number of citizens, in telling how Capet took his hand and, pressing

it to his heart, said, 'Do you feel it throb, my friend?'"

When, finally, the main body of the rabble appeared to have passed through to the Place, the Empress, who was tired of standing still, said, "Now let us go."

"I think we had better wait a little while longer," answered Signor Nigra.

"No, no," replied the Empress, "*il faut de l'audace!*" and, saying this, she pulled the door open and stepped out on the pavement, followed by those with her.

Prince de Metternich at once went forward to try to find a carriage. Luckily, he soon found one, a common one-horse cab, but a *closed one*—provided seemingly by Providence for this special occasion. The Prince having come back to report that he had found a carriage, the four persons walked from the entrance of the Louvre towards the street, the space between the railings still being filled with people coming and going, when, just as they reached the sidewalk, where the cab had been drawn up, a boy cried out, "*Voilà l'Impératrice!*" (Oh, there's the Empress!) Signor Nigra, hearing this, turned instantly, and asking, "What was it you said?" stopped the boy and talked with him, to silence him. In the meantime Prince de Metternich had put the Empress and Madame Lebreton into the cab, and Madame Lebreton, having directed the driver to go to No. —, Boulevard Haussmann, the residence of M. Besson, a Councillor of State, the Prince lifted his hat, and, bowing to the ladies, withdrew.

The personal and political relations of these two

ambassadors, to the Imperial Court and to each other, were very remarkable. Metternich, the son of the famous statesman and diplomatist, was a reactionary by birth and education, so much so that the Emperor used to say that some day he would become a Capuchin friar; and Nigra, the disciple of Azeglio and Cavour, was a lover of freedom, with his face to the future. The former was fond of art, and an excellent musician; the latter a lover of letters, and a brilliant *raconteur*. They were rivals for the favours of the palace, the closest of personal friends, and, generally, irreconcilable adversaries on matters of European policy, especially with respect to the Roman question, which was the burning question of the time. For a few months, just before the fall of the Empire, they worked in harmony to effect an alliance between their Governments and that of France, and on this day, impelled by a common motive, they met together at the Tuileries for the last time, to assist in her extremity the sovereign they each had so long and constantly admired. But while to Prince de Metternich this departure was the end of a hope that Napoleon III. might help his country, Austria, to retrieve the defeat of Sadowa, to Signor Nigra it was the beginning of an assurance—that Rome was to be the capital of Italy.

While talking with the boy, Signor Nigra lost sight of his companions, and, not being able to rejoin them, or to find the Prince de Metternich, only learned several days later what became of the Empress after she disappeared in the moving throng of people on the Place Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

Indeed, she was there but a moment, for the cab turned quickly into the Rue di Rivoli, and, passing by the Louvre and the Tuileries, and on into the Rue de la Paix, and across the central boulevards, picked its way unnoticed through noisy bands of "clubbists" and "manifestors" to the quiet quarter at the back of the Madeleine, the Empress herself having been an astonished witness of some of the most singular scenes of the mad carnival with which the populace of Paris celebrated the advent of the Third Republic.

On arriving at the given address in the Boulevard Haussman, the cab was dismissed, and the ladies walked up the stairs to their friend's apartments, which were on the third or fourth floor. But on ringing the bell there was no reply. Again and again the bell was rung; but there was no answer. It was now about four o'clock. Should they wait? It would probably not be long before some one of the family returned. Feeling fatigued, the Empress sat down on the staircase and waited five, ten, fifteen minutes. It seemed an age. At length she said, "I cannot stay here any longer. Let us go." And then the two sadly disappointed ladies slowly descended the stairs, and began to think very seriously about what should be done. They were alone; they had no carriage; they could not remain where they were; and so they walked on aimlessly, not knowing in what direction they were going, until finally they saw a cab, an open one; but the streets were deserted, and there was little danger of their being recognised. The driver was beckoned to, and stopped. And

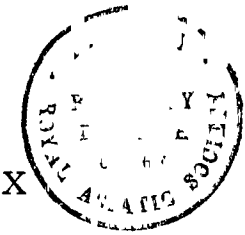
now the question, Where shall we go? must be quickly answered.

"Let us go," said Madame Lebreton, "to the American Legation, to Mr. Washburne. The Revolutionists will respect the American flag. Mr. Washburne will protect us."

"The American Legation—Mr. Washburne," repeated the Empress interrogatively—and then she thought of me. "No, said she, "I will go to Dr. Evans. He is an American also, but he has no political responsibilities, and, besides, is an old friend. I am sure he will not hesitate to render us every assistance we may require."

And so it came to pass that the Empress and Madame Lebreton directed their cabman to drive them to my private residence, on the corner of the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Avenue Malakoff, where they arrived at about five o'clock. On ringing the bell, the gate opened; there was some one here, at least. It proved, however, to be only a servant; but he told the ladies that Dr. Evans, for whom they inquired, although not at home, was expected to return before long, and that if they chose to do so they could come in and wait in the library until he came back.

CHAPTER X



THE REVOLUTION—THE EMPRESS AT MY HOUSE

The calm before the storm—Paris in revolution—The Champs Élysées—The Place de la Concorde—The street scenes—Some reflections—How certain things came to pass without a hitch—The funeral of Victor Noir—A paradox—Concerning the "Republic"—A race, and the winners—A strange letter—A mystery explained—I return to my house—Two ladies wish to see me—My interview with the Empress—An awkward situation—Planning to escape from Paris—Questions to be considered—The plan finally agreed upon—Our passports—The safety of the Empress left to chance—The Empress no pessimist—Paris at midnight—I make a reconnaissance.

THE sun rose bright on the morning of September 4th. It was Sunday, and in the quarter of the city where I live—between the Arc de Triomphe and the Bois de Boulogne—the stillness of the early hours of the day was broken only by the distant chime of bells, and the singing of birds in the private and public gardens. No dread alarms would appear to have disturbed the repose of my neighbours, and Nature, animate and inanimate, in the soft radiance of the morning light seemed full of joy and gentleness, and was invested with a serene beauty that possessed the soul with a delightful sense of security

—a feeling which, when it succeeds quickly the fear of some great, impending catastrophe, as it then did, comes to us like a benediction from Heaven. How could one help yielding to the subtle influence of this impression? And thus it happened that, scarcely knowing why, I began to hope and to believe the ugly rumours of the preceding evening were unfounded, and that some turn in the tide of fortune might soon restore the prestige of the armies of France, and save the country and the Government. But it proved to be only the calm before the tornado.

At nine o'clock I went over to the American Ambulance which was being constructed upon grounds belonging to the Prince de Beaufremont, on the corner of the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Rue Villejust. Here I found Dr. Edward A. Crane, it having been agreed between us that we should spend the morning together preparing the Ambulance for active service; since the news from the front, on Saturday, was of such a kind as to make us think that trains conveying the wounded might be expected to arrive in Paris at almost any moment. As we met, we had in our hands the morning papers. From them we learned for the first time that the Government admitted the French army had been defeated at Sedan. And yet the Imperial Government, according to the reports published and the comments of the papers, had every appearance of standing firm, and of being confident of its ability to meet the crisis.

At the session of the Chamber of Deputies convened at one o'clock on Sunday morning, General

de Palikao, the Minister of War, after having announced the capitulation of Marshal MacMahon's army said:

"This cruel reverse does not shake our courage. Paris to-day is in a condition for defence. The military forces of the country are being organised. In a few days a new army will be behind the walls of Paris; another army is forming on the banks of the Loire. Your patriotism, your union, your energy will save France."

Jules Favre's order of the day, presented immediately after the Ministerial declaration, demanding that the Emperor should be deposed, was supported by no one; on the contrary, it was protested against with violence. After a sitting that lasted but half an hour, the Chamber adjourned to meet at 1 p.m. on the same day.

No revolutionary manifestations were reported, nor breaches of the public peace. On the surface everything was quiet. Knowing that the Germans were now marching towards Paris, it was our opinion the people would respond promptly to the appeal made by the Government, and that political differences and animosities would, for the moment, be held subordinate to considerations affecting the national honour, and interests in which all Frenchmen were equally concerned, and that a vigorous defence of the capital would be made. We also presumed that the Government had taken the precautionary measures necessary for dealing effectively with the agents of revolt and revolution, should they attempt to begin their work.

These matters we talked over at length. What-

ever doubt we may have had with respect to the expediency of establishing our Ambulance in Paris was now removed. Paris was surely to be the scene of the final acts of this terrible Franco-German drama. There was no time to be lost, and we resolved to do our best to have everything in readiness to receive and take care of the wounded as soon as there should be a call for our services.

At noon Dr. Crane returned into the city, it being understood between us that we should meet again at my office in the Rue de la Paix at four o'clock, and, later, take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne.

A little after three o'clock, having ordered my horses to be put to a light American carriage—wishing to drive myself—I started off to keep my engagement. On the way, in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and as far down the Champs Élysées as the Palais de l'Industrie, I observed nothing to indicate the existence of any popular excitement. The fountains were playing, and well-dressed people were moving about in carriages or on foot, as usual. The children, also, under the trees on each side of the Champs Élysées, were enjoying the day with their nurses, playing on the shaded walks, riding on the merry-go-rounds and in the little waggons drawn by goats, or gathering together about the Punch-and-Judy shows, exactly as they had done on every pleasant Sunday during the summer. Only as I approached the Place de la Concorde did I begin to see evidences that something extraordinary was taking place. I noticed groups of people scattered about, some near the Obelisk, others on the terrace of the Garden of

the Tuileries, most of whom seemed to be watching the movements of small bands of men and boys, who were marching, and shouting what, as I drew nearer, proved to be "*La déchéance!*" "*Vive la République!*" or singing revolutionary songs; and then a detachment of the *Garde Nationale* came in sight singing the "Marseillaise," with their guns under their arms, reversed—the butts uppermost—a sign that they would not fire upon the people—in a word, had gone over to the Revolution. When I came to the Place de la Concorde, I noticed that the crowd on the other side of the Seine was dense in the neighbourhood of the bridge, and that the approaches to the Palais-Bourbon were filled with a black, restless, swaying, seething mass that clung to the main entrance of the building like a swarm of bees at the mouth of a hive. Men and boys, and women even, were at the same time hurrying through the gilded gates that, flanked by the equestrian symbols of Fame, opened into the Garden of the Tuileries—which seemed to be another centre of excitement. Just what was going on there I only learned afterward—the "citizens" were parleying with the officer in command of the guard stationed at the Tuileries.

Driving across the Place de la Concorde, I entered the Rue de Rivoli, where I met groups, principally of workmen from the faubourgs, marching in the middle of the street and singing the "Marseillaise," or dancing the "Carmagnole" under the arches; while a still larger number of persons from the windows above, or on the side-walk opposite—peering through the railings that enclose the Garden

of the Tuileries—were watching in silent astonishment the riotous and fantastic scenes that were being enacted before their eyes.

Strange as it may seem, the streets were not obstructed; carriages were circulating freely to and fro; in fact, it was about this time—perhaps at this very moment—that the Empress was being driven in a cab through the Rue de Rivoli, on her way to my house.

Turning into the Rue Castiglione, I witnessed what struck me, at the time, as a most extraordinary performance—a man well dressed, and wearing a tall silk hat, standing on a short ladder, with a hammer in his hand, striking furiously at and smashing in pieces a large shield on which, and under the Imperial Arms, in letters of gold, were the words, "*Fournisseur de Sa Majesté, l'Empereur*"; and as I passed on into the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix, I saw other shopkeepers endeavouring in desperate haste to remove or destroy the insignia of a patronage that, only a few days before, they were so anxious to obtain or proud to possess.

Soon after I reached my office, Dr. Crane joined me, and reported what he had seen since leaving me at the Ambulance.

He said that between twelve and half-past twelve o'clock the Champs Élysées and the Place de la Concorde were absolutely deserted, but that this was not remarked by him at the time as something unusual; it was noon, the lunch hour, and the sun was fiercely hot—a sun of Austerlitz. It was about one o'clock when he first noticed indications of the approaching

revolutionary movement. Then small bands of "manifestors" began to make their appearance, coming from the faubourgs—Montmartre, Saint-Antoine, du Temple—and marching towards the Palais-Bourbon, where the Deputies were to meet. Some were working men in their Sunday clothes, and others the uncombed and unwashed ruffians, in greasy blouses and black silk caps, who emerge from the slums of Paris whenever public order is threatened. As the noise of the shouting rose in the air, they increased in numbers; and so did the number of the spectators who followed behind them and crowded round them, curious to see what they were going to do.

It was nearly or quite three o'clock before the Garden of the Tuileries was invaded. Dr. Crane, during the more than two hours he spent in the Rue de Rivoli or on or near the Place de la Concorde, witnessed no act of personal violence, except in the case of an unfortunate *serjent de ville*, whose sword was wrenched from him and whose uniform was nearly torn in pieces, but who, offering not the slightest resistance, and deathly pale and trembling with fear, was permitted to escape unhurt. It was, he said, a good-natured mob—a singing and a dancing mob—of men, women, children, and dogs, that had assembled apparently to celebrate some great victory, rather than engage in the serious business of overthrowing a Government. This work they seemed to think and to feel had already been done at Sedan—thanks to the victorious and glorious Moltke. The police had mysteriously disappeared. "But where are the troops?" asked the curious, quiet onlookers. And

then came marching by, squads of *Gardes Mobiles* and of the *Garde Nationale*, fraternising with the bands of demonstrators, and carrying flowers and green branches, the symbols of peace, in the muzzles of their guns, their women marching with them in the ranks. It now became evident to all the witnesses of these proceedings that the mob was meeting with no resistance; that the army was acting in concert with it; and that Paris was in the hands of the Revolutionists. And, quick as a flash, the idea seized the flock of shopkeepers in the fashionable quarters to range themselves instantly on the side of Power; to obliterate with savage violence the evidence of their obligations to the Empire, and thus manifest their gratitude to the new Government for favours to come.

Dr. Crane and I remained for some time watching from the balcony of my office the movements of the people in the street, and reflecting on the probable consequences of the events that we were witnessing, and which had come to pass with such startling suddenness as to quite disconcert us.

The inconstancy of the French character is so well known, that it did not astonish me in the least to hear the people who the day before cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" now crying "*Vive la République!*" But the irreverence, the apparent animosity, with which all the symbols of the past were trampled upon and destroyed, and the lack of courage displayed by those who at heart detested the opinions of the revolutionists, surpassed what I believed to be possible. It was sad to see so many new proofs of the old truth, that the populace cries to-day, "Hosanna!" and to-morrow,

"Crucify!" And it seemed, indeed, very hard to believe that the illustrious family whose history was the story of the nation's glory, before the magic of whose name a large portion of the French people had bowed in admiration, after the first serious misfortune were disowned by all; the crowd hastening to pay homage to the new gods of the day—the gods of the "Red Republic."

And so from the tricoloured flags the red stripes were cut out, and, having been torn into small pieces, were fastened by the "patriots" to sticks and umbrellas, and waved in the air as a sign of their adhesion to the "Red Republic," or, rather, to the "Commune." For although this latter species of craziness did not develop until some months later, the sparks were smouldering under the ashes, and it needed only a favourable wind to fan them into flames.

Yet there seemed to be something extremely superficial, and puerile even, in these demonstrations; and their factitious character was so apparent that it was difficult for us to understand how a revolutionary movement could be successful in the presence of such a lack of interest in it, on the part of the majority of the inhabitants of Paris, as was everywhere manifest. So far as we could judge, the active forces of the Revolution consisted of only a few hundred men and boys. For a long time they were afraid to act; they gradually grew bold through immunity, and, in the end, were surprised at the results of their own audacity. Why these bands were not quickly dispersed in a city then under martial law, and occupied by a strong military force, was to us at that time incomprehensible.

Later, we learned how all these things happened so unexpectedly, and without any hitch in the proceedings. The programme *en cas que* had been already sketched out by the chief conspirators.

It may be observed here that as, during the last two or three years of the Imperial *régime*, the Government became less personal and more liberal and democratic, the small band of irreconcilable opponents of the dynasty became more defiant and violent in their denunciation of the Government and all its acts. Every incident that could be made a pretext for a hostile manifestation was seized upon. Scurrilous journals, like the *Lanterne*, the *Rappel*, and the *Marseillaise*, were founded, and flourished also by reason of the very audacity of the personalities they ventured to publish, and the abominable insults they hurled at the Emperor, his family, and his Government. As more and more liberty of speech was permitted, in 1869–70, more and more inflammatory and intolerable became the utterances of this band of energumenes, among whom M. Henri Rochefort was *facile princeps*.

The Emperor proposed to give to France a constitutional Government. The Radicals demanded the Republic of 1848. At public meetings Revolution was openly advocated. Now it was that the names of Delescluse, Félix Pyat, Blanqui, Amoroux, Protot, Mégy, Flourens, Pascal Grousset, and others, began to make their appearance in the newspapers. It was the État Major of the Commune of 1871. Grave disturbances of public order soon became frequent, and early in the year 1870 suddenly assumed formidable proportions.

I shall never forget the surprise occasioned in Paris by the immense gathering of people at the funeral of Victor Noir, that took place on the 12th of January.

Noir, having gone to the house of Prince Pierre Bonaparte and becoming engaged in a violent altercation, was shot and killed by the Prince. This unfortunate occurrence was instantly seized upon by the revolutionary group as offering a most opportune subject for a popular manifestation against the Imperial dynasty. Elaborate preparations were made for a spectacular funeral. The Imperial family were subjected in the Radical Press to a storm of insults. "For eighteen years," said Rochefort, in the columns of the *Marseillaise*, "France has been in the blood-stained hands of these cut-throats. Frenchmen, can it be that you do not think you have had enough of them?"

As the hour of the funeral approached, in spite of the rain, more than a hundred thousand persons assembled along the route that the procession was to take. Seditious cries of "*Vive la République!*" "*Mort aux Bonaparte!*" were heard on every side. As soon as the procession began to move, the horses were taken from the hearse, which was then drawn by working men, while behind it Noir's brother, the principal mourner, was carried on the shoulders of the agitators. It was no longer a funeral: it was a triumph. In the cemetery, at Neuilly, speeches were pronounced over the body of Noir, calling upon the people to avenge his death and to overthrow the Government. On returning to Paris, at the gates of the city, past the Arch of Triumph, and down the Champs Élysées, the

demonstrations assumed so violent and threatening a character, as for a moment—before the arrival of a regiment of cavalry—to frighten even the leaders.

This revolutionary manifestation of the 12th of January, 1870, was a revelation to the world, and, although generally regarded at the time as simply an exhibition of the insatiable curiosity of the Parisians, left a profound and painful impression upon the minds of all the friends of the Imperial family.

But all this was forgotten when, in July, the Government was dealing with a question that seemed to be of far more serious import to the nation, if not to the dynasty, than the sayings and doings of certain political malcontents. And, after hostilities had actually begun, very few persons, carried away themselves by the immense wave of patriotic sentiment which swept over the land, suspected that there were Frenchmen who were then watching events in the hope that some great disaster might overwhelm the armies of France.

Just after the declaration of war, a well-known Radical Deputy met in the garden of the Tuileries M. Roché, a member of the Council of State. The conversation turning to the events of the day, this patriot, shaking his fist at the palace, cried out, "The creature that lives there has had such wonderful luck that he is capable of beating the Prussians; and then we should be—*in the soup!*"

And there were others like him, as there are, unfortunately, in all countries—men who acknowledge no sovereign authority, and recognise no patriotism but their own fanaticism.

And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the insurrectionary movement in the streets of Paris, on the 4th of September, was not a manifestation of hostility against the Empire and the Napoleonic dynasty; it was in reality simply a rising to the surface of the social sediment of the city, after the shock of a national defeat, and at the same time a protest of the proletariat against every form of orderly government. The rioters were the men, or the descendants of the men, who in 1848 erected the barricades in the boulevards of the capital, re-enforced by the teachings of German socialists or Russian anarchists, and organised under the direction of the *Société Internationale des Travailleurs*. They were that "democracy of our day, full of peril," of which M. Guizot spoke in 1861, in his famous address before the French Academy, on the occasion of the reception of Lacordaire succeeding to the chair of Tocqueville, when he said: "It thinks it is society itself, and all there is of it. It wishes to dominate alone. And it has no respect for, and, I may say, refuses to recognise the existence of, any rights except its own."

They appeared in force at the funeral of Victor Noir, and they filled the ballot-boxes with their votes on the 8th of May, 1870. While 7,358,786 votes were then cast by the French electors in favour of the Empire, and but 1,571,939 votes were cast against it, the Government obtained in Paris but 138,000 votes, while 184,000 votes were cast against it. And Lyons, Marseilles, and other large cities gave at this Plebiscitum similar majorities against the Government. But there is no occasion to attribute

to these votes a political significance they do not possess. They were cast by men who are the products of the social conditions of our time, who thrive and multiply in the centres of industrialism, and who often become threatening, and are always to be taken seriously into account wherever universal suffrage obtains. They have no respect for the individual or his liberty, and are without patriotism, boasting that the world is their country. They would seem to have no special preference for any form of government, except it be that of a despotic oligarchy, but to be systematically opposed to, and determined to upset, when possible, the one that happens to be in power. In 1885 they came to the conclusion that they could do this, and destroy the Third Republic, and so they set up the cry of "*C'est Bou—c'est Bou—c'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut.*" They were not disturbed in the least by the possible consequences of their success, and hailed even with delight the monarchical prospects which the electoral campaign of that year opened to their view. They failed then to accomplish their purpose, but they triumphed in the cities, as they had in 1870.

And to-day they cast the majority of the votes in Paris and in the principal cities of France, and fill the municipal offices with men hostile to the parliamentary Republic. In fact, the state of affairs in these cities would be very serious indeed, were it not that the national Government exercises its right of sovereignty and the right of veto whenever it thinks proper, in every matter of municipal administration; and its power to enforce its will is provided for by the mai-

tenance of a strong garrison or army corps in the immediate neighbourhood of each of the large cities. The control of the central Government over municipal affairs in Paris and elsewhere, in the present year, 1896, is as direct, as absolute and Cæsarean, as it was in 1866, with this difference only, that the Government was then called "the Empire," and is now called "the Republic"—a dissimilarity which our late eminent Secretary of State, Mr. William H. Seward, the last time he was in Paris (in 1871), told me was the only one he had been able to detect between the Government then in power and the one that had preceded it. And the difference between the Governments in France in their dealings with the liberties of the people will continue to be one only of names and labels, so long as a centralised bureaucracy is considered by every party when in power not only as essential to its own existence, but as necessary for the preservation of public order.

But so long as any kind of government, from an autocracy to anarchy, may be called "the Republic," and so long as the form of "the Republic" is not so definitely fixed that the most ultra-Radicals may not hope to be able finally to shape it as they wish, there is no reason why the French proletariat should manifest its hatred of the social system represented by the present French Parliamentary Republic in any other way than by upsetting the Administration, and forcing the Executive to form a new Ministry, whenever it is in the humour to do so; which during the past twenty years has been on the average once in six months.

Were the Paris electorate, however, called upon to

vote now, as in 1870, on the simple issue, "for" or "against" the existing Government, I am confident that the present Parliamentary Republic would obtain even a smaller vote than did the Empire in 1870. To infer, therefore, from the presence in the streets, on the 4th of September, of an overflow from the slums of the city, that these "manifestors" and "roughs" had assembled to express their opinion as to the merits of dynasties or republics, is absurd. They were there because they had been summoned by their leaders to be there—to smash things. And they did the work they were expected to do. "I myself," said General Le Flô, a man whose republicanism was above suspicion, "was a witness of the invasion of the Chamber by that *horde of scoundrels* who appeared again in the Commune." But Favre, and Gambetta, and the Deputies of Paris got the fruit, because they were prepared to gather it the instant it fell.

Before the end of August, a programme having regard to the formation of a government had been prepared by Ledru Rollin, Gambetta, and others. This was to be acted upon immediately the success of a revolutionary movement could be clearly foreseen. The Republic was to be proclaimed, but under the tricoloured flag of France, not under the "red" flag of the socialist democracy. And so, when the Chamber of Deputies was invaded and the *déchéance* was proclaimed, and the flag that had floated over the Tuileries was hauled down, there was a rush for the Hôtel de Ville; and it was a race between Favre, Gambetta, de Kératry, and a number of the Paris Deputies, on the one side, and Delescluze, Millière,

and the representatives of the Internationale, on the other, which should get there first. Fortunately, the Paris Deputies won. And when Delescluze and the "clubbists" arrived, they found that the building was already occupied by the Government of the National Defence. The leaders of the mob were compelled to accept the accomplished fact, but they were furious in their disappointment, and violent in their denunciation of the "*bourgeois assermentés du Corps législatif.*" And the "*Sociétés des travailleurs*" discovered, shortly afterward, that they had been the tools of the lawyers and the clever political conspirators by whom, with the complaisant co-operation of General Trochu, the Republic had been adroitly *escamotée* (filched), to use the picturesque language of the day. (See Appendix VIII.)

I trust that in these few paragraphs I have so far cleared up a small but important part of the field of French politics, that the reader will have no great difficulty in seeing why and how, on the 4th of September, things came to pass as they did, easily and smoothly, and how the "Third Republic" came into existence, as it were, by a process of natural evolution.

The clamour of the Radicals in the Chamber of Deputies, when the first unfavourable news arrived from the frontier, demanding that the National Guard should be called out, had the appearance of being an appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the nation. In fact, its purpose was to arm the mob, that they might be able to take advantage of any opportunity to upset the Government which chance should offer.

Not satisfied with calling out the National Guard, Jules Favre proposed that in each ward of the city of Paris a gun should immediately be put in the hands of every citizen whose name was inscribed on the electoral list; and thirty-three Deputies were ready to vote for this extraordinary proposition—that is to say, to arm the mob *at once*. Could any act have more clearly revealed their purpose?

And now the opportunity looked for, hoped for, had arrived. The day before, the Governor of Paris had been approached. It was understood that he would not oppose a revolutionary movement; the way would be made smooth; every door would be found wide open. And so it was that, on Sunday morning, the special details of the police about the public offices were dismissed, and the 2,500 troops of the line who had been guarding the Chamber of Deputies were ordered away, and their places taken by a few companies of the *Garde Nationale*. National Guards also were posted about the Tuileries. They, the "*moblots*," as they were affectionately called by the populace, could be trusted by the plotters; they would be ready to cry "*Vive la République!*" when the order was given. Just as, six months later, these Pretorians of anarchy and misrule were ready to cry "*Vive la Commune!*" and to re-establish the Reign of Terror.

And then was revealed the meaning of those strange words in the strange letter that Trochu addressed, on the 20th of August, to the editor of the *Temps*, in reply to an article published in that newspaper. "The mistake," said he, "of all the Governments I have known, has been to consider force as the

ultima ratio of power. The idea of preserving order with the bayonet and the sword in Paris, when given up to the most legitimate anguish and the disturbances that are its consequences, fills me with horror and disgust." In a word, public notice was then given by the Military Governor that in a certain eventuality—namely, an insurrection breaking out in Paris—he would not employ force to suppress it.[1]

The Second Empire fell, seemingly, like a house of cards before a puff of wind; but why it so fell, and without an effort to save it, is no longer a mystery. Not only the Regent and her Ministers, but the representatives of the people constituting the Legislative Body, had been betrayed. And that at the very moment when, conscious of the immense responsibilities resting upon her, animated by patriotic

[1] General Trochu has denied that he gave any order for the withdrawal of the troops posted at the Palais-Bourbon, and that General Caussade, who had the command of them, was not under his orders. But he was the Military Governor of Paris; and his attitude in case of a revolutionary movement he had revealed to M. de Kératry, and others who called upon him a few days before the 4th of September to sound him on the subject ("Déposition de M. de Kératry," *op. cit.*).

If further evidence of his state of mind is required, it may be found in his own testimony before the Parliamentary Commission ("Enquête Parlementaire," tome i. p. 313). He there says: "I repeat, it is not my business to defend General Caussade; but you think that the troops would have fired if he had given the order. That is your mistake—to imagine that in the circumstances these troops would have been disposed to employ force—whoever may have affirmed it. I declare it absolutely contrary to the truth; you may think so, it is your right, but you are mistaken. It was morally impossible; I have said so several times. My conviction on this subject is of long date."

considerations alone, and with the noblest self-abnegation, the Empress was devoting every thought to the one object of checking the advance of the German invasion, and protecting in the largest measure possible the prestige, the honour, and the territorial integrity of France. When the treachery was discovered it was too late; the armed force at the capital had been arrayed against the Government. It was powerless to resist; it was forced to retire; and for the very same reason that the Government which usurped its place was compelled not long after to steal out of Paris under cover of the night, and without striking a blow in its own defence.[1]

Leaving the Rue de la Paix, we passed into the boulevards, which were full of Sunday promenaders, quiet and orderly, only curious to see everything and hear all about what was taking place. On reaching the Madeleine, we drove up the Boulevard Malesherbes, now peaceful and silent, and through the Park Monceau—beautiful as always, with its fresh green lawns and bright parterres of flowers, and groups of

[1] This account of the proximate cause of the fall of the Imperial Government will serve to show the very remarkable way in which history repeats itself—in France—when read in connection with the following paragraph, which I quote from the "Student's History of France," published by Harper & Brothers in 1862:

"Never did a strong . . . Government succumb . . . from causes apparently more insufficient. There was no powerful party in France, before the outbreak of the 22nd of February, which seriously desired the overthrow of the existing system; still less was the nation in general prepared to try the desperate experiment of a second Republic. The Revolution of 1848 was simply and literally the result of a mischievous and contemptible *trick*." The italics are textual.

THE EMPRESS AND MADAME LEBRETON AT DR. EVANS'S HOUSE.

To face p. 359.

happy children—and then along deserted streets and avenues, until we reached my house. Here, as I had arranged to have this evening a gentlemen's dinner-party, I wished to stop to give an order, before driving on to the Bois. It was then about six o'clock. Handing the reins to Dr. Crane, I said, "I shall be gone but a few minutes."

On entering my house a servant said to me: "There are two ladies in the library who wish to see you. They have not given their names, and decline to state why they have come here; but they seem to be very anxious to see you, and have been waiting for you more than an hour."

After giving my order, I went to see who these visitors were that had called upon me in this rather singular and mysterious manner. When I stepped into the room, and found myself standing in the presence of the Empress Eugénie, my astonishment can hardly be imagined.

"Perhaps you are surprised to see me here," said the Empress. "You know what has taken place to-day—that the Government is in the hands of the Revolutionists."

Then in a few words she told me how she had been obliged to leave the Tuileries suddenly, without preparation, almost without warning. "And I have come to you," she said, "for protection and assistance, because I have full confidence in your devotion to my family. The service I now ask in my behalf and in that of the lady (Madame Lebreton) who is with me, will be a severe test of your friendship."

I at once assured her Majesty that I should be only

too happy to give her the protection she sought; that I held myself entirely at her service, and would willingly do anything in my power which might be necessary to secure her personal safety, or to assist her in any way. She thanked me with emotion. And referring again to the events that had just occurred, she contrasted them with her surroundings only a few short weeks before.

"You see," she said, "I am no longer fortunate. The evil days have come, and I am left alone."

She stopped speaking, and tears filled her eyes.

The fact that the lady whom I had known for so many years as the illustrious sovereign of France was a fugitive under my roof; that she who had been surrounded by friends and courtiers, and all the powers of the State, now seemed to be deserted and forgotten by every one in her own country; that she had been forced to come to a foreigner for help—these things could not fail to produce in my mind a feeling of pain as well as of sympathy.

While her Majesty was talking I had scarcely spoken; I was too much absorbed in hearing what had happened to her, why she had come to me, and what she wished to do. Indeed, there was little occasion for me to ask questions, so directly and simply did she say all that was necessary for me to clearly understand the essential facts of the case. Moreover, I was the privileged witness of her sorrow and distress. While speaking, she sat in a deep arm-chair; and the pale light from the window by her side falling upon her still paler face, careworn and sad, but singularly beautiful, I could not help being profoundly

touched by the pathos of the situation. And if I felt a certain pride in having been chosen as the protector of this noble but unfortunate lady, I knew that I should have still better reason to feel proud and happy when I had justified the confidence she had placed in me, by my efforts to rescue her from the danger that seemed imminent, and which she certainly had cause to fear.

I now asked her Majesty if she had any special plan that she desired to carry out.

She replied that she wished to go to England, if she could, and expressed, in particular, a very earnest desire to leave Paris as quickly as possible. She thought that an attempt might be made, when it was discovered she had left the Tuileries, to find out where she had gone, and that orders might be issu by the promoters of the Revolution to arrest h She also wished to get beyond the reach of the m for she was quite aware that the false and malicious representations respecting her personal responsibility for the war, which had been industriously circulated by the enemies of the Imperial Government, had excited a bitter feeling of animosity against her among certain classes of the people only too eager to seize an opportunity to manifest it by some act of vindictive violence. It was her opinion, therefore, that no time should be lost; that she should proceed on the way at once, without stopping too long to consider the direction to be taken or to fix upon a halting-place. But it was not that she was unduly alarmed. In fact, she did not appreciate the real danger she was in. Morally, she was brave and resolute. She had no

fear of any peril that might be encountered, so long as she could feel that she was doing something. But to stop and quietly wait, doing nothing, this seemed to her to be very hard indeed. It was quite natural that it should have been so, and was only a momentary matter of nerves. The Empress was, at the time, weary and nearly exhausted by the stress and strain of incessant work, emotional excitement, and the fearful sense of responsibility to which she had been subjected during the whole period of the Regency. She was also suffering greatly from insufficient sleep and the want of food. In constant receipt of important despatches, she had been unable to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time for over a week, and had scarcely eaten anything in the preceding twenty-four hours. That under these circumstances, and at a critical moment, she should have appeared to be ill at ease, and have shown a little nervous impatience to start off on her journey, is certainly not surprising.

I endeavoured to reassure her. I told her that as no one knew where she thought of going when she left the Tuileries, it was not likely any one could immediately discover where she had gone; and, furthermore, that I was quite sure she would not be disturbed, and was perfectly safe so long as she remained under my roof. I urged upon her the necessity of taking some refreshment; after which, I told her, we should have plenty of time to consider what would be the safest and best course for us to follow, in order to carry out her wishes. I then begged her Majesty to excuse me for a little while.

Having directed a servant to prepare a lunch for the ladies in my library, I ordered the gate to be opened and the carriage to be brought into the yard.

Dr. Crane had been patiently waiting my return for a continuation of our drive, and its abrupt end seemed to surprise him. But he was still more surprised when I whispered into his ear, as he stepped out of the carriage, "The Empress is here!" After a moment I continued: "The question is, what are we to do? Come in, and let us talk this over. It is now half-past six o'clock. My guests who have been invited to dine with me this evening may be expected to arrive, some of them, very soon. Shall we dismiss them as they come, or go on with the dinner? The situation is not only awkward, but difficult."

The conclusion we came to was that Dr. Crane should receive the gentlemen as they arrived, and, excusing my absence on the ground that the events of the day had made it necessary for me to look after certain private affairs, should entertain them in my place; that in the meantime I would have a good opportunity to confer with her Majesty with respect to her plans and wishes; that after the dinner Dr. Crane should join in the conference, and a final decision then be reached.

Little did I think, when I invited these gentlemen to my house, that the overthrow of the Imperial Government would prevent me from doing the honours of the occasion myself. I had expected, before we separated—my company being mostly members of the American Sanitary Committee—to talk over the questions which were then especially

interesting us, and with respect to which our decisions would become important in the event of a siege.

I had hoped, also, the opportunity was at hand for me to show to France, and to the reigning family, that I was not unmindful of the hospitality which I had received from them for many years past, and that I was now ready to reciprocate kindnesses by offering relief to those who might suffer in their behalf upon the field of battle. Providence had seemingly ordered it otherwise: that I was to prove to the world my devotion to the Imperial family by saving for the Emperor his wife, and for the Imperial Prince his mother; while to France I was to repay my debt of gratitude by preventing the people from the possible committal of a crime which, in a moment of excitement—forgetting the old traditions of French courtesy, the respect due to misfortune, the regard due to the feeble—they might have been led to, and which would have left an ineffaceable stain upon the name of the country.

And it is a pleasure for me to say here that not only the adherents of the Empire, but a great many Monarchists, together with some of the most ardent Republicans, among whom I wish to mention in particular the Count de Paris and M. Gambetta, expressed their gratitude to me afterward in the warmest terms for having placed the Empress beyond the reach of the insults of the Paris mob.

Dr. Crane and I had scarcely come to an understanding in the matter under consideration when the gate-bell rang and my guests began to arrive. I then returned to the ladies in the library. They had had

their lunch, and I found the Empress had wonderfully revived. She talked with animation, narrating to me some of the incidents that occurred during the last days of the Regency, reverting, however, constantly to the subject of her immediate solicitude—how she was to get away from Paris.

It seems that, shortly before the 4th of September, several of the persons attached to the Court, officially or otherwise, being aware of the gravity of the political situation, became anxious about the safety of her Majesty, and suggested to her that preparations should be made to meet the very worst that could happen—a Revolution in Paris. But she did not care to listen to this advice, and cut it short by saying: "Here I have been placed by the Emperor; here all the interests of the army and the country are centred; here it is my duty to be. I shall never run away from the Revolution."

However, a number of passports were prepared, to be used in case they were needed, and among the countries of refuge, Belgium and England had been named. But no definite plan for securing the safety of the Empress, should she be compelled to abandon the Tuileries, had been fixed upon by any one, when the storm that swept away the Government suddenly broke on the afternoon of the 4th of September. Indeed, one of the most remarkable facts connected with the Empress's departure from her palace is that no officer of the Imperial Government, no one of those even who accompanied her and her lady companion through the galleries of the Louvre to the exit on the Place Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois seems to

have assumed any direct personal responsibility for her Majesty's safety. They, one and all, whether present in the palace or absent, appear to have supposed that somebody else had charged himself with this delicate and perhaps dangerous mission. Nor did the action of Prince de Metternich and Signor Nigra have in view anything more than the removal of the Empress from imminent danger—the peril to which she would have been exposed had the mob invaded the palace and found her still occupying her apartments. Once the street and a carriage were reached, the mission of these gentlemen came abruptly to an end, and the Empress, abandoned to the chances of the day, was left to work out her own salvation as best she could.

It has often been said that during the last hours the Empress spent in the Tuileries she was deserted by nearly everybody attached to her person or connected with the service of the palace. This is untrue. All her ladies of honour who were in Paris came to the palace as usual on the 4th of September. Not an officer attached to the household was missing; and the domestics continued to perform their duties in the most perfect order until the Empress' departure was announced. Even then, the principal servants and the ushers did not quit their posts. M. d'Hérisson, who went to the Tuileries about half an hour after the Empress had left her apartments, told me that on reaching the first floor he was stopped by an usher in full costume—chocolate coat, short breeches, black silk stockings, and a silver chain around his neck—who asked him what he wanted. To his statement,

"I have a letter which it is important her Majesty should receive immediately," the answer was, "But she has gone," and M. d'Hérisson was obliged to retire. In his "Journal d'un Officier d'Ordonnance," where he seems to take a malicious satisfaction in describing what he discovered in the private rooms of the Empress, when he visited them on the following day, M. d'Hérisson admits that even then he observed only the evidences of a hurried departure. He says, "Were I to affirm that there was any great disorder, I should lie."

The simple truth is, that up to the very last moment everything connected with the formal service of the palace went on as usual. Indeed, had it been otherwise, it would have been surprising to every one who knows that there were very few persons in Paris, on the 4th of September, 1870, who, before the flag disappeared from the Tuileries, had the least suspicion of what was to take place on that day. Its unexpectedness was the characteristic feature of the Revolution of 1870. And it was this unexpectedness also which, while saving appearances for a time, caused a good many persons to lose their heads the instant they became fully conscious of the peril of the situation.

In the absence of any prearranged plan, the Empress was at a loss to know what should be done in order to accomplish her present purpose—which was to go to England. At first she suggested that, at about ten o'clock that evening, I should take her in my carriage as far as Poissy, some fifteen miles from Paris; saying that we might there meet a night

train which would leave the Saint Lazare railway station at a quarter before one o'clock in the morning, and would reach Poissy at half-past one o'clock, and arrive in Havre a little before eight o'clock; she added that we could stop in Havre the next day (Monday), and take the boat which would leave for Southampton in the evening.

The objections to our adopting this course were pointed out, and other suggestions were offered and considered. Several points were made pretty clear: all public conveyances were to be avoided if we wished to escape the danger of recognition; ten o'clock in the evening was a bad hour at which to begin a journey in a carriage without a definite stopping-place in view; we were quite safe where we were till morning. It also occurred to me that it might be well for her Majesty to remain in Paris at least long enough to ascertain if the revolutionists were in full possession of the city; because, from what I myself had seen, it was almost impossible for me to believe that the Imperial Government had really been overthrown. The questions to be considered were too important to be decided hastily; and, moreover, it was evident that her Majesty was never more in need of a few hours' rest than now. However, I told her that I would have my horses ready to leave soon after ten o'clock, if it was thought best, all things considered, that we should start off at that time. I then begged to be excused again, and occupied myself in making arrangements for the journey, and for a possible absence from Paris for an indeterminate time.

About half-past nine o'clock a servant announced to me that the dinner had been served and that my guests were leaving. Soon after, Dr. Crane joined me, and the question of the ways and means of enabling the Empress to make her escape from France with the least risk was very carefully reconsidered. So many persons had been led to believe that she was the principal instigator of the war, and that the Empress had recklessly sacrificed the French nation in an attempt to consolidate the Imperial dynasty, so violent had been the expressions of hostile feelings towards her in certain quarters, that we were quite of her own opinion that, if seen and recognised, she might be the object of a personal attack, or might be arrested by some individual without authority, but ambitious to signalise in a dramatic way his zeal for the Revolution.

How absurd these accusations were will be evident to all who have read the preceding chapters of this book; but at the time most Frenchmen were unwilling to recognise the truth. Rulers, when they are unfortunate and are crushed by the hand of fate, find few defenders, and whatever may be said against them is generally believed, for people are afraid to offend those who are in power; and at the downfall of the Empire the power passed into the hands of men who had no respect for the late Government or sympathy for its friends.

The people in every country have certainly a right to regulate their own political affairs in their own way. Whether the Empire or the Republic may have done the most for the welfare of the nation, and which

form of Government is to be considered as the most conducive to the prosperity of France, are questions that time must decide ; but the men of whom I speak, and who held the power during the days that immediately followed the 3rd of September, were not Republicans ; they were usurpers who represented no settled form of government ; and in France there is no real patriot, to whatever party he may belong, who is now willing to defend the policy these men thought it expedient to adopt, and who is not ashamed of the license and anarchy that reigned in Paris for a long while after the fall of the Second Empire.

Again, the Empress' arrest might be attempted for another reason. It was not certain that the Revolution proclaimed in the streets of Paris either was or would be successful. No one knew how it would be received by the country or by the Army. The Empress, although a fugitive, was still Regent. Were she, therefore, once out of the capital and beyond the reach of the insurgents, the members and friends of the Imperial Government, and the Army, might rally round her and a new seat of Government be established. To prevent the possibility of such an event, the leaders of the Revolution might think it of the utmost importance to obtain possession of her person. With the Emperor a prisoner in the hands of the Germans, and the Empress lodged at the Conciergerie in Paris, the overthrow of the Empire might properly be considered as complete and final.

I was not surprised afterward to learn it was generally expected in the Chancelleries of Europe that, in the event of a successful insurrection in Paris,

the Regent would attempt to transfer the seat of the Imperial Government to some place in the provinces. That the leaders of the Revolution should apparently not have thought of this, nor taken any means to prevent it, is a remarkable fact, which reveals the extreme confusion and want of foresight existing at the time among those into whose hands power had suddenly fallen. They were so dazed and intoxicated by the prodigious results of a street riot, that for many days, happily, they forgot the very existence of the Empress.

We were thoroughly impressed with the idea that we were about to engage in an undertaking attended by many risks, and that it would require great discretion on our part if it was to be successfully executed. What made caution all the more requisite was that, although very plainly dressed, the Empress could not divest herself of the air of distinction that marked every feature of her personality; while from her frequent appearance in public, and through pictures and photographs, her face was so well known to Frenchmen that were she seen by any half-dozen of them she would almost certainly be recognised by more than one.

Taking all these things into consideration, we were convinced that the journey to the coast could be made with some degree of safety only by keeping away as much as possible from all assemblies of people, and by making use of private conveyances alone.

The next thing to do was to select some point on the coast from which we could easily embark, and at

which, also, we could arrive without being exposed to public notice.

My wife had been spending the month of August in Normandy, and was still at the Hôtel du Casino in Deauville, a quiet seaside resort near Trouville, and not far from Havre. I was acquainted with the neighbourhood, and, furthermore, my wife might be able to render us valuable assistance. Having, for these reasons, fixed upon Deauville as our objective point, as a place where, or near which, we should be likely to find a yacht or boat of some kind in which we could cross the Channel, it was next settled that we should begin the journey in my own carriage; since we felt pretty sure that we could count on finding relays of horses along the route in such towns as Mantes, Évreux, and Lisieux. And, finally, it was thought best that we should leave Paris early the next morning.

This plan having been agreed upon between us, it was submitted to her Majesty, who accepted it very willingly, and evidently with a feeling of great relief; for a decision had been reached. It only remained to arrange a few details.

The passports which the Empress had brought with her were now examined, and one of them was found to have been obtained at the British Embassy. In it, all whom it might concern were "requested and required to allow Dr. C—— (British subject), going to England, accompanied by a patient, Mrs. B—— (also a British subject), to pass freely, also without let or hindrance, and to afford them every assistance and protection of which they may stand in need."

This passport was dated the 13th day of August, and was signed "Lyons." It had been *viséed* and stamped, on the same date, at the Prefecture of Police in Paris. It was exactly what we wanted; it was not only a passport to England, but its terms were such as to enable us to complete our plan, and justify it in the most plausible manner possible. Dr. Crane would personate the physician, Dr. C——; the Empress, the patient; I, her brother; and Madame Lebreton, the nurse.

It may be remarked that this passport was a *bonâ fide* document; that it had been made out for a well-known English physician and a patient, which, after having been *viséed* at the Prefecture of Police, for some reason had not been called for. It was sent to the Tuileries shortly before the 4th of September, with several other passports, signed by Prince de Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, to be used if needed, and according to the special requirements of the case.

It was arranged that we should all be ready to leave my house at half-past five o'clock in the morning. The Empress and Madame Lebreton then retired for the night—but not to sleep, as her Majesty told me afterward.

And it was no wonder; for the hours the unfortunate Empress spent that night in my house were the first in which she had really had time to reflect upon the events which had taken place on that fatal day. It was now for the first time that she began to realise their meaning—that she was no longer sovereign of France. Her husband was a

prisoner of war; her son's fate was unknown to her; she had lost an Empire, and was not only homeless, but her nearest friends did not know what had become of her. What a turmoil of thoughts, of memories, and emotions, must have troubled her! All the scenes of the strange drama that had just been enacted at the Tuileries must have forced themselves upon her weary and unwilling mind most painfully and vividly, disappearing only to reappear, like the confused phantoms of an evil dream, but leaving behind, finally, the awful conviction that these things were no dream. And then the memories of other and happier days must have caused her to feel all the more acutely this fearful reverse of fortune. Of all that she once possessed, nothing now remained to her. Not only the homage of ministers, and chamberlains, and ladies of honour, and the splendour of palaces, but the objects to which her heart was most attached—the portraits of her father and mother and dearest friends, the sacred souvenirs of her youth, her marriage tokens, the playthings of her son—all these things, invaluable on account of their tender associations, were lost to her, perhaps for ever. And to-morrow—the future—with its possible dangers and its dark uncertainty, may it not have filled her anxious mind with sinister suggestions of other and even still greater misfortunes?

Probably not. The future was all that remained to her; here it was that the greatest interests of her life were now centred. If, in the sequence of events, something was to be feared, much could be reasonably hoped for. Fortune, who had been so prodigal of

her gifts in other days, might not have exhausted all her favours; it was pleasanter to think of happiness yet to come, and more useful to consider what her own course should be in order to avoid difficulties and dangers and secure the objects most ardently desired. The Empress was not the woman to abandon a ship that seemed to be sinking, or to give way to vain regrets. She was never a pessimist, but possessed a happy, hopeful temperament that always inclined her to look upon the bright side of things. And I am disposed to believe that, if she slept but little during this night, it was very much less on account of looking back and grieving about what she had lost than for the reason that her active, resourceful mind was engaged in looking forward, and thinking where her duty lay and of what might still be saved.

As it was not late, Dr. Crane returned to the city to ascertain what the situation was there, and, if possible, to learn if anything new had occurred that would cause us to alter our plans, or might in any way especially concern us. He came back a little before one o'clock and reported the quarters he had visited to be perfectly quiet. The Guards were on duty about the Tuileries as usual. He noticed also on the walls of the palace, and at the sides of the arched passageways leading into the Place du Carrousel and the courts of the Louvre, the words "*Propriété Nationale*" in large letters written in chalk. It was evident that there had been no invasion of these buildings. He had heard that a new Government had been proclaimed at the Hôtel

de Ville, of which Jules Favre, Gambetta, and Rochefort were members. At midnight, except at the cafés, the streets were deserted. Indeed, he had seen very little to indicate that the population of Paris was yet fully conscious of the profound and far-reaching consequences of the events that had occurred during the day, although it was quite clear that the revolutionists were in undisputed possession of the city.

In the meantime, I had thought it best to make a sort of reconnaissance in the direction of the Porte Maillot, the gate at the end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, through which we were to attempt the next morning to leave the city. The streets along which I passed were silent and deserted. On reaching a point from which I could see the gate, I stopped, and after watching a little while, noticed that cabs and carriages were permitted to pass in and out without apparently being subjected to much, if any, inspection on the part of the guard on duty. I was very soon convinced, from what I saw, that no orders had been given establishing a rigid surveillance at the exits from the city, and returned to my house feeling quite confident that we should be able to pass this post in the morning without much difficulty.

Neither Dr. Crane nor I thought of rest, and although I could rely entirely on the fidelity of my servants, we both sat up the whole night watching over the safety of her Majesty.

During the gloomy hours that dragged slowly on, my mind was filled with memories and pictures of the past. I remembered the Empress as she appeared when I first saw her, her memorable marriage, her

brilliant Court; and the Emperor, his kindnesses to me personally, and how profound an interest he always took in the welfare of his people—a swiftly moving, countless multitude of scenes and thoughts, that under the shadow of the sombre realities of the day came to me as souvenirs, not of things once witnessed by myself or that happened within my own knowledge, but rather of some story of Wonderland.

CHAPTER XI

THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS FROM PARIS

The departure from my house—How we passed through the Porte Maillot—A little history—The Empress talks freely—The French people—Saint-Germain-en-Laye—On the road to Poissy—We stop at the wine-shop of Madame Fontaine—*À la bonne franquette*—We stop again near Mantes—*O fortunatos agricolas*—I procure another carriage and fresh horses—The formation of the new Government is reported to her Majesty—Her astonishment on hearing that General Trochu was the President of this Government—Her comments—Could she no longer rely on any one?—The consequences of the Revolution in Paris not fully apprehended at the time—The Empress discusses the situation—Her courage—Her patriotism.

IT was about five o'clock on the morning of September 5th when I rapped upon the door of her Majesty's room, and informed her that the hour fixed for our departure was at hand. Soon after we had taken a light breakfast—a cup of coffee and a roll—a servant announced that my landau, a four-seated covered carriage, was at the door, and we were ready to go.

We left the house dressed as we were the evening before. Not a bag, not a package even of toilet articles, did one of us carry. The Empress had on a black cashmere dress, which, she told me afterward, she

had not taken off for nearly a week, subject as she had been to calls at every hour of the day and night. Over this she wore a dark-coloured, thin waterproof cloak or mackintosh. A narrow, white collar about the neck, dark gloves, and a round, black Derby hat, to which was attached a plain black veil, completed her costume. Not the slightest attempt had been made to disguise her person, beyond such concealment as might be afforded by a dress too simple and common to attract attention. In the hurry of leaving the palace she had taken with her absolutely nothing more than the clothes she wore, except a small reticule, in which were a couple of handkerchiefs. She had no visible jewels with her, or money, or valuables of any sort. Madame Lebreton, her companion, was also very simply dressed, and without wraps, or *articles de voyage* of any kind whatsoever.

Madame Lebreton entered the carriage first, taking the back seat on the right hand; the Empress took the seat on the left. Dr. Crane sat opposite Madame Lebreton, and I took the place opposite the Empress. This disposition of seats had been prearranged; it would, in a measure, keep the Empress out of sight of the guards stationed on the left-hand side of the gate through which we were to pass. The carriage was closed, a window only being open on the side taken by Madame Lebreton and Dr. Crane. My faithful coachman, Célestin, was on the box. I told him to drive to Saint-Germain.

It was a few minutes before sunrise when we started on our journey. The sky was cloudless; the atmosphere seemed slightly hazy in the soft grey light;

the air was cool and fresh, but there was no wind. It was, in short, a lovely September morning, and everything gave promise of the fine day it proved to be. As we crossed the section of the city between my house and the foot of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, we saw the street-sweepers at their work, shutters being taken down by shopkeepers, market-waggons, and milk-carts, and other familiar indications of the hour—evidence, in a word, that the events of the preceding day had not interfered perceptibly with the functions most intimately connected with the organic life of the city. When we arrived at the gate we were ordered to halt. As the officer of the guard approached, I let down the window at my right; and on his coming close to the door of the carriage and asking me where we were going, I leaned forward, and, partly filling the opening with my head and shoulders, told him that I was going with my carriage, horses, and coachman into the country to spend the day with the friends who were with me; that I was an American; that I lived in Paris, and was well known to everybody in the neighbourhood. He did not ask my name. Had he done so I probably should have given it. My reply to his question seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to him; for, stepping back, he looked up at the coachman, and said, "*Allez*" (go on).

I may add, to complete the account of this interview with the guard at the Porte Maillot, that, fearing a person on coming close to the carriage might see and have too good an opportunity to inspect the occupants of the back seat, I had provided myself,

before starting off, with a newspaper to be used as a screen, should the case require it. While speaking with the officer on guard, I held the paper loosely opened in my left hand, which rested on the side of the window nearest the Empress. This newspaper completely concealed her face from the view of any one standing on that side of the carriage.

As I leaned back in my seat I heard the rumble of our wheels as we went over a sort of drawbridge thrown across the moat in front of the fortifications, which had been extended and cut through the roadway, and I caught a glimpse of some palisades and earthworks that had just been erected to defend this entrance to the city in the event of a siege. In a moment we were past the outposts and the sentries, and I was greatly delighted to know that we had escaped the first, and perhaps greatest, danger we were to meet on our journey. Indeed, it was an immense relief to every one of us to feel that, after the long hours of anxious waiting through the night for the day to come, we were now safely out of Paris and on our way to the coast.

But I could not help looking back once more upon the city where I had resided so many years, and which I had left, in all probability, for a long time, perhaps for ever; for the future nobody could foresee, and all the indications seemed to justify the most gloomy apprehensions. Behind us loomed up the majestic form of the Arc de Triomphe, reminding me of the first Napoleon, of his prodigious achievements and his wonderful career, but also of the fate of his Empire, and of the man whose sole aim was the

glorification of France. And was history about to repeat itself? The successor and continuator of the grand ideas of the great Captain was to-day a prisoner of war; and she to whom only a few weeks before the world was only too eager to pay homage, dethroned and abandoned, was fleeing from her capital under cover of the dawn.

Continuing on our way down that celebrated avenue along which "the Grand Army" of Napoleon had so often marched in triumph, and coming in sight of Courbevoie, the sunlight fell upon Mont Valérien, and illuminated the hills on the left bank of the Seine, at the feet of which, close by the river, framed in foliage just beginning to be touched by the tints of autumn, lay the villages of Puteaux, and Suresnes, and Saint Cloud; while higher up, in the park of Montretout or on the wooded slopes and green terraces in front of us, glimpses of the red roofs, or white, shining walls of villas or kiosks were to be seen. The landscape that was spread out before us was most charming, full of natural beauty and repose, but at this early hour so wonderfully still, so suggestive of peace and happiness, and so contrasting with the noisy scenes of passion and violence which we had just witnessed, as to make us feel that we were now in quite another and altogether blessed and heavenly world. The very sight of the open country relieved the tension of our jaded nerves, and we began to breathe more freely under the spell of its soothing and benign influence. Our hearts were full of the joy of a deliverance from a great danger; and the fresh morning air that entered our carriage windows, now

opened, was most grateful to us, especially to her Majesty, who had been subjected so long to the terrible weight of official responsibility and personal anxieties.

Yet there was something inexpressibly sad in the thoughts suggested at every turn of our route. On the right once stood the Château of Neuilly, the favourite residence of Louis Philippe. It was only a little over twenty years before, in February, 1848, that I had seen this splendid building plundered by the mob, and almost burned to the ground. And soon we were passing by the bronze statue of the "Little Corporal," standing like a sentry on guard at the end of the broad Avenue in the Rond-Point of Courbevoie—but since removed by the "Patriots" and pitched into the Seine. Two or three miles farther on we came in sight of the Church of Rueil, where rest the ashes of the Empress Josephine, and of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. And this mother was herself a fugitive from the Tuileries, when, in March, 1814, the victorious army of the allies reached Paris; and as she escaped from the city she heard the guns that fired the last shots in its defence from the Buttes Chaumont. Strange as it may seem, these guns were under the command of Colonel Porto Carrero, Count de Téba, the father of the Empress Eugénie. A few minutes later we passed the gate of the Park of Malmaison, the famous Château in which the Empress Josephine so long resided, and where she died; and where, after Waterloo, Napoleon sought a refuge for a day with his mother; and whence, with a "Goodbye, mother," "Goodbye, son," mother and son separated, she to be

thenceforth, to use her own words, "*la mère de toutes les douleurs*," and he, the son, never to see France again; and where Napoleon III. also saw for the last time his uncle, who, as he turned to leave the house, seeing the little Prince, caught him up in his arms, and with tears in his eyes kissed him again and again. Is it strange that the great image of Napoleon should have been graven upon the heart of this child, there to remain for ever?

What memories this word "Malmaison" brought to mind! Everything about us was suggestive. The very road we were travelling had been a *via dolorosa* in the history of the Bonaparte family. And of the moving scenes of romance and tragedy of which this place had been the witness, was this hurried flight to be the last?[1]

The spirits of the Empress rose as we went on our way along the *route Impériale*, the great highway that follows the left bank of the Seine through Bougival, Marly, and Le Pecq, these lovely suburbs of the French capital, where the parks and gardens were still fresh, and clean, and full of colour; and she talked freely, and often with great animation, about her present difficult situation, and the events and incidents that had led up to it.

"They asked me to abdicate," she said, "but how could I? How could I, who have acted only as a delegate, abdicate a sovereignty that is not my own? I had, on personal grounds, no objection to doing this;

[1] The place derived its name "Malmaison" (*Mala Domus*) from tragedies that took place there nearly a thousand years ago, during its occupancy by the Normans.

I was quite willing to surrender into the hands of the representatives of the people all my power as Regent, but it seemed to me necessary, in the interests of France, that the Regency should be maintained in name in order to meet with efficiency the exigencies of the moment. And I told them that the one thing, the only thing, that should concern us now is the military situation, the enemy, and our armies; and that in the defence of the country I was ready to assist any persons, no matter who they might be, provided they possessed the confidence of the nation."

Everything indicated that Paris would be besieged within a few weeks; and when her Majesty recalled how much she herself had done to prepare the city for such an emergency, she felt deeply grieved that she should not be permitted to have the just satisfaction of guiding, by her authority and judgment, the defence toward which she had contributed so much. How willingly would she have run all risks, and have made every sacrifice for her subjects! How gladly would she have shared their sorrows and misfortunes? How bravely would she have endured all suffering!

"I could have been," she said, "of service in many ways. I could have been an example of devotion to my country. I could have visited the hospitals; I could have gone to the outposts; I could have encouraged and stimulated the defence at every point of danger by my presence." Finally, wrought up, as it were, to a state of exaltation by her own words, she cried out: "Oh, why could they not have let me die before the walls of Paris!"

She referred with indignation to the attempts that

had been made to throw upon her personally the responsibility for the war—a war justifiable solely because German diplomacy had put in jeopardy the prestige of the French nation; and which had been precipitated by the clamour of the very persons who were now trying to disclaim any responsibility for its consequences, and at the same time were rejoicing at the opportunity thus given them to rise to power on the ruins of the State. "The French people," she went on to say, "have great and shining qualities, but they have few convictions, and lack steadfastness. They are versatile, but volatile. They love glory and the sunshine, but have no heart for reverses of fortune. With them the standard of right is success. In France we are honoured to-day and banished to-morrow. It has sometimes seemed to me that the French set up their heroes, as it were, on pedestals of salt, so that when the first storm strikes them they tumble down, to lie for ever in the mud. In no country in the world is the step between the sublime and the ridiculous so short as in this. And how French history repeats itself! Every Government in France, for a hundred years, with a single exception, has ended in a Revolution and a flight. Only a few days ago I declared to some of those who were near me and were fearful lest the announcement of another defeat might lead to the fall of the Imperial Government, that I never would leave the Tuileries in a cab, as Charles X. and Louis Philippe did. And that is exactly what I have done!" As she said this, she could not resist the impulse to laugh at the comicality of the coincidence.

But the subjects referred to sometimes brought the

tears to her eyes; as, for instance, when she told us of the despatch she received from the Emperor on Saturday evening, announcing that the army had surrendered at Sedan, and that he was a prisoner, after having in vain sought to die on the field. "It is terrible!" she exclaimed. "I cannot think of it, and I myself am here a fugitive! It all seems like a horrid nightmare." Then, quickly changing the conversation to some political subject, she discussed it with vivacity as well as with remarkable perspicacity; or some personal incident coming to mind, she narrated it with striking, and often amusing, originality and *esprit.*

And now the first houses of Saint-Germain-en-Laye came in sight, and the anxieties of the moment arrested the conversation.

We had again come to a place where caution was necessary, because, before entering the city, we had to pass the toll-gate, where the *Octroi* officers were stationed, and an inspection of our carriage, for the purpose of seeing whether we had with us any articles subject to the *Octroi* (the city toll), was sure to take place. We could not, of course, avoid this investigation, and I had to think of some device by which I might be able to quiet the suspicions of these toll-takers in case they should be too inquisitive. Remembering that near Saint-Germain there lived an English lady, one of my acquaintances, who was very well known, and was loved by all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood on account of her charity and kindness to the poor, I had decided to state, should I be asked where we were going, or if any trouble should arise, that we were the friends of this lady, and I was nearly certain

that any of her friends would be respected ; while at the same time I was persuaded that a few words to Lady Trotter—this was the name of the lady—would be sufficient to make her enter into my plans for the safety of her Majesty.

Fortunately, things turned out better than we had expected, and we were not obliged to appeal to Lady Trotter. The officers, when we reached the gate, permitted our carriage to pass almost without stopping. They had no suspicion of the character or quality of the travellers who with so much anxiety awaited the result of this inspection ; it was quite enough for them to know that we did not look like persons who wished to smuggle chickens, or cheese, wine, vegetables, or other similar articles, into the worthy city of Saint-Germain.

I will confess I was greatly relieved when we had passed the toll-gate ; for I was afraid that my house had been watched, or that our movements after leaving it had attracted attention, and that a telegram might have been sent ahead of us to Saint-Germain to stop us on our arrival there.

Although we were tempted to make inquiries here as to whether any special news had been received from Paris, we did not think it wise to ask questions, and so drove on without stopping, leaving the city, a few minutes later, by the gate which opens on the road to Poissy. After a short drive through the beautiful forest of Saint-Germain, we reached this town, which is well known as the birthplace of Louis IX.; a fact which suggested to one of our party an additional piece of history, as a pertinent reminder, perhaps, of

the transitory glory of this world, namely, that Philip the Fair had a church erected at this place, where once rose the royal residence of his ancestors, and that the altar had been put exactly on the spot where formerly stood the bed in which Blanche de Castille gave birth to the most pious of the French monarchs. King Philip, we were told, did not think that this edifice erected in honour of the Lord would ever succumb to the cruel hand of political revolution. He was mistaken, however. Nothing is eternal but change. And so when the Revolution of '93 came to startle sleeping France, like the sudden eruption of a volcano, the church of Philip and the renowned abbey connected with it were sold to the highest bidder. At present there remains nothing which reminds the visitor to Poissy of the former existence of these splendid memorial buildings, except the font in which Louis IX. was baptized, and a leaden urn containing the heart of the pious king.

From Poissy to Mantes, the road follows along the right bank of the Seine, and passes through Triel, Vaux, and Meulan, picturesque towns with interesting histories, which, however, we did not stop to inquire about or care to think about. The history of our own time—of yesterday and to-morrow—was just then what principally concerned us.

As we proceeded on our way, the road, shut in by the hills on the north, and exposed to the sun on the river side, grew dusty, and the glare and the heat became disagreeable and oppressive ; but we did not for a moment interrupt our journey until we were about twelve miles from Mantes, when it became

evident that our horses needed rest. We stopped, therefore, at a small *cabaret* by the wayside, where we might obtain some water for our horses, and perhaps some refreshment for ourselves; for Dr. Crane and I, at least, were beginning to feel the need of food, and were of the opinion that it would be prudent not to neglect any opportunity of getting it.

As I was on the point of stepping from the carriage I heard a certain commotion within the little wine-shop, and almost at the same moment saw at the door a stout, red-faced old woman clinging to the handle of a broom, which seemed to be following in the air just behind a big black cat that was leaping for a clump of lilac bushes near by. "*Gros Matou!*" cried the woman, as the cat escaped the impending consequences of doubtless some indiscreet breach of the etiquette of the place. This exclamation, breaking sharply the stillness of the brilliant September morning, amusingly accentuated the comic features of a rustic picture worthy of the brush of the elder Teniers. I think it caused a smile to pass over the face even of Madame Lebreton, who was more inclined than her Majesty to consider our situation a sad as well as a serious one, and who had looked sorrowful and weary all the way.

Getting out, I bade the woman good morning, and told her we wished to water our horses and rest them a little; I asked her if she could furnish us also with something to drink or to eat.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I can give you some good wine, such as we make here (*vin du pays*). Come in and try it!"

The doorway in which she stood opened directly into a room that served at the same time as kitchen, wine-shop, and living-room. Entering, I sat down at a rough table, and in a few minutes the woman had placed upon it a bottle of wine and some glasses, a roll of bread a couple of yards long, two or three kinds of cheese, a big bologna sausage, and a knife. The wine and bread and sausage proved to be really good, and Dr. Crane and I obtained here a very satisfactory lunch; but the Empress and Madame Lebreton were not disposed to leave the carriage, nor would it have been prudent for them to have done so.

Madame Fontaine—that was the name of the woman—seemed to be greatly pleased by our appreciation of the things she had set before us, and told us that she and her husband, who was a stonemason, owned the shop. She gave us also to understand that they had prospered because they had always acted on the principle that "good wine needs no bush."

Two years later, when Dr. Crane and I again stopped at this little wayside inn, Madame Fontaine remembered us very well; but to my question as to whether she remembered the appearance of the persons who had remained in the carriage, she replied that she could not, for she had not looked into the carriage, because, to use her own words, she thought: "*Que c'était un affront de regarder trop ces voyageurs.*"

Before settling our score with this good woman, we got her to put up in a paper some bread and a piece of the bologna sausage, in case they should be desired or required on our journey. It was rough fare indeed, but it was the best we could get; and not long after

we had set out again on our way the Empress asked to have the package opened. She then broke off a piece of the bread, and, having eaten it, pronounced it excellent, and borrowed Dr. Crane's pocket-knife to cut off a slice of the sausage. Poor Madame Lebreton, however, seemed to have no appetite for the lunch we had bought at the wine-shop. She had not recovered from the shock produced by the events of the preceding twenty-four hours; and she lacked also that rarest of gifts with which the Empress was so richly endowed, the faculty of adapting herself, with the most perfect ease, simplicity, and naturalness, to the conditions of her immediate environment, whatever they might be. Sympathising as the Empress always did with the common people, with admirable sincerity she could neither see nor feel that there was anything ignoble or unworthy in engaging, whenever it was necessary, in the rough work of the world, and bearing the burden of its physical discomforts and hardships. A State dinner or a picnic *à la bonne franquette*, whether appearing as the matchless mistress of some tournament of beauty and courtesy at Compiègne, or riding on a camel in the Libyan desert, it mattered little to her, although I think she would at any time have preferred "roughing it" *à la guerre comme à la guerre* to any function of ceremonial display, not merely as a diversion, but from a romantic sense of the pleasure of winning victories by effort and sacrifice.

Soon after leaving Madame Fontaine's establishment our road led through beautiful scenery, with wheat-fields and orchards and vineyards on either

side, and the loveliness and brightness of Nature about us, and the all-prevailing quiet contrasted strangely with the complexion of our inmost and constantly recurring thoughts. Everywhere there seemed to dwell peace and happiness. The war, the terrible disasters that had just befallen the nation, the great revolution which had taken place in the Government, hardly affected, seemingly, the light-hearted, simple life within and around the pretty farmhouses and cottages by the wayside.

It was about eleven o'clock when we approached Mantes, and as our horses could not go much farther except after a long rest, I decided to stop at Limay, a suburb on the right and opposite bank of the Seine, and to go myself on foot into the city in order to procure another carriage and fresh horses. The place where we halted was near the Rue Farvielle, just by the junction of the roads leading to Meulan and to Magny. A sign-post stood in the angle of the roads; it bore on one side the inscription, "Route Impériale," and on the other the number 13 and the inscription, "à Meulan 13·5 kilomètres." Over a large ornamental iron gate, at our left, were inscribed Virgil's well-known words:

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint agricolas"
(Oh! only two fortunate farmers—did they but know it),

words that might well have expressed the thought of the unfortunate sovereign herself during the last stage of our journey, and also during the anxious hour of waiting that followed, near this gate, when, looking

out from the carriage in which she alone kept her seat, half concealed in the corner, she saw spread out before her in this lovely valley of the Seine the broad and highly cultivated fields that extended southward and westward to the forests, and the blue undulating hills in the far distance, and which lay, as it were, asleep in the soft sunshine—"*procul discordibus armis.*"

A few minutes after having left my companions, crossing the bridge, I entered Mantes la Jolie, as it was formerly called. The morning papers from Paris had just arrived, and I went to a small stationery shop in the Rue Royale (now called Rue Nationale), No. 25, belonging to Messrs. Beaumont Frères, and bought copies of the *Journal Officiel* and the *Figaro*, which I scanned carefully in order to see if they contained any paragraphs referring to the Empress; but I could not discover any. It seemed that up to the morning of the 5th the disappearance of her Majesty had not been publicly noticed. This gave me some ease of mind; still, it was not clear to me what steps I should take in order for us to continue our journey. While I was thinking over this matter and walking through the streets, without knowing just what to do or where to go, I saw a harmless-looking individual standing before a shop, reading a newspaper; and from an exclamation he gave utterance to, I observed that he seemed to be greatly astonished. The reason of his astonishment was, of course, the news of the Revolution in Paris and the proclamation of the Republic. But pretending not to have any idea of what he had found so startling in his paper, I approached him, and asked him if he would kindly

let me know what important event had taken place.

"The Republic has been proclaimed in Paris," he said, "and there is great excitement there on account of the fall of the Empire."

"The fall of the Empire!" I exclaimed, as if surprised. "Are you certain that the report is correct?"

He handed me the paper, and, reading it, I pretended to discover news which was entirely unknown to me and which greatly disconcerted me.

"I must at once go back to the place from which I came," I said, returning to him the newspaper; "I must report to my friends this extraordinary announcement. But where shall I find a carriage? Besides, the Marquis de R——" (I remembered that this gentleman had an estate near Mantes, but I had no idea where it was situated) "must know, through me, at once, what has happened, and I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will tell me where I can find a carriage to take me to his château."

Thereupon the good man conducted me to the place where the omnibus office was situated, and told me that here, if anywhere, I would be able to get what I desired.

At the office, which was in the Rue Bourgeoise, No. 36, I inquired if I could obtain there a four-seated carriage with a driver, and was told that I must wait for information until the return of the omnibus, which had been sent off to the railway station with passengers.

I waited for about half an hour. But that half-hour seemed a century to me; and I did not dare to walk

again through the streets of the town, where I was sure to attract notice; for in French provincial towns every stranger is easily recognised.

At length becoming impatient at this detention, I asked to be shown into the carriage-house, wishing to see for myself if there was really on the premises a conveyance of any sort which we could make use of. To my great dismay, when I entered I saw at first nothing but a two-wheeled vehicle, which, of course, would not have suited us. On looking around, however, I discovered in a corner, partly hidden under a covering, a carriage in which four persons could easily travel; in fact, it would apparently answer our purpose perfectly, as it could be opened or closed as occasion might require.

When the omnibus returned from the station I at once opened a conversation with the man in charge of the stable, by asking him if he could let me have a carriage. His answer quite naturally was: "What kind of a carriage do you want, and where do you wish to go?"

I then said to him—thinking it best to tell a plain story, one as near the truth as was prudent—that I had started that morning from Paris in my own carriage with my invalid sister, her doctor, and a lady companion, on the way to Trouville; that we had taken this means of travelling as my sister preferred it to going by the railway; that we had proposed to make the journey by easy stages, but that, unfortunately, we had met with an accident just before reaching Mantes which would make it necessary for us to send our carriage back to Paris and continue our

journey in some other way; and that, as this occurrence had interfered with our original plans and most of the day was still before us, we had decided, if we could obtain another carriage in Mantes, to go on to Évreux. I then said to him: "Can you furnish me with a conveyance suitable to take our party of four persons to Évreux, or to some place on the road where we can obtain a relay to carry us to that town?"

He replied that he could not send us as far as Évreux, the distance, going and returning the same day, being too great for the horses; but that for thirty francs he would give me a landau, with horses and a driver, which would take us to Pacy, where we would have no difficulty in finding a conveyance in which to go on to Évreux, if we wished to do so.

My mind was very greatly relieved when I found that I could get what I so much desired—the means of continuing our journey in the way we had begun it. I therefore accepted at once the terms of this offer, although I should have been still better satisfied had I known that our way was clear to Évreux without a break.

The man then went with me to the carriage-house; the vehicle that I had seen was pulled out, a pair of fairly good horses attached to it, and the driver was told to go with me to the place on the Paris road where we had stopped, and to take our party on as far as Pacy.

A few minutes later I found myself, to my extreme delight, *en route;* and I was pleased, also, to observe that the "turn-out" I had secured was, taking it

altogether, a very comfortable and decent-looking affair, even better suited for the business before us than the *voiture de maître* in which we had made the journey to Mantes, because it would be less likely to attract the attention of those whom we might meet on the way.

After a short drive, we arrived where Célestin, with my carriage, was waiting. When a few rods from the place I told the man to stop; and going to my friends I explained how I had arranged matters, giving to her Majesty and my companions instructions how to act in order to prevent the new coachman seeing her Majesty's face.

This done, I returned, and directed the driver to bring his landau up as close as possible to my own, so that the doors of the carriages should be exactly opposite each other. By this device the Empress, as well as Madame Lebreton, was able to take her seat by simply stepping from one carriage into the other; and as the drivers were facing in opposite directions, neither of them was able to see the travellers without turning and looking back — and this they did not do.

I then gave my coachman, Célestin, orders to return to Paris; and having instructed the driver of our new conveyance to turn about and proceed on his way, passing through the outskirts of Mantes to the *route Impériale* leading to Évreux, Dr. Crane and I again took our seats in front of the ladies.

When, after leaving the town behind us, we had reached the open country, I reported to her Majesty the news I had obtained at Mantes: that the Republic had

been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville; that a Ministry had been chosen which included among its members Favre, Gambetta, Cremieux, Picard, and Jules Simon; that the new Government was called "*Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale*"; that apparently it was in full possession of all of the administrative offices, with the army behind it; "for," I added, "Trochu, the Military Governor of Paris, is at the head of the revolutionary movement." Her Majesty listened to me with interest while I was speaking of the revolutionary Government as an accomplished fact, but appeared to be anxious only to know who had been made Minister of the Interior, and who Minister of Foreign Affairs. That the Imperial authority, having been momentarily paralysed by the action of the mob, an attempt should have been made by the enemies of the Empire to profit by the opportunity to seize the sovereign power seemed to be something that she was quite prepared to hear. When, however, I announced that the Military Governor of Paris (Trochu) had joined hands with the agents of the revolt and had consented to act as their chief, she manifested great astonishment, and at first refused to believe it.

"No, no," she said, "this cannot be so!" Then, after a brief pause, she added with much feeling: "How could he go over to the Revolutionists, after the solemn declarations of loyalty and personal devotion that he made to me? I cannot believe it!"

"But Madame," I replied, "here is the *Journal Officiel*, published this morning in which there is an account of the proceedings at the Hôtel de Ville that immediately followed the invasion of the Chamber

of Deputies. You will see," I said, as I handed the paper to her, "the names of the persons calling themselves the Government of the National Defence, and that General Trochu is the President of this Government."

The Empress took the paper, and glancing over the list of names in the new Ministry, her eyes fell on the following words:

"General Trochu, invested with full military powers for the national defence, has been appointed President of the Government.

"For the Government of the National Defence,

"LEON GAMBETTA,

"*Minister of the Interior.*"

As soon as she had read this, the paper dropped from her hands, and she exclaimed:

"How was it possible for him to so betray me!" Then, after a few moments, she continued: "Only yesterday morning, spontaneously, of his own volition, he pledged to me, on his honour as a soldier, on his faith as a Catholic and a Breton, that he would never desert me; that whoever might wish to harm me would have to pass first over his dead body; and those words were spoken with such apparent emotion that I could not suspect his sincerity. His loyalty he proudly proclaimed from the day he was made Governor of Paris. Shortly afterward, at a Council of the Ministers, when the measures to be taken to prevent an insurrection in Paris were brought up for discussion, General Trochu being present, I said:

'In case of a revolt I do not wish you to think of me; but it is most important that the *Corps Législatif* should be protected.' 'Madame,' said General Trochu, addressing me in a voice indicative of decision and firmness, 'I pledge you my honour that I will protect you, and the Chamber of Deputies also.' Whom could I have trusted, if not him—a soldier selected by the Emperor himself as one especially trustworthy, whose accepted duty it was to defend me, who to the last hour swore fealty!"

Her Majesty seemed to be quite overcome as she spoke. Her voice trembled, the tears came into her eyes, and she remained silent for some time. Then, taking up the paper again, she read over the names of the members of the new Government, two or three of which evoked a smile or a vivacious comment, as she repeated aloud, "*Ministre des Affaires Étrangères*, Jules Favre; *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, Gambetta." But she reverted almost immediately to Trochu, whose name, in her mind, seemed to stand for the whole Government, and to suggest the basest kind of personal disloyalty. Nor was it so much the setting up of the Republic that distressed her Majesty; in fact, this appeared to give her very little concern. It was her discovery of the treachery of the soldier, the avowed friend and protector, in whom she had trusted, that weighed most heavily on her mind. It was not the loss of power that she felt, but a keen sense of abandonment, which for the first time had thus been brought home to her. And then there were others who also had stood very near to her; had they, too, deserted her? With the triumph of the mob in Paris,

had she lost everything—not only a throne, but friends, and faith in the honour of men? By nature generous, frank, and trustful, and having known in the intimacy of the Court circle only those who had given her every assurance of the sincerity of their friendship and loyalty; never having learned by sad experience to call in question the fidelity of her professed friends; never herself forgetting a favour; never suspecting duplicity and ingratitude in others, one can imagine how cruelly she must have suffered, as this horrible thought forced itself upon her: that many, perhaps most, of those professions of loyalty and love, which she had accepted with confidence and returned even with affection, were mere lip-service, the masks for personal ambitions seeking their own ends, without regard either to honour or conscience. And could she no longer rely on any one to help her and advise her in this hour of great need and difficulty? Was she absolutely alone? What was she to do? What could she do? Such were the questions, such the thoughts, that wrought upon her mind and caused the tears to fall.

But it was not long that these shadows rested upon her face. After a few moments she looked up suddenly, and, smiling through her tears, said: "I shall soon be in England, and then I shall know what is to be done." And the thought of soon seeing again the Prince Imperial, and perhaps the Emperor, quickly dispelled all traces of sorrow, and she talked with hope and confidence of the future. Although occasionally, during this day and the following days, she alluded to the treachery of Trochu, it was with no

further manifestation of feeling, except one of contempt.

Indeed, the Empress did not at this time fully apprehend the political consequences of the Revolution. It was not possible then for any one to do so, much less for her, with an imperfect knowledge of the situation as it existed in Paris, of the sentiment of the French nation, and of the policy of the King of Prussia. She knew that the Empire, the French army, and France had met with a series of terrible disasters, and believed that the war with Germany had practically come to an end at Sedan ; but she did not seem to think that the Republic proclaimed in Paris was a necessary, or even a probable, final, and substantial consequence of these events. She doubted very much if the King of Prussia would be willing to treat with a Government which was the product of a street riot, and the existence and acts of which were without the sanction of the French people. Furthermore, it remained to be seen how the announcement of this new Government would be received by the army that was under the command of Bazaine.

Certainly it was not likely that a self-constituted Government of Radical Republicans, acting without legitimate authority and absolutely irresponsible, even if recognised by the King and his Councillors, could obtain a treaty of peace except on terms humiliating to the last degree to the *amour propre* of the French nation. She presumed that the King of Prussia would be willing to conclude a peace with the Imperial Government on conditions that might be accepted with honour. She thought that an effort

should be made at once to obtain peace on such conditions. France was not prepared for this war; a great mistake had been made; it should be frankly recognised by all, and the damage repaired to the fullest extent possible. And the Imperial Government, in her opinion, would be far better able than any other to secure peace upon favourable terms, and to mitigate the consequences of the existing military situation. But if such was her opinion, she made it clearly understood that she was speaking not for herself, nor for the dynasty, but in the interest of the French people. "I had," she said, "a thousand times rather abandon every attribute of the sovereign and every dynastic claim, than feel that such claims were an obstacle to an honourable peace and the permanent prosperity of France. Oh," she continued, "why could not the people of Paris allow me to remain with them? The German army is reported to be marching on to Paris. How happy I should be, could I have the privilege of defending—could I but save—the city that for me possesses so many delightful souvenirs, for the sake of the people in it, whom I have so dearly loved!"

And here I should say, since I have spoken of the sense of abandonment and desertion which for a moment seemed to crush and overwhelm her, that it was only the broken heart of the woman that found relief in silence and in tears—broken by feeling the cruel injustice with which she had been treated by those to whom she had dedicated her life and in whom she had implicitly confided. But never once did she exhibit the slightest indication of fear, or any

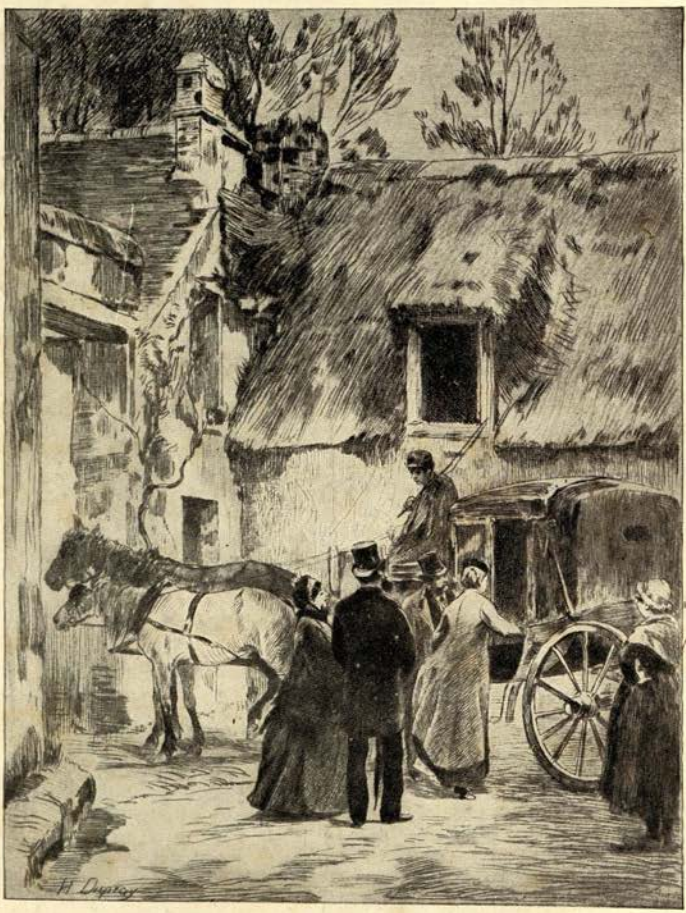
sense of danger to herself personally. Whatever had happened or might come to pass, her soul remained unconquered and unconquerable. When, as the hours passed during this day, the possibility of certain eventualities came to her mind, it did not disquiet her, except it were the thought of a civil war. This she shrank from; this she never would listen to.

But as Regent still—*de jure*—she was as fearless and heroic as she was prudent. Peace should be sought, and any honourable terms promptly accepted. But were the Germans to consent to make peace only on such terms as a great and brave and independent people could not with honour accept, then let the war go on. Never would she give her consent to an ignoble peace. Were insolent and humiliating conditions exacted, then the nation should make a supreme effort to drive the invader from its territory. Forms of government and dynasties should be forgotten, and parties disappear, melted in the glow of an ardent patriotism.

It was not in her thought to stand in the way of the national defence. No personal sacrifice could be too complete in order to effect this object. "I am willing to forget everything, and to forgive all my enemies, if they will only find a way to save the honour of the nation. Oh," said she, "should the occasion ever come, how I should like to show to the world the joy with which I can suffer and endure!"

Her words were noble and magnanimous—those of a self-forgetting heroine, ready to immolate herself at the call of duty—while with passionate eloquence she proclaimed her undying devotion to France. No

Orleans Maid was ever inspired by a loftier or more fervent love of her country, or showed a braver spirit, or expressed a more unfaltering purpose to sacrifice herself, if need be, to save her people. If Fortune, less kind to her than to others did not give her the opportunity to realise all her dreams of glorious doing, it was through no fault of hers. God had bestowed on her every quality, both of head and heart, for such a part. To save France from the humiliation of conquest, and the army from the dishonour of defeat, this was the principal theme of her discourse, and the subject that was uppermost in the Empress' thought until she reached England.



PACY-SUR-EURE—A CHANGE OF CONVEYANCES.

To face p. 407.

CHAPTER XII

ON THE ROAD TO THE COAST

Pacy-sur-Eure—A change of conveyances—The "outfit"—A professional opinion—Évreux—"*Vive la République!*"—A tragic story—La Commanderie—Horses but no carriage—An accident—La Rivière de Thibouville—A serious question—"Le Soleil d'Or—Diplomacy—"Too funny for anything!"—French peasants—A night alarm—Madame Desrats and her "cabriolet"—"My carriage is at your disposal"—A railway trip—A miserable morning—I go for a carriage—A polite clerk—A striking contrast—The last stage of our journey—Pont l'Évêque—Another coincidence.

IT was about two o'clock when we came to the little hamlet of Pacy-sur-Eure, and drove into the yard of a house, the owner of which, a certain Madame Everard, our driver had informed us, could furnish us with a carriage and a pair of horses. "And if you cannot get a carriage there," he added, "I don't think you can find one in the place." There was an uncertainty about this information that was rather disquieting; and our disquietude was increased on learning that there was no inn to which we could go, excepting one near the railway station; in fact, that Pacy was a rustic, shabby place, impossible to remain in, yet one it might not be easy to get out of.

We had scarcely stopped, when an elderly country-woman came forward and stood in the doorway of the house. Without leaving my seat, I called out to her, asking if we could get here a carriage and horses to take us on to Évreux, or beyond. She replied that she had a carriage, but only one horse. After some further inquiry, she said there was a horse then working in a neighbouring field which might perhaps go with the one she had; but that it was a much smaller horse, and the two had never been harnessed together. We told her to make up the team, and we would see if it would answer our purpose.

A boy was then sent off to fetch the horse from the field. We all alighted now, and the ladies went into the house; although they would have very much preferred to remain in the carriage, could they have done so.

The principal room—the general reception-room, it might be called—on the ground floor of this house, was roughly furnished, anything but clean, and infested with flies. In an adjoining room groceries were kept for sale. The flies were the only customers while we were there.

After waiting a long time, the boy returned with the horse—and such a horse! We were not surprised that the old woman had hesitated to mention it to us. However, it was Hobson's choice. We could take it or leave it. And we took it—hoping that the horse in the stable, which we had already seen, and which was a fairly good one, would be able to pull us through.

But the carriage—when it was dragged out from

under the shed, where it had probably reposed most of the time since the introduction of railways in France —was a wonder indeed. I really do not know how to describe it. It was a four-wheeled, four-seated, two-horse, closed vehicle, but with large, very large, glass windows at the sides and in front. The leather covering was rusty, and cracked, and creased; and the blue lining on the inside faded, ragged, and dirty. It had a green body and yellow wheels. The body was shallow, and the front seat low. The wheels were ramshackle and of questionable solidity. It was once, perhaps, what may have been called a "calash"; but it had been worn, and torn, and broken, and painted, and patched, and mended, and nailed together, and tied up, until one might have called it anything he liked. A very appropriate name would have been the "Immortal"—one given by Sydney Smith to his ancient chariot at which, whenever they saw it, all the village boys cheered and all the village dogs barked.

When our two horses, the big one and the little one, the grey mare and the chestnut horse, were matched and harnessed to this carriage, and all the necessary strings and ropes had been attached to the harness, the "outfit" closely resembled one of those perambulating conveyances occasionally met with in the byways of France, the property of some family of prosperous gipsies. It was in this vehicle, with M. Ernest Everard for driver, that we continued our journey, after a stop at Pacy lasting quite an hour.

During this time not a person came near us, and the Everards had certainly not the least suspicion that we were other than what they had at first taken us

to be, "*des Américains*," or "*des milords Anglais*," travelling for our pleasure.

It was with some difficulty that we succeeded in helping her Majesty and Madame Lebreton into this carriage; and Dr. Crane having got in, I—seeing it was too small to carry four persons inside comfortably—took a seat by the side of the driver, thinking also that I might have a little talk with him and see and hear something of the country; but while we jogged along over a road as smooth as a floor, like all the great highways of France, our carriage so rattled and creaked that it was often quite difficult to hear what was said, and painful even to speak. The air, however, was delicious, and the wide stretches of cultivated country through which we were travelling furnished an ever-changing and pleasing prospect.

Nevertheless, there were moments during my enforced silence when not a soul was to be seen on the long, straight, white road, and the absence of all life and movement in the landscape, sharply defined in the bright sunlight, produced in me a strange sense of the unreality of this enchanting and very peaceful visible world. I could not understand how such great events in human affairs as had happened, only the day before, could have occurred without leaving a trace of disturbance upon the face of things, so near and so closely related to them. There was a mystery, something uncanny even about it all. It seemed to me that what I saw with my eyes had no history—was an appearance without substance; that this peace of things was an illusion and a mockery; and that my own thoughts and emotions and the rattling of the

green body and the yellow wheels of the calash were the only realities I was certain about and which immediately concerned me; for I felt it was these that bound me as with bands of steel to an invisible but real world of Revolution, violence, and peril, from which I was striving, perhaps vainly, to make my escape.

Occasionally, on coming to some long ascent among the chalk hills that form the solid framework of Normandy, and give to this land its picturesque outlines, Dr. Crane and I got down and walked on ahead of the carriage, which followed slowly after. And sometimes, too, our conversation drifted far away from the subjects of our immediate interest. It certainly did in one instance that I well remember. As our road wound its way up by the side of a deep, white cutting, the geological history of the so-called Rouen chalk-formation having been referred to by the doctor, he went on to speak of the immense extent and power of life in the sea; and finally remarked that Nature seemed to be so determined to accomplish what she proposed to do when she set to work about it, that she was apparently very apt to largely overdo it. To which I replied that I did not know whether his generalisation was really justified by the facts or not, but that I was quite willing to admit—speaking professionally—that the stock of tooth-powder she had so carefully prepared and stored up in these hills did seem to me to be prodigiously in excess of any possible necessity or any probable demand. I do not recollect the doctor's reply; perhaps the carriage just then overtook us, and we were both suddenly reminded of

the serious business we were at the time engaged in, and of our responsibilities. I shall never forget, however, his look of surprise at what he doubtless thought was a highly indiscreet and unprofessional admission.

We were now approaching Évreux, a large town with a population of nearly twenty thousand souls; and we feared there might be some popular manifestation in progress in the place, which we could not well avoid, and that the rather outlandish appearance of our equipage might make us the objects of a disagreeable, if not dangerous, curiosity. We accordingly directed our driver to pass through the town without stopping, and to rest his horses, if necessary, in the suburbs. This he did; although, on entering it, we found the place perfectly quiet—as dead, I may say, as a French provincial town usually is, the inhabitants of which rarely show signs of life except at a fair or a fire. We learned afterward that the Mayor had read a proclamation, and that a review of the *Gardes Mobiles* had been held in the market-place not long before we arrived.

It was about five o'clock when we came to a place called Cambolle, situated hardly more than half a mile beyond Évreux, on the road to Lisieux. There, in the Avenue de Cambolle, which was lined with beautiful elm-trees, we saw, in the shadow of the foliage, a small wine-shop called the "Café Cantilope"; and our driver now insisted upon making a halt in order to feed and water the horses. We therefore stopped here, our carriage standing almost in the middle of the road. Availing myself of the opportunity, I got down from my seat, and after

walking about for a few minutes, went into the café. While Madame Cantilope and her husband, the proprietor of the shop, were serving me, I heard a vague, confused sound outside, which gradually became more and more distinct, and the cause of which appeared to be approaching. I listened anxiously, for the noise was like that produced by a great number of human voices; and under the circumstances the presence of a crowd, whoever they might be, was very undesirable.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds; and soon, to my horror, I heard very plainly the cries, "*Vive la France!*" "*Vive la République!*" repeated by a hundred voices, while at the same time I recognised the notes of the "Marseillaise." My companions, whom I at once rejoined, thought, perhaps, that our departure from Paris had become known and that we were pursued. None of us spoke a word, but from the expression on the faces of the ladies it was plainly perceptible that they were very uncomfortable.

Only for a few minutes, fortunately, did this state of trepidation last. Great was our relief when we found that our fear was groundless. The noisy persons who had given us so much uneasiness were only companies of *Gardes Mobiles*, who, returning from the review in Évreux, were going to some neighbouring village. Several waggons full of them passed us while we were stopping here, and, full themselves of wine and new-born patriotism, they lifted their hats and saluted us with exclamations of "*Vive la République!*"

But was our fear groundless? More than once

during the day we had been reminded that history was repeating itself, by a member of our party who was well acquainted with the history of France, and who knew by heart the tragic story of Marie Antoinette.

She could not have forgotten that this unhappy Queen also fled from the Tuileries; and that, disguised, and in the darkness of the night eluding the sentries, she, with the King and their children, and Madame Elizabeth, having squeezed themselves into an old coach that was waiting for them in the Place du Carrousel, were then driven through the Clichy gate to Bondy; and that, after changing carriages, they continued on their way, embracing each other with tears of joy, happy to feel and to think, in the light of the splendid June morning, that they had escaped from their ignoble persecutors; and how all went well with the royal family until they had gone some eighty miles—just about as far from Paris to the east as we then were to the west—when the son of a postmaster, recognising the King, determined to have him arrested; and that overhearing the order given to the postilions to drive on to Varennes, he sprang upon a horse, and, riding furiously in advance, informed the *Procureur* of the Commune of the King's flight; and how, on the arrival of the royal party late at night at Varennes, they were arrested. Nor could she have forgotten how, a day or two afterward, they were all packed into the same coach again, and, escorted by a detachment of the National Guard, were taken back to Paris, arriving at the *barrière de l'Étoile* after twelve hours of continuous travel, and

forced to keep their seats in a closed carriage on one of the hottest days of the year; nor that, when near the end of this terrible journey, exhausted by fatigue and overcome by the heat, the poor mother, wiping the perspiration from the forehead of the little dauphin, said to one of her guards, "See the condition my children are in—they are suffocating," she received the brutal answer, "We will suffocate *you* in another way;" nor how, between a double row of National Guards, the carriage proceeded down the Champs Élysées, the immense crowd gathered together on either side of the way jeering and hooting, and insulting the Queen—the "*Autrichienne*"—in every possible way, until, turning into the Garden of the Tuileries, it stopped before the Pavillon de l'Horloge, and Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette entered the palace as prisoners of State. And afterward—that scene on the Place de la Concorde, where the Obelisk now stands! Was my fear groundless? Had not the Empress reason to be alarmed?

From Cambolle our road went through a beautiful stretch of country, the hills on the right side of the way being covered with rich vegetation, while on the left fertile meadows extended far into the distance.

The sun was now sinking, and the approach of evening was indicated by the lengthening shadows of the elm-trees. The poor horses, which had kept up so far notwithstanding the long drive and the hard labour that had been exacted from one of them before it was put in front of our calash, began to show signs of exhaustion; and M. Ernest Everard told me that he could not drive us beyond La Commanderie, a small

village on the road, where we might have a chance to get a fresh pair of horses, for his would not be able to go any farther.

We reached La Commanderie just before sunset, and drove into the yard of the old post-house, on the left-hand side of *route Impériale.* The owner was a rich, well-to-do farmer, who took more pride, however, in his fine cattle and large and well-filled barns than in the appearance of the house he lived in and that of the yard behind it. As several years before he had given up the business of furnishing relays of horses to travellers, we had some difficulty in getting him to consent to take us on to the next station, La Rivière de Thibouville. It is quite likely that he may have suspected we were fugitives of some sort—we were so anxious to proceed. He had a pair of fine horses, he said, and would be glad to accommodate us, but he had no carriage. We succeeded, however, in disposing of this difficulty, by persuading, by means of a substantial gratuity, the man who had brought us from Pacy to lend us his carriage. As the farmer had no longer a plausible excuse, and had been stimulated into taking an interest in executing our wishes by the prospect of an ample reward for his services, he at last consented to drive us to the next station.

Having settled this matter, Dr. Crane and I went to a wine-shop across the way, and a piece of bread and cheese with a bottle of sour wine we obtained there seemed to us a royal lunch indeed. Madame Lebreton, in the meantime, succeeded in getting some coffee made in the kitchen of the post-house for the Empress and herself. The Empress, however, did

not leave the carriage, but kept her seat, while we were doing our talking or trying to get something to eat and the horses were being changed.

We remained here more than an hour, and it had become quite dark before we started on our way again. We had not gone very far, however, before an accident occurred. The rickety old calash was not strong enough to resist the pull of our fresh, vigorous Norman horses; and so it came to pass that, as we were rolling along at a rattling rate, crack! went a whiffletree, and we were brought suddenly to a standstill, with the traces dangling about the heels of one of the horses. Our driver now wanted to go back. He said he could not go on; that he could not repair the break where we were, for he could not see to do it, and had nothing to do it with, and did not know how to do it, and so forth. In all of which discourse the only thing made quite certain was that he did not wish to proceed any farther. He seemed, in fact, rather too anxious to have us return to the old post-house and spend the night with him.

Beginning to suspect the man had in mind some dark design—that perhaps this accident entered into his scheme—Dr. Crane and I got down to investigate the case and find out for ourselves what had really happened, and what could or could not be done in the way of repairs. We soon discovered that if we only had a piece of rope, or some twine, we could so fasten the traces as to be able to continue on our way. But where were we to get either? We were half a mile from any house. What was to be done? The driver, the prosperous owner of the horses, insisted on returning.

But this we were determined not to do if we could prevent it. Noticing that there was a box under the front seat, we opened it, and, as luck would have it, found there just what we wanted—a piece of cord, an old halter I think it was, eight or ten feet long. With this we lashed the whiffletree firmly to the cross-bar. Then, taking my seat by the side of the driver, off we started again. This accident delayed us about half an hour. While riding with the driver, I had with him sufficient conversation to convince me that my suspicions with regard to his motive when advising us to return to the post-house were not well-founded. I am now quite sure that he gave us what, from his point of view, was very sensible advice, and what, perhaps, ought to have been considered at the time as sensible advice from any point of view.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we arrived at La Rivière de Thibouville, a town in the valley of the Risle, about a hundred miles from Paris. We stopped on the outskirts of the hamlet, in front of an *auberge*, or small tavern, on our left, and at the foot of a pine-clad slope, down which the road descends into the valley. Alighting from the carriage, I approached the house, and the door standing wide open, I saw, within, a large room where a bright fire was blazing in a big fireplace at the right. Over the fire some pots and kettles were hanging on long hooks, and attending to them were one or two women. On entering this room I saw in an adjoining one several men, apparently of the peasant class, seated at a rough table, eating and drinking. But I had little time to notice, and

LE SOLEIL D'OR—LA RIVIÈRE DE THIBOUVILLE.

To face p. 418.

still less to appreciate, the rusticity of the place, for almost immediately the proprietress of the establishment—Madame Desrats, a rather corpulent, light-complexioned woman of about forty—came forward to learn what was wanted by us, the new-comers.

I told her that we wished to get a conveyance to take us, a party of four, on to Lisieux that night. Her reply was that no carriage of the kind we required could be obtained in the place for such a journey; nor could such a carriage be got without sending to Bernay for it, a town ten miles distant. This information I was wholly unprepared for, and I was much disturbed by it, as it greatly interfered with our plans. Evidently we had come to the end of our day's journey, and it would be necessary for us to pass the night where we were. How we were going to do this soon became a very serious question, since Madame Desrats, on further inquiry, informed me that she could not furnish us with lodgings, for every room in the house was occupied. She was very sorry, she said, and the more so because she was sure there was no other place in the village where we could find accommodation for the night. As the man who had brought us had to return to La Commanderie after resting his horses, it seemed for a time as if, at the end of a fatiguing carriage journey of nearly a hundred miles, we were to be left, late in the night, under the stars, in the middle of the road. But I have observed that pretty nearly everywhere in the world it is possible to obtain the co-operation of others when it may be required; in fact, what is

wanted, if one only sets about it in the right way and employs the right means, and especially sufficient means.

The rude hostelry in the suburbs of La Rivière, as I afterwards discovered was a small, long, low, stuccoed house, behind which was a dirty yard, shut in by a number of ill-conditioned outbuildings. Over the front doorway hung and swung a rather large sign-board, on which had been painted the now faded image of the sun, the original appearance of which was presumed to be represented by the words inscribed on the sign, "*Le Soleil d'Or.*" As I have already stated, the front door opened directly from the street into the principal apartment, which served the double purpose of parlour and kitchen. Beyond this, to the right, there was a public room or kind of bar, where wine and beer, and other drinks, were dispensed, principally to passing teamsters and labourers in the neighbouring fields. On the left, a door opened into a small room used as a private dining-room; near this door was another, at the foot of a flight of stairs leading to the floor above. On this upper floor there were three or four chambers; one was over the dining-room just mentioned; and there was another, to the right, beyond the kitchen, and over a passage-way that led into the courtyard in the rear. These two chambers were the only ones let to lodgers, and they had both just been taken, as we learned, by an English coachman and his family, who, on their way to Trouville, had stopped here for the night.

Finding Madame Desrats' accommodations for additional guests were so limited that she was really

unable to do anything more than to extemporise for us some beds on the floor, either above or below—which she offered to do—I asked to see the coachman, who had already gone to his room.

He came down soon, and I laid our case before him. I told him I was taking my sister, who was an invalid, to the seaside; that she was attended by her physician and a nurse; that we were disappointed on reaching this place at not being able to continue our journey to Lisieux, where we had intended to pass the night; that we should be compelled to stay here; that my sister's present and most distressing situation was causing me intense anxiety; that we were informed he had engaged the only sleeping-rooms in the house; and, finally, that we were willing to pay a round sum for the use, for this one night, of the rooms in question. The man "executed himself," as the French say, promptly and very graciously; for he assured me, while accepting his compensation, that he was induced to give up the rooms by a feeling of the deepest sympathy for "the poor lady" in the carriage. However this may have been, we got what we wanted, and it was not long before the chamber over the passageway was made ready for the Empress and Madame Lebreton.

Dr. Crane and I then proceeded to assist the invalid to descend from the calash, which having been effected with no little difficulty, she took Dr. Crane's arm and walked to the door, slightly limping, I going before and Madame Lebreton following. In this order we entered the public room, in which there were at the time several persons, some drinking

and some at work. Screening the Empress from observation as much as possible, I opened the door of the staircase, which Dr. Crane and his patient ascended slowly and with some difficulty — not simulated this time, for it was dark and the steps were very narrow and very steep. On reaching the chamber selected for her, the Empress dropped into a chair, and, surveying the room and its rough, scanty contents with a rapid glance, burst out laughing. She made no attempt to suppress this *éclat.* I do not think she could help it. She did not even try to excuse it; unless the remark made by her, which an American girl might translate, "This is really too funny for anything!" be considered as an excuse.

"*Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu, Madame!*" exclaimed Madame Lebreton as she stepped into the room, "how can you laugh in this sad situation? *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* And everybody is watching us, and there are people in the next room who may overhear you!"—and doubtless did, for that matter, as the partition, and the door separating the rooms, were of the flimsiest construction. "I beg you, Madame, not to laugh—not to speak, even, lest we betray ourselves. And after you have had some supper, which has been ordered, you must rest, for you are very nervous after this awful journey!" The Empress recognised that she had, perhaps, been a little imprudent in yielding to an emotional impulse, and in an amiable spirit of contrition, I have no doubt, would now have been perfectly willing, could it have helped matters in the least, to try to look

as solemn, and take as serious a view of the situation, as did Madame Lebreton herself.

Dr. Crane and I now returned to the kitchen, and ordered a dinner to be served to us in the private dining-room.

While this dinner was being prepared, we looked about the place, studied the people, overheard their talk, and even entered into conversation with them. They seemed to be strangely indifferent to the great military and political events of the preceding week. The crops, the weather, their own private affairs, were what chiefly concerned them. They appeared to care very little even to know what was going on in Paris, except as it might favour or prejudice their personal interests. They were representative French country people, thrifty but earthy. Among them was the man who drove us over from La Commanderie, and who had told me, while on the way, that he was worth two hundred thousand francs. This property he had acquired by forty years' hard labour, with pinching economy—an economy that would amaze a New England farmer. He had but one object in life, and that was to make money. Yes, he had another and a more worthy one: it was to provide a *dot*—a marriage-portion—for his daughter. It was not the money itself that he wanted; it was the use to which it was to be put that made it desirable to him, and for which he was willing to toil, and live poorly, and to hoard. And it is this strong desire which most Frenchmen have to look after the future of the family, and to provide more particularly for its dependent members, that ennobles the parsimony of these peasants, and

elevates the thrift of the common people of France to the dignity of a national virtue.

Our dinner was excellent, and so was the sauce—the appetite—that went with it, for we had had really nothing to eat but bits of bread for more than twenty-four hours. We sat for a while over our coffee and cigars, talking of the incidents of the day and the contingencies of the morrow. It was one o'clock before we went up to our room. An hour or two later, when we both were sound asleep, we were aroused by a great racket outside—the clatter of horses' hoofs, followed by loud talking, and, finally, by pounding on the door almost directly under our window. Our first thought was that the escape of the Empress from Paris had been discovered, that an order had been issued to arrest her, and that a squad of gendarmes had ridden up here to execute the order. We opened our window very carefully, and cautiously peeped out. But the night was dark, and we could not see the mounted men with sufficient distinctness to tell who or what they were. Indeed, it was some time before we learned from the words passing between them, which we overheard, that they were not searching for us. As this was all we cared to know about them at the moment, we went back to bed and slept soundly till morning. We then were told that the party that had disturbed us in the night were some gamekeepers who had been scouring the neighbourhood looking for poachers.

Dr. Crane and I got up early, as we wished to send to Bernay for a carriage. When we spoke to our hostess about this, she stared at us, and seemed to

think it was a very singular thing to do—to send some one ten miles away to find a carriage, when it would be so much easier for us to go to Trouville by the railway, and the station was only a mile off. I think she would have thought we were all mad had she not believed we were English—"*et les Anglais sont tellement drôles.*" We tried to explain to her that the lady with us was ill, that she disliked very much to travel by railways, and that it would be as impossible for her to walk one mile as ten. To this she replied that she did not see why the lady might not be taken to the station in the cabriolet; the rest of us could certainly walk.

The cabriolet referred to by Madame Desrats was a two-wheeled, high-seated, gig-like contrivance in the back yard, an inspection of which at once suggested to me the probable appearance of the deacon's "wonderful one-hoss shay," at the critical period of its existence—its grand climacteric, so to speak—when it was in a state of equivalent decay in each of its several parts and articulations; and its complete collapse into *disjecta membra* and dust might reasonably be expected at any moment. Taking it altogether as it stood, this cabriolet was a curiosity quite worthy of a place in a museum of vehicular antiquities.

While we were considering what we should do, rain began to fall, and with every appearance of continuing for some time.

We were reluctant to make use of the railway; but it would take some hours to bring a carriage from Bernay, and we were anxious to proceed on our way without delay.

La Rivière is on a branch railway connecting the Paris-Havre with the Paris-Cherbourg line at Serquigny, a station less than three miles distant. Lisieux, the chief town in the department of Calvados, is on the Paris-Cherbourg railway, fifteen miles west of this junction. There we could get a carriage to take us to our destination—Deauville, about eighteen miles beyond. We found that, by taking a train due at La Rivière at five minutes past eight o'clock, we could meet the Paris-Cherbourg express at Serquigny a few minutes later, and reach Lisieux at twenty minutes past nine o'clock. An hour by railway would help us forward greatly, and we concluded that we would accept the additional risk of discovery it might involve, rather than be kept waiting at La Rivière. But how was the Empress to get to the railway station? We had rejected the vehicle proposed by our hostess, for, if not absolutely dangerous, its oddity would attract too much attention. The Empress had certainly better walk; and she could do this perfectly well, but for the invalidism upon which we had been laying such stress. We had about made up our minds to discover that our patient, to our surprise and great delight, had so wonderfully improved during the night as to feel confident she could walk to the station, going slowly and with a little help, when a carriage drove up before the door of the *auberge*. A gentleman got out, and, coming into the house, sat down near the fire while his horses were resting. He had left Bernay that morning. I noticed he was alone, and that his carriage, a closed one, was large enough to carry our party easily. I thought it might be worth

my while to make the acquaintance of this man. And so, in a very unsophisticated sort of way, I fell into conversation with him. I found him an amiable, very intelligent, and extremely interesting man. We spoke of many things, but agreed in everything. I myself, quite naturally, was in a most agreeable mood. After a while I mustered up sufficient courage to repeat to him the story of the invalid sister, which had proved to be an "open sesame" all along the road, and to remark, quite incidentally, that as we could get no carriage to take us to the railway station, I greatly feared the walk might overtax "my sister's" strength.

"Oh," said he, "my carriage is quite at your disposal. I shall be most happy to be of service to the lady. It is really too far to the railway station for a lady who is ill or an invalid to think of walking, and especially when it is raining, as it now does."

I thanked my new acquaintance effusively for his generous offer, which, of course, I could not decline. Greatly relieved in mind, I immediately reported to the Empress and Madame Lebreton that we had found it necessary to go to Lisieux by the railway; and also that a carriage was at the door to take them to the La Rivière station, as soon as they could get ready to go. In a very few minutes the Empress descended the stairs, assisted by Madame Lebreton, but walking with much less difficulty than on the evening before.

I observed that the persons in the public room through which the Empress passed had the courtesy to show no curiosity to see her, or to watch our movements while we aided her to get into the carriage.

The gentleman himself who had offered us the use of his carriage, with admirable discretion, perhaps out of sympathy for the invalid, also kept at a respectful distance. Having thanked him again, and especially expressed my gratitude on behalf of "my sister," I mounted upon the seat by the side of his coachman, and we drove off so suddenly that I fear the kind-hearted and obliging stranger must have taken her Majesty for a very impatient patient.

We reached the station some time before the train was due, and were the only persons there, except the station-master and a ticket-agent. When the train arrived we took our seats in a compartment which we saw was vacant, and congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune. But as the "*chef de Gare*," passing along, opened the door of the carriage, and, after looking in, shut it with a bang, the Empress observed on his hard face a malicious smile and a leer which alarmed her. She felt certain she had been recognised. I did not notice the incident, nor did the Empress allude to it when it occurred, although it certainly produced a deep impression upon her mind at the time; for when, more than twenty years afterward she related to me the incident, she said, "I shall always remember the *look* that man gave me."

We arrived at Serquigny just as the Paris express reached the junction. I hurried across the platform, and asked the guard to give my party seats where we could be by ourselves, intimating that the arrangement, if it could be made, might prove as pleasing to him as to us. He walked down the platform a short distance, threw open a door in one of the

carriages, and said to me, "You can have these." As I slipped some money into his hand, he informed me that we would not be disturbed, since Lisieux was the next stopping-place.

On arriving at Lisieux, we found quite a number of people in and about the railway station, and omnibuses and carriages were standing there, ready to convey passengers to the hotels or other places in the town. We could make no use of these conveyances, as we wished to avoid coming in contact with people whenever it was possible to do so. We therefore, on getting off the train, left the station at once on foot.

It was raining, and we had no umbrellas. The morning proved to be gloomy, miserable, and stormy. After walking some distance, I said: "It is unnecessary for us all to go into the town. Let me go on alone. I will find a livery-stable and get a carriage, and come back and pick you up."

Thereupon I left the party, and hurried forward in search of a conveyance to take us to Deauville. I had to walk very far before I came into any streets that looked as if I might obtain in them what I wanted. I called at half a dozen places in vain, and had nearly given up all hope, when at length I found a person who, after some persuasion, principally in the form of a promised payment considerably above the usual rate, agreed to drive us to Deauville. The time during which he was preparing his horses seemed to me endless, when I thought of those who were waiting for me; but notwithstanding my efforts to have him make haste, the man did not change his

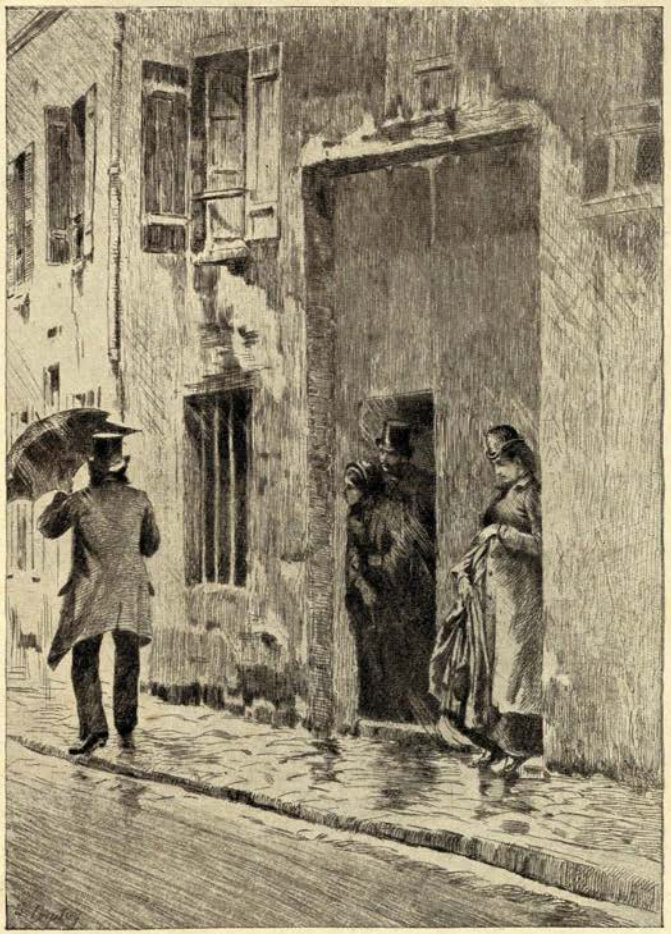
phlegmatic manner in the least, and I had to wait until he announced that he was ready to go.

In the meantime, the Empress, Madame Lebreton, and Dr. Crane had followed me slowly, until it began to rain very heavily, when they stepped in under the *porte cochère*, or entrance, of an establishment where carpets were made, on the left-hand side of the street. Here they remained a long time; the Empress standing in the doorway, scarcely out of reach of the dripping from the building, and Madame Lebreton partly sitting on and partly leaning against a bale of wool in the passage beyond. After they had been there a few minutes, a young man, an employee, came out of the establishment with a chair, which he offered to the Empress, saying, "Perhaps the lady would like to sit down." The Empress declined to take the chair, with thanks; as also did Madame Lebreton on the chair being offered to her. Madame Lebreton, however, not only expressed her appreciation of the courtesy, but added, "We are waiting for a carriage we expect here every moment, and feel under obligations to you already for the liberty we have taken in entering within your doors."

"Oh," said the young man, "that is a liberty which belongs to everybody in France on a rainy day; but should your carriage not come, and should you get tired of standing, if you will come into the office we shall be pleased to give you all seats."

Madame Lebreton again thanked the man for his civility.

But as the time passed and I did not return, the Empress thought perhaps something had happened



THE PORTE COCHÈRE AT LISIEUX.

To face p. 430.

to me, or that there might have been some misunderstanding as to where we were to meet. She remembered also the sinister glance of the eye of the station-master at La Rivière, and it began to trouble her; and, growing more and more apprehensive that something really serious had prevented my return, she requested Dr. Crane to go and try to find me. The doctor accordingly set out to hunt me up; but after tramping about in the rain for nearly half an hour without success, he gave up the quest and went back to the carpet factory, where he found the Empress still standing in the doorway, her plain, dark dress glistening with rain, her skirts and shoes soiled; herself unnoticed, uncared for by those who passed by hurriedly on their way homeward, pushing their dripping umbrellas almost into the face of her who was now without a home and shelterless, but who only a few days before was their sovereign. Both the ladies were now beginning to feel very anxious indeed. Dr. Crane tried to reassure them, and also to persuade the Empress to step in under the cover of the passage, but to no purpose; so that, when my carriage turned into the street leading to the railway station, I saw her Majesty standing in the rain at the entrance of the factory, apparently alone, and presenting such a picture of complete abandonment and utter helplessness as to produce upon me a powerful and ineffaceable impression.

It seemed impossible that this thing could be. What I saw was so utterly inconsistent with what I had seen, and the memory of which flashed into my mind instantly, that I could scarcely believe my own

eyes. "Am I dreaming," I said to myself, "or is this indeed reality?"

Less than a year had passed since, at Constantinople, I had watched from the villa of Sefer Pacha the *Aigle* as she rounded the Seraglio Point and entered the waters of the Golden Horn, bringing the Empress as the guest of the Sultan, and had witnessed the unparalleled magnificence and splendour of the ceremony with which she was received.

No vision of fairy-land could be more exquisitely beautiful than was seen under the soft, opalescent sky, and in the balmy atmosphere of that superb October day when, just before sundown, the barge of the Sultan, manned by forty oarsmen, and especially constructed to convey the Imperial visitor to the residence that had been chosen for her—the palace at Beylerbey, on the Asiatic shore—shot out upon the bright blue waters of the Bosporus, from under the walls of the palace at Dolma Bagchtie, and appeared in the midst of the fleet of war-ships, steamers, yachts, and innumerable caiques, decorated with the flags of France and Turkey; half a million people, on the water and on the land, watching the wonderful spectacle; the Turkish women, dressed in costumes of the most brilliant colours, massed together by thousands in the open places on the bank, between Tophaneh and Dolma Bagchtie, that encircles the water-front like an amphitheatre, and which framed in a noble and singularly picturesque setting the panoramic scene immediately before me. In the barge—a graceful construction of polished cedar, and ornamented with gold, and massive silver and velvet,

and richest fabrics—a dais or canopy of crimson silk had been erected, beneath the folds of which I saw the Empress, as the barge drew near me, sitting alone in evening dress, a light mantilla over her head, wearing a diadem and many rich jewels, radiant and beautiful, and supremely happy and proud to accept this magnificent tribute paid to the glory of France, and to witness the extraordinary scene which she herself had unconsciously created.

"It is impossible," I said to myself, as I recalled to mind the incidents of this more than royal progress, "that she, who was the recipient in a foreign land of all those honours; on whom, as the most interesting and distinguished feature and the most brilliant and attractive ornament of a marvellous pageant, thousands of eyes were then turned in wonder and admiration, was the same person who to-day is a fugitive, without a shelter even from the inclemency of the weather, forgotten, unnoticed by her own people as they pass by her in the street, and so completely lost, in this very France where she was once so honoured, that her existence even is known to but two men—and those two Americans!"

Such a shifting of situations and scenes might well have been the work of some malignant Jinn, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, with such seeming mockery, had the transformation been made. So closely were these situations related to each other, so sharp were the contrasts they offered, that they seemed incredible. Yet all these events had actually taken place, and under my own eyes, and to the least circumstance were matters of fact and of history.

And so it happens in human affairs, that the prodigies of Fortune in reality lie beyond the range of the imagination, and that truth is indeed sometimes stranger than fiction.

I found the Empress wet through and through by the drenching rain, and it grieved me bitterly when I saw her in this pitiable condition. The vulgar, dismal, and dirty surroundings, the gloomy sky, and especially the wearied faces of the two ladies, that bespoke the consequences of many anxious, sleepless nights, made me feel more sad at that moment than I had felt at any time since our departure from Paris. But it was not long before we were on our way again; and soon after leaving Lisieux the clouds lifted, and we caught glimpses of the sun.

We were now passing through one of the richest agricultural departments in France, famous for its horses and its dairies; where the broad yellow fields from which the wheat had just been harvested; and acres of green sugar-beets, and belts of clover and lucerne in which the tethered cattle were feeding, extended to the right and to the left of us as far as the eye could reach. Here and there were farm-houses and thatched cottages, those nearest to us half concealed in the midst of orchards or by clumps of protecting trees; those in the distance half revealed by the smoke slowly rising from great heaps of smouldering colza stalks. The splendid road was lined with trees on either side. Some of the villas we passed were very handsome, and looked charmingly in their setting of green lawn, and plots of flowers, and autumn foliage. And many

of the quaint cottages and outbuildings with white-washed walls, held together by a framework of black wooden beams arranged in lozenges, were extremely picturesque. The scenery was lovely, the air was mild and soft, and the country looked clean, and fresh, and beautiful after the rain. It was not only *la belle France* which was here the object of our admiration, but *la France faisant la belle* after a frowning and unhappy morning.

We were on the last stage of our journey, and, as things began to look brighter about us, we began to feel more cheerful and more hopeful; we amused ourselves, even, by recounting some of our experiences at the "*Soleil d'Or*." And the Empress told us how, before she left her room that morning, she had washed and ironed—that is, pressed out in some ingenious way, I have forgotten just how it was done—a couple of handkerchiefs, the only ones she had; and she exhibited them to us, asking if we did not think the work was well done, considering the circumstances; added archly, "When there is no necessity that moves us, we little suspect our own cleverness or capacity to do things."

At Pont l'Évêque we stopped at the "*Lion d'Or*" just long enough to feed our horses and get a lunch ourselves, and then went on to Deauville, through the beautiful valley of the Auge, which soon unites with the valley of the Touques, past the little hamlets of Coudray, Canapville and Bonneville, and through Touques, with its quaint old wooden market and its long, deserted street, until we reached the bridge that crosses the river Touques at Trouville and

connects this town with Deauville, which is exactly opposite, on the left bank of the river. Here we arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon; the last stage of our journey having been accomplished without interruption, and very comfortably, the carriage being the best one we had been able to obtain on the way.

The route we had followed, from Évreux to the coast, was almost exactly the same as that which Louis Philippe had taken at the time of his flight from Paris, twenty-two years before.

Just eight days previous to our escape from Paris I was walking with Mrs. Evans upon the beach at Deauville, as we were accustomed to do in the morning, when we met Count G. B——, whom I had known for many years, although our acquaintance had always remained a casual one. By accident, a conversation ensued in the course of which the Count invited me to go, the next day, to see a villa which he had recently built or bought. I told him that I should have to return to Paris early the next day—Monday—on account of my professional engagements; but he pressed me so much, and in so kind a manner, that I could not refuse, especially after he mentioned that he would like to show me an American "buggy," or trotting waggon, that had been sent to him, and that he would take me out in this to see the country lying around Trouville and Deauville, which, notwithstanding my frequent visits to both towns, was not very well known to me. The next morning, at an early hour, the Count

called on me with his new "trap," and we had a delightful drive over excellent roads, which offered to my view at every turn a great many things of interest. The time passed so quickly and pleasantly that it seemed to me we had but just started, when we arrived before the door of a church in Honfleur. Here the Count halted, and invited me to go with him into the building. On entering it, he said to me, "I hope you will excuse me for leaving you for a few moments, but I never come here without saying a prayer."

Thereupon he went to the basin containing the holy water, crossed himself, and knelt down upon a *priedieu* opposite the altar, where he remained for some minutes in silent adoration. When we had left the church and were together again, he said: "You were perhaps surprised that I made you wait in the church; but it was at Honfleur that my King, Louis Philippe, spent his last night in France. The place were he slept a few hours during that night is not far off, and, if it interests you, we will go and see it." I, of course, gladly assented, and we soon reached the very unpretentious-looking building where this unfortunate King of France passed his last hours in the country he had once governed. From my companion I learned that the house at that time (1848) belonged to a fashionable court milliner of the Place Vendôme, who on this occasion offered to the dethroned monarch her hospitality. The vivid manner in which the Count related some of the incidents of the King's flight impressed upon me the sad story of the fall of that

monarch from his high position. And now, one week later, strangely enough, I myself was accompanying another sovereign of France, who had experienced a still greater reverse of fortune, in her flight from her capital over almost exactly the same road, her Majesty reaching the coast at Deauville, and Louis Philippe at Trouville; for it was at Trouville that he remained several days, hidden in a small house in one of the narrowest streets in the town—No. 5, Rue des Rosiers—before venturing to go on to Honfleur.

CHAPTER XIII

DEAUVILLE—THE EMBARKATION

Deauville—Precautions—Looking for a boat in which to cross the Channel—Interview with Sir John Burgoyne—Lady Burgoyne—Dinner at the Hôtel du Casino—A small gold locket—I meet Sir John Burgoyne on the quay—Her Majesty leaves the Hôtel du Casino—A wild night—The strangeness of the situation—Contrasts—On board the *Gazelle*—Dr. Crane returns to Paris.

WHEN the first houses of Deauville became visible, the driver asked me where I wished him to take us. To find an answer to this question had greatly perplexed me during the last hour; for, although our destination was the Hôtel du Casino, where I had apartments for my wife and myself, I did not think it wise to drive there openly, fearing that word might have been sent ahead to arrest us in case we should be found there.

We had little doubt that a description of us had been forwarded to all the seaports of France, and the fact that Mrs. Evans was passing the season there was a special reason for suspecting that a careful watch would be kept about this hotel and its immediate neighbourhood. Moreover, my wife was quite unaware of my presence in Deauville, and of the special

circumstances which had brought me here. I therefore told our driver to stop at the entrance of the racecourse, as a friend of mine lived near by whom I wished to see before going farther.

When we halted at the side of the road, I got out, and leaving my companions in the carriage, walked into the town. On arriving at the Hôtel du Casino, passing behind the main building, I went through the garden, entered a door of the house at the end fronting on the sea, and rapidly mounted the staircase leading to the rooms occupied by Mrs. Evans. Fortunately I found my wife at home, and I announced to her in as few words as possible what had happened and told her what I wished to do. I learned from her that no news about us had been received at Deauville, and that no one knew where the Empress was. So there seemed to be no danger to be apprehended for the moment. Whereupon, having provided myself with an umbrella —for it had now begun to rain—I went back to the place where I had left the carriage and rejoined my companions.

After reporting to them that all was well and everything in readiness, I gave the driver instructions where to go, telling him to stop in front of the little gate that opened into the garden at the west end of the hotel. I thus took the Empress to the hotel by the same side-way by which I myself had approached it on arriving. Dr. Crane and Madame Lebreton then turned about and drove up to the front entrance, where they got out and made their inquiries like other travellers. When the Empress and I came to the garden-gate, I found my umbrella very useful, for a

young American happened to be standing there who, upon seeing me, advanced to greet me. As a few drops of rain were falling, I opened and held the umbrella in front of me, at the same time walking quickly forward. I was told, not long after, that he took my companion for Mrs. Evans, and thought I had not seen him. We thus fortunately reached Mrs. Evans' rooms unobserved, where, after greeting my wife, the Empress fell back exhausted into an arm-chair, exclaiming:

"*Oh, mon Dieu, je suis sauvée!*"

A few minutes later I heard the chambermaid directing Dr. Crane and Madame Lebreton to rooms that were exactly opposite ours, which made communication easy between them and us in case of need. In accordance with a previous understanding, they had asked for rooms on the first floor, on which were the apartments occupied by my wife, but had acted as if they were strangers to the place and had nothing to do with us.

So far everything had succeeded very well. The next thing to be considered was how we were to get to England. Accordingly, soon after our arrival at the hotel, accompanied by Dr. Crane I crossed over the ferry to Trouville to obtain information on this subject; and, more particularly, to see if there was any chance of obtaining a boat for the execution of this part of our plan, and which, perhaps, I might hire under the pretext of desiring to use it for a fishing excursion or for a pleasure cruise.

There were two possible ways for us to cross the Channel: one was by the regular passenger-boat that

left Havre for Southampton on the following evening at nine o'clock ; the other was by a boat hired for the trip, or whose owner might be disposed to share with us voluntarily the honour and the risk of aiding her Majesty to escape from France. The Havre-Southampton boat we did not wish to take, if we could possibly avoid it. There was sure to be a great number of passengers on board, some of them probably refugees like ourselves. Detectives would very probably be on the look-out for them ; and, if so, were we among them we certainly should be discovered. "No, we will not go that way," we said, "so long as there is the least chance of our being able to find a suitable boat for our exclusive use, even if we have to go over to Havre to get one."

While we were considering these matters and making inquiries about the boats that could be hired in this place for excursions, our way had taken us along the quays to the bridge over the Touques, connecting Trouville and Deauville, and close by the Deauville docks. I now remembered that a number of pleasure yachts were frequently lying in these locked docks ; for instance, I had often seen there one owned by the Duke of Hamilton, as well as those of other Englishmen ; and I knew that if I could obtain one of these we could cross the Channel much more comfortably than in a fishing vessel. We therefore directed our steps towards these docks in search of a yacht, and soon discovered, in the upper one, a boat with two masts, which we thought would serve our purpose uncommonly well.

On making inquiries about it, we were informed

that the owner was absent, but that we would find in the cabin an American gentleman, one of his friends. Hearing this, I decided not to go on board, as I feared I might meet an acquaintance. Proceeding a little farther along the quay (*de la Marine*), I saw another but smaller boat, half concealed behind a huge pile of boards. At the same time a sailor approached us, wearing a blue jersey packet, and having on his cap the word *Gazelle*.

Upon our inquiring to what boat he belonged, he informed us that he was one of the crew of a yacht owned by Sir John Burgoyne, which happened to be the very vessel I was looking at. After I had spoken of the neat, trim appearance of his yacht, and expressed a wish to obtain certain information about it, he said that if I would go on board he thought there would be no difficulty in my getting it from Sir John himself, as he believed he was in the cabin. And so, under the guidance of the sailor, we went on board the *Gazelle*. The man then left us, and after a few minutes returned to announce that his master would show us over the vessel. When Sir John Burgoyne joined us, we introduced ourselves, I handing him my card having on it the words:

"Dr. Thomas W. Evans,

"President of the American Sanitary Committee, Paris."

We told him that we had admired the appearance of his boat, and had come on board at the suggestion of one of his men. We thanked him for his courtesy

in receiving us, and, without immediately disclosing to him the real purpose for which we had come, after having asked a question or two, told him we should certainly be very glad to visit the yacht. Whereupon the owner of the *Gazelle* led us round, showing and explaining to us many of the details of his pretty craft, telling us something of its history; giving its measurement, forty-two tons; its length, sixty feet; the number of the crew, six all told, and so forth; and finally, after we had obtained all the information we desired with respect to the boat, he announced to us that he hoped to leave the next morning, about seven o'clock, for England, as at that hour the tide would enable him to get out of the harbour, adding that bad weather had already kept him in Deauville a few days longer than he had anticipated.

After Sir John Burgoyne had finished showing us his yacht, and had stated his intention to leave Deauville the next morning, I drew him aside and told him I had a confidential communication to make, saying that I believed him to be a man in whose honour I could trust, and on whose silence I could rely should he be unable to give me the special assistance I was seeking. Sir John, in answer to my statement, opened his card-case, and giving me a card, remarked, "I am an English gentleman, and have been in her Majesty's service and in the army for some years." These words quite assured me, and I then told him frankly and without reserve how I happened to be in Deauville. I related some of the incidents connected with the Revolution in Paris, and with our flight from the city. I told him where the

Empress was at the time; of the unhappy situation she was in; that it was her Majesty's most earnest desire to escape to England; that we were afraid to make use of any public conveyance; and finally asked him whether, in view of the urgency of the case, he would be willing to receive the unfortunate sovereign, Madame Lebreton, and myself on board his yacht and take us to England. I, of course, did not doubt for a moment that his answer would be in the affirmative. The reader may therefore imagine my astonishment when Sir John replied: "I regret, gentlemen, that I am unable to assist you in this matter."

Although Dr. Crane and I had noticed the change in Sir John's manner immediately he was made aware of the real object of our visit, we were not prepared for his refusal of our request. But what appeared to us still more extraordinary were the reasons he gave for declining to assist us. Inasmuch as he had with some emphasis drawn my attention to the fact that he was an English gentleman, I said to him: "Sir John, I am an American, and in our country every man will run any risk for a woman, and especially for a lady whose life is in danger. I, therefore, when her Majesty applied to me for help, left my home in Paris, and all that it contains, without taking the least thought of the dangers that might come in my way, or calculating the losses I might suffer." And with the greatest earnestness, and remaining as calm as possible, I informed him that I should endeavour to find a boat whose owner would be willing to give us the assistance we required, adding that I had already examined

another yacht in the basin which would quite answer our purpose.

My last words seemed to have caused Sir John to reflect, for, after hesitating a moment, he said to me : "That little schooner, in such weather as we shall probably have, would be very likely to go to the bottom, in case the owner should consent to make the trip."

Although, after what he had said at first, I had no intention of discussing the subject further with Sir John, this remark of his set me thinking of my own responsibility for the safety of the illustrious lady who had entrusted her life to me. And in justice to Sir John I should say that, among the reasons he assigned for not being disposed to receive the Empress on board his boat, there were two or three which I am now willing to admit were entitled to much more consideration than at the time I was inclined to give them. He was by no means certain, he said, that he should be able to leave Deauville the next day, on account of the heavy sea outside and the north-west wind that was still blowing stiffly. For her Majesty to remain long on the yacht in port might become embarrassing, and to put to sea dangerous.

Dr. Crane, in the meantime, not willing to accept a refusal, continued the conversation with Sir John, and urged him strongly to reconsider the matter. He reminded him that his decision was one that concerned not only the Empress, but himself as well ; that a man rarely had the chance to accede to such a request as we were making ; that, were he to take the Empress over to England, he might some day be very glad he

had once had the good fortune to be of service to her; when, abruptly, as if to end the whole matter, Sir John said: "Well, gentlemen, you may submit the case to Lady Burgoyne. If she is willing to have the Empress come on board, she can come."

We then, on Sir John's invitation, went down into the cabin, and were presented to Lady Burgoyne. When the facts had been laid before Lady Burgoyne, and her husband asked her if she was willing to have the Empress come on board, she instantly replied: "Well, why not? I certainly shall be greatly pleased if we can be of any assistance to her, and I can readily understand how anxious she must be at the present moment to find a refuge. Let her come to us to-night, or as soon as she can safely do so."

Our request had met with a favourable answer. We had found a boat on which her Majesty could cross the Channel to England.

As dinner-time was approaching, we now took leave of Sir John and Lady Burgoyne; and the former not having yet given me any definite answer to certain questions relating to our embarking, I made an appointment to meet him in the evening on the quay, in the lumber-yard. Thereupon Dr. Crane and I returned to the Hôtel du Casino, and I announced to her Majesty what we had done.

At about half-past six o'clock, the usual dining-hour, I ordered dinner for two persons to be served in our drawing-room, because the presence of the Empress, as before stated, was not known in the hotel, and three dinners could not have been called for without risking discovery or exciting a dangerous

curiosity. After the table had been set, Mrs. Evans' maid took the dishes from the hands of the waiter who brought them upstairs, and no waiter or servant was permitted to enter the room while the Empress was there. The fact that we had to divide our table service and food, which were meant for two persons only, in such a manner that three persons could dine, created much amusement, and we were put into rather a merry mood, the Empress herself two or three times giving way to hearty laughter at the shifts that were resorted to during this improvised dinner.

Since her Majesty had left the Tuileries she had not once sat down to a regular meal, for during our whole journey she had found no opportunity to do so. This dinner in our bright, quiet room, which fronted the sea and the setting sun, was therefore greatly appreciated, and especially as the news I had brought that she was to embark that evening had relieved her of a heavy weight of anxiety. For the moment she seemed to feel that she had come to the end of her journey, and talked with animation about the events of the past few days and the incidents of which she herself was a witness, dwelling, however, rather on those of a personal than of a political character. She appeared to forget the perils she had escaped, and to look upon the novelties and limitations of her present estate as if they were part of a comedy at which she could laugh and be amused. She had at length found rest; she was to embark that night, and was happy. And what did it amount to, this Revolution in Paris? It could not change the past, and the future was in the keeping of God. And then a sweet expression, as

if of gratitude and trust, spread over the features of our illustrious guest, and for some time she sat in silent reflection. Perhaps her thoughts wandered to her loved ones who were separated from her, and of whose fate she was ignorant.

After a while she drew from her pocket a small gold locket, that contained a likeness of the Prince Imperial, and fixed her eyes tenderly upon the beloved features of her son, whom she had not seen since they parted at Saint Cloud. But the thoughts which were awakened in her mind by this picture were too vivid and painful for her at this trying moment; and although she had hitherto succeeded perfectly in suppressing her feelings of anxiety concerning him while she still needed strength for action, she now burst into a flood of tears. After a few moments she regained her self-possession. She then told us she had not dared to look upon the miniature of the Prince for many days, knowing well how the sight of the face of her child would act upon her. She was now glad, however, that she had done so, because it had greatly relieved her. When she had conversed for an hour or more with us, her Majesty began to show signs of weariness, and, on the advice of Mrs. Evans, she withdrew to my wife's bedroom, and, lying down upon her bed, soon fell into a sound sleep.

I then went over to Dr. Crane's room, where I remained until about half-past ten o'clock, when I left the hotel to keep the appointment which I had made with Sir John Burgoyne to meet him in the lumber-yard near the railway station.

On arriving at the place mentioned, I found Sir John waiting for me behind a pile of planks. I inquired if he had decided when we could go on board; for, at the end of our interview in the afternoon, the time when he would be ready to receive us had not been fixed, and I was naturally quite anxious about it, since I was afraid something might occur at the last moment to interfere with the realisation of our hopes and wishes. Sir John replied that he thought it would be best for us not to come on board until morning—say five or six o'clock—a little before he cast off and began to warp the yacht out of the dock. The delay which was then suggested, although only of a few hours, made me feel very uncomfortable. I told Sir John that, if we were really to leave the harbour at an early hour in the morning, in my opinion the Empress ought to go on board at once; that five o'clock was a most inconvenient hour for every one; that it would be imprudent for us to wait until morning, because the Empress was in Mrs. Evans' rooms without any one knowing the fact, and it would be very difficult for her to leave at so early an hour of the day without attracting attention; that, on the other hand, it would be comparatively easy for us to leave the hotel towards midnight, because there was a train from Paris due about twelve o'clock, and passengers arriving by it often remained for an hour or more in the dining-room, as the hotel was not usually closed until after 1 a.m. We could therefore slip out in the dark into the garden at a time when most of the regular guests were in bed, and escape also the notice of servants or watchmen. For these

reasons I was convinced that it would be best for us to go on board as soon as we could get ready—it was then after eleven o'clock—and I told him that, unless we could do this, I greatly feared his help would be of little use to us.

"It is a great responsibility that you are asking me to assume," said Sir John.

"Perhaps," I replied; "but the greater the responsibility, the greater the honour."

Sir John made no answer to this; but after an interval of time, during which neither of us spoke, he said: "The barometer has been rising for some hours, and the wind and the sea have gone down considerably. I think we can get out to-morrow. Well, she may come. We shall be ready to receive you by twelve o'clock. Come down by where we are now standing; one of my men shall be here with a lantern, and I will meet you on the quay by the gangplank, on which there will be a light."

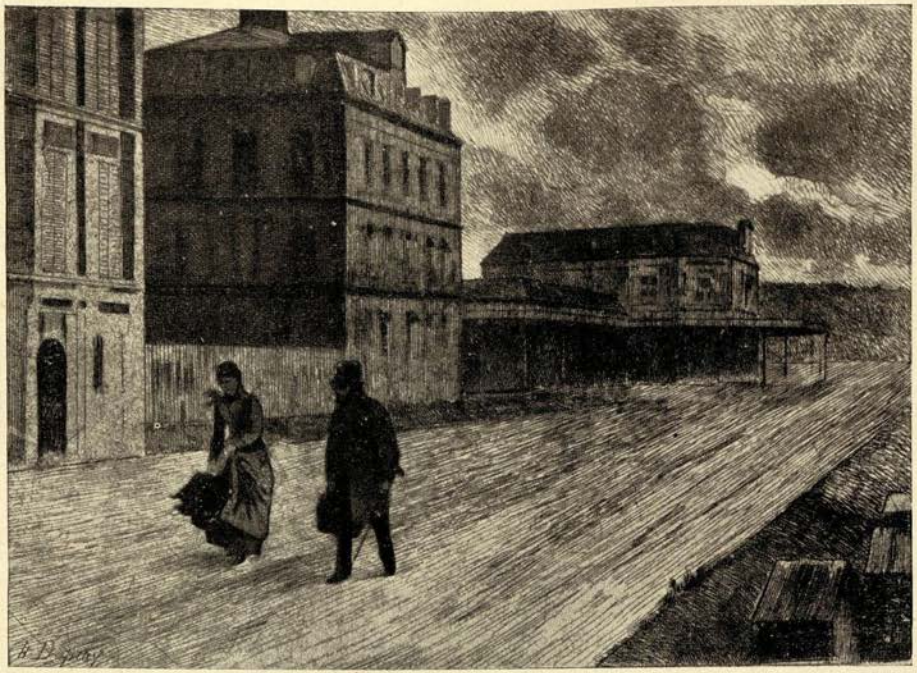
In my conversation with Sir John Burgoyne I had been very careful to say nothing more than was necessary, because, until I met him, none but the persons directly concerned in her escape from Paris knew where the Empress was; and during the whole of the eventful journey of the two previous days no one, so far as I knew, had recognised her. It was in Deauville that I was obliged for the first time to entrust the secret to a stranger; and I was, of course, anxious to know for a certainty that it would be unnecessary for me to communicate it to others. I felt, therefore, greatly relieved when Sir John consented to permit us to go on board the *Gazelle* that night.

On returning to our hotel, I found the Empress still sleeping quietly; but I informed Madame Lebreton that I had seen Sir John Burgoyne, that all the arrangements had been made to receive us, and that we must get ready at once to go on board of the yacht.

During my absence Mrs. Evans had prepared for her guests a parcel containing linen and the articles most necessary for a voyage; so that neither the Empress nor Madame Lebreton—who had, as before mentioned, been unable to provide themselves with the commonest articles of the toilet when leaving the Tuileries—should be in want of them until they were settled in England. Some wraps and shawls for the ladies completed the outfit.

Her Majesty soon joined us, and, putting on her hat and waterproof, said she was ready to go. Then, after taking leave of Mrs. Evans, embracing her most tenderly and with many thanks, accompanied by me—leaving Dr. Crane and Madame Lebreton to follow a little later—she passed out of the hotel through the door by which we had entered.

It did not rain, but the weather was threatening. A strong wind was blowing in sharp gusts from the west and driving the dark clouds swiftly across the face of the moon, that for an instant shone out brightly and then disappeared so suddenly as to plunge everything into obscurity. It was a wild night, and as the sound of the distant surge of the sea came to my ears it seemed to be the forerunner of some impending calamity. And it was! At that



DEAUVILLE—THE EMPRESS AND DR. EVANS LEAVING THE HÔTEL DU CASINO.

To face p. 452.

very moment the *Captain*, the most powerful fighting ship in the British navy, was struggling with the storm at the mouth of the Channel, where she sank an hour later, taking down with her all on board, a crew of officers and men five hundred in number; and—a remarkable coincidence—her commander was Sir Hugh Burgoyne, a cousin of the Sir John Burgoyne on whose small cutter we were so rejoiced to know we were to embark this night that we had never once thought of danger. The appalling news of the loss of the *Captain*, which came to us very soon after we arrived in England, impressed us very forcibly with a sense of the risks and hazards of attempting to cross the English Channel in such weather, in such a boat as the *Gazelle*, and of thankfulness that we ourselves had not been swallowed up by the besieging and insatiable sea.

We had gone but a few steps, when the puddles of water in the road and the uncertain light caused us to separate and pick our way as best we could. Indeed, the Empress, who was in advance of me and hurrying forward, eager to reach the quay, I am sure must several times have quite lost sight of me.

At first we followed the road that skirts the seashore, going towards the lighthouse; and then, turning to the right, we entered a path that crossed some open fields and came out at the Rue du Casino, not far from the place where stood the statue of the Duke de Morny—the Emperor's faithful and intelligent friend, his *alter ego*—to whom Deauville owes its existence as a fashionable seaside resort.

As the Rue du Casino led almost directly to the

head of the dock in which the *Gazelle* was lying, we crossed the Place de Morny, and, passing hurriedly by a café brilliantly lighted and from which issued the sound of drunken voices, we walked on in the middle of the street until, approaching the appointed rendezvous, we saw the man with the lantern whom Sir John had put there to guide us to the yacht. Turning to the right and the left to avoid stacks of timber, and piles of boards, and pools of water on the ground, we very soon reached the place where the *Gazelle* was moored, and found Sir John waiting for us at the gang-plank. After being introduced to the Empress, he escorted us down into the cabin, where we were received by Lady Burgoyne.

The condition in which we arrived was deplorable. Our shoes were water-soaked, our clothing bedraggled, and we were spattered with mud from head to foot.

It had rained heavily during the day, and we had walked quite three-quarters of a mile, a large part of the way over ground covered with sand-drifts, where it was impossible at times, in the shifting and uncertain light, to avoid stumbling against invisible hillocks, or stepping into holes full of water and mud. We had come quickly, considering the roughness of the way, but had proceeded separately and silently, scarcely uttering a word.

What may have been the thoughts of her Majesty as we were hurrying through the byways and deserted streets of Deauville at midnight, anxious not to be seen, under the protection even of the darkness and the storm, I cannot say. With me the thought uppermost was the strangeness of the situation. It

seemed impossible that I was really alone with the Empress of the French, who was leaving in this remarkable manner the land where she had reigned so many years in splendour, and the people to whom she had been so devoted and by whom she had been so greatly admired.

How different was this departure of the Empress for a foreign country from those of former days! Then, she went forth accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting, and chamberlains, and officers of the household, escorted by squadrons of cavalry riding rapidly through the streets lined with enthusiastic spectators, crying, "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" and who assembled in crowds about the approaches of the quays to catch a glimpse of her person, and to greet her with offerings of flowers and multitudinous manifestations of patriotism and loyalty. How different were her journeys in France commenced in the days of her sovereignty! Then, every step from one place to another resembled a triumph, and the journals all over the country vied with each other in reporting the most trivial incidents in the *tournée* of her Imperial Majesty, the beautiful and distinguished consort of the ruler of France.

On that gloomy night of September 6th and 7th there were no flags waving, no cries of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" or "*Vive Eugénie!*" nor any admiring crowd to witness the departure, perhaps for ever, of this great lady from the home she had so long made radiant by her presence; only the clouds in black masses, spread over the heavens like mourning drapery; there were no offerings of fresh flowers, only the scattered leaves of autumn driven before the

wind; there were no attending courtiers at her side, only one follower and friend accompanying the deserted Empress to the place where she was to embark; and the only voices to be heard were those of men singing the "Marseillaise" in the wine-shops, and of the howling storm, and of the rolling waves breaking against the shore. The world, which had always heretofore been so accurately informed as to every movement of her Majesty, did not know that she was about to leave her country; and her subjects were so busy in the work of smashing in pieces the whole fabric of the Imperial Government, or in seeking their own personal safety, that nobody in the capital from which she had fled seemed to have even thought of her.

This indifference, however sad and regrettable, was at least fortunate for her Majesty in one respect; for, though it was quite certain that there would be no courtiers to follow her, it was very questionable whether some spy might not be lurking by the way to prevent the unfortunate sovereign escaping from the jurisdiction of the Revolutionary Government. But no spy even was sent to follow her. The thought, however, that a *mouchard* might be watching us made me feel uneasy at each step; and every sound and every sudden ray of light falling across our path startled me, and gave rise to some apprehension that, although apparently so near the realisation of our purpose, the success of the previous days might end in failure.

A sadder night I have never experienced, and I hope never to witness its like again.

Soon afterward Madame Lebreton arrived, accompanied by Dr. Crane, bringing along with him the parcel above mentioned. They had come to the yacht over a different route from that taken by us; but they had been obliged to wade through the water, which in several places was quite deep, and had met with the same difficulties on the road that her Majesty and I had encountered.

Lady Burgoyne was most gracious and sympathetic. She immediately placed everything she had at the disposal of the two ladies, and did everything in her power to make them comfortable. Changes of clothing were made, a room was provided for them, and then hot punch was prepared and served, which was greatly appreciated by the whole company. The only news we heard on board the yacht, apart from what we had read in the Paris morning papers, consisted of vague rumours that during the day acts of violence had been committed in Paris; that a number of persons had been arrested, and among others the Princess Mathilde. The Empress was particularly anxious to know if the London papers contained any news of the Prince Imperial, or any information about the Emperor, and was greatly disappointed to learn that the latest English papers received, dated September 5th, contained very little that interested her, and no indication of the place in which the Prince then was. She, however, quickly suppressed her emotion, thanked Lady Burgoyne for what she had done and was doing for her, and recounted some of her own recent personal experiences.

After we had talked together awhile, the Empress

and Madame Lebreton retired to their small state-room at the end of the cabin, and Lady Burgoyne also went to her berth, which was at the side of the saloon.

After the ladies had left us, Sir John, Dr. Crane, and myself went on to the deck, where we walked slowly up and down in subdued conversation. Sir John told us some of his yachting experiences, and again reminded me of the fact that he had been brought up as a soldier. He said that, after quitting the army, he had spent a great deal of his time in yachting, and that his friends considered him a famous sailor. He also again referred to the unpleasant consequences which our presence on board his yacht might have for him. I assured him there were no reasons for such apprehensions, as our secret was safe for the time being, and that, when it became known that he had taken us over to England, no one could blame him, but, on the contrary, every one would praise him. Sir John then remarked that he was greatly afraid the Empress had been followed by spies; that he had been to the Casino during the evening, where his suspicions had been aroused. He was evidently very uneasy, and on the watch for some movement having for its object the arrest of her Majesty. But everything remained perfectly quiet in the neighbourhood, and not a soul came near the yacht, or was seen, but the *douanier* (the custom-house officer) on guard.

It was perhaps 3 a.m. when we left the deck and returned to the cabin; and while Dr. Crane and I sat or reclined upon a settee near the table in the centre

of the small saloon, Sir John lay down in a berth on the side of the cabin opposite to that where Lady Burgoyne was resting. Neither my friend nor I thought of sleep, and we talked over various important matters which had to be attended to during my absence from France, and especially considered what further provision was necessary to complete and put in working order the Ambulance in Paris, which I had left so unexpectedly and so suddenly.

Soon after it began to grow light, Sir John went on deck, and, on returning, reported wet weather, and a fresh west-south-west wind; but that he had given orders to have everything ready to cast off before seven o'clock. The Empress was now informed that we were soon to leave the dock, and that Dr. Crane was not to remain with us, and would take back to Paris any messages she might wish to send. Her Majesty rose immediately, and, coming into the saloon, sat down on a settee and gave the doctor a list of the persons she wished him to see, together with instructions respecting the channels through which letters or other communications could be quickly and safely sent to her. Her Majesty's messages were, however, almost entirely of a personal character, and were intended to relieve her friends of any anxiety they might have felt on account of her sudden and mysterious disappearance.

About half-past six o'clock Dr. Crane bade us goodbye, and went back to the Hôtel du Casino, from which place, after having presented our adieus to Mrs. Evans, he returned to Paris.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEETING OF MOTHER AND SON

We leave the harbour—Rough weather—In a gale—We reach Ryde Roads—The landing—At the York Hotel—News of the Prince Imperial—The Empress and the Bible—We go to Brighton—The Empress hears that the Prince Imperial is at Hastings—She insists on going there—A vain device—We arrive at Hastings—I go to the Marine Hotel and find the Prince—My plan for a meeting between mother and son—The Empress cannot wait—The way barred—The Prince in the presence of his mother—Tears of joy and of sorrow—The Empress and the Prince Imperial remain in Hastings—House-hunting—Mrs. Evans comes to England—Miss Shaw—Camden Place—Negotiations—Camden Place is rented—"A spirited horse, perfectly safe"—Her Majesty leaves Hastings—She takes possession of her new home—The first night at Chislehurst—The first act of the Empress next day—A tragic story—Conversations with the Empress.

IT was a little after seven o'clock when we left the harbour of Deauville-Trouville and laid our course for Southampton. The weather was thick, a little rain was falling, and the sea rough; but the yacht, with her mainsails set, together with the spinnaker and second jib, and the wind in her favour, began to make good headway. This gave us hope that we should reach the English shore during the course

of the afternoon. Our hopes, however, soon left us, for the weather grew worse, and before long became very threatening. At about one o'clock a violent squall came up, the wind veering round almost dead ahead, and blowing from the north-west, the direction in which we had up to this time been steering. We lost our spinnaker boom by this sudden shift of the wind, and were forced at once to reef the mainsail, run down the jib, and set the storm-jib. All hands were called up, and orders were given to have everything made fast and to be prepared for a blow. From moment to moment the wind increased in intensity, and the yacht began to roll and pitch more and more heavily, taking on board large quantities of water. The force of the wind was so great, and the sea running so high, that soon it was no longer possible to keep our course.

Under these circumstances it became a serious question whether we should be able to continue our voyage, for the *Gazelle* was not calculated to encounter such rough weather, and Sir John suggested to me that he might be forced to seek a shelter in some harbour on the French coast. I was much disturbed to learn that it was possible we might be compelled to put back, and insisted that we ought to trust in Providence, which had hitherto protected us. But I was greatly reassured when the Empress herself told us she was not afraid. She considered that she had escaped from a much more dangerous storm when she left her capital. Indeed, the courage and the unwavering fortitude which her Majesty showed during the whole voyage made a great impression upon every-

body on board. Sir John, observing her Majesty's fearlessness, and believing it to be her wish that we should continue on our course, made no further reference to turning back.

But the gale continued, the violence of the gusts increased, and the yacht rolled badly in the heavy ground-swell. In order to expose the small craft as little as possible to the severity of the tempest, her sails were closely reefed, except a small storm-sail, and her head brought up into the wind, where she lay plunging and rolling and making no headway, except by drifting with the tide or on short tacks. It was six o'clock when the Isle of Wight was first sighted, in the eye of the wind; and the worst of the storm was yet to come. The night settled down thick and dark; the gusts of wind became still more frequent, and the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and sharp thunder. As the yacht reeled and staggered in the wild sea that swept over her deck and slapped her sides with tremendous force, it seemed as if she was about to be engulfed, and that the end indeed was near. At one moment the pounding on the deck was such that her Majesty sent to inquire what had happened—if any one had been hurt. But the *Gazelle*, although small, proved to be a staunch boat, and careen as she might under the force of the storm, she righted herself quickly and rose on the next big wave, buoyant as a cork. The Empress told me afterward that during this night she several times thought we were sinking, and that the noise and the creaking were such as to cause her to believe the yacht would certainly go to pieces before

many minutes. "I was sure we were lost," she said; "but, singular as it may seem, I did not feel alarmed in the least. I have always loved the sea, and it had for me no terrors then. Were I to disappear, I thought to myself, death, perhaps, could not come more opportunely, nor provide me with a more desirable grave."

Towards midnight the force of the gale began to abate, so we let out a reef in our mainsail; and the wind coming round more to the west, we began to scud along quite briskly towards the Nut Light, which could be seen dead ahead. The weather continuing to improve, we reached Ryde Roads, and dropped anchor there about four o'clock on the morning of September 8th. As soon as she heard that we were safely across the Channel, her Majesty requested me to thank the crew, as an expression of our appreciation of their services, and at the same time I handed them some gold coins, which, it was suggested, they might keep as souvenirs of the voyage.

The sun was just rising when we left Sir John's yacht to go ashore. We landed at the pier, and having passed the toll-gate, where we were stopped for a moment, we first directed our steps to the Pier Hotel, very near the jetty. But here, probably because of the early hour, or our shabby appearance —on foot and without luggage—we were refused admittance; the reason, however, very politely given, was that there were no rooms unoccupied. We then walked up George Street until we came to the York Hotel. Here I asked for rooms for our party, but the woman to whom I spoke, apparently hardly deem-

ing us worthy of an answer, left us and kept us waiting for a long while before she at last returned, saying that we could be accommodated. She then showed us up to the top of the house, where we were led into some very small rooms, which we told her would do for the present; for we were glad to find even such a resting-place as this, after the discomforts and emotions we had experienced during our perilous passage across the English Channel. On her asking for our names, I wrote upon a bit of paper, "Mr. Thomas and sister, with a lady friend."

As I was about to leave the ladies, in order that they might give some of their clothes to the chamber-maid to be cleaned and dried, and have a chance to dress, it was discovered that the gown worn by her Majesty could not at once be entrusted to the domestics of the house, for it was attached to a belt upon which was fastened a large silver "E" surmounted by a crown. This ornament had first to be removed, since it would undoubtedly have attracted immediate notice. Her Majesty therefore handed this garment out to me through the half-opened door; and after making the necessary change in it, I took it downstairs to have it cleaned and dried as well and as quickly as possible by the kitchen fire. When the ladies had dressed, and rested for a time, we sat down to breakfast, which was very welcome to us, for on board the yacht we had eaten little, and became keenly aware of our famished condition soon after our feet had touched *terra firma.* We would surely have liked to repose for a day or two, now that we were safe in England; for none of us had been able

to get much, if any, sleep during the preceding four days, and besides, we were each one of us thoroughly worn out under the incessant stress of our anxieties and responsibilities. But we did not yield to this temptation, for we were too eager to know what had happened during the days that we had been cut off from every source of information; and, furthermore, felt that we must be ready, at a moment's notice, to leave for a destination to be determined by the circumstances.

I therefore, soon after breakfast, went into the town to see what news there might be of interest to us; for I knew that the plans and movements of the Empress were necessarily dependent upon the political situation created by the events immediately succeeding the fall of the Imperial Government, and more particularly, and directly, on news concerning the Prince Imperial, whom she was most anxious to hear from and to see.

In a morning paper that I bought, it was reported that the Prince had arrived at Hastings. I felt that, if this news should prove to be correct, it would be, of course, my duty to bring the mother and son together as quickly as possible. Since, however, I did not place much confidence in what I had read, the papers accepting at the time so many rumours for facts, and fearing the report might excite her Majesty unnecessarily, I concluded to simply state to her that it would, in my opinion, be well to go on at once to Brighton. There I hoped to learn the truth; and Brighton was on the direct road to, and not far from, Hastings.

Upon my return to the hotel I found the Empress sitting with an open Bible in her hand. Her Majesty, not being aware of the English custom of keeping in the rooms of hotels copies of the Old and New Testaments, told me that she was quite surprised to find this book upon the table, and that, regarding its presence as providential, she had opened the volumes to see upon what passage her eyes would first fall. She had found some very hopeful and encouraging words; they were: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

In consequence of this oracular message, or from some other cause more natural, she had become quite cheerful and composed. And when she heard my proposal to take her to Brighton, where, I told her, I hoped to hear news regarding the Prince Imperial, she seemed to be delighted, and eager to go.

We were very soon ready to start, and leaving the hotel, went down to the pier to embark on the steamer going to Southsea. The *Princess Alice*, which we found at the landing-stage, took us to the place mentioned, and thence by tramway we went on to Portsmouth. Here we bought tickets for Brighton; and, when we had come to this well-known watering-place, hearing there was a Queen's Hotel in the town —as this name seems always of good omen to me in England—I called a cab and directed the driver to take us to this hotel. My expectation was correct; here we found excellent accommodations.

Every arrangement having been made that the ladies should be comfortably provided for, I went out

to look about and see if I could ascertain whether the news concerning the Prince, which I had seen in the paper at Ryde, was correct. The London evening papers, which had just arrived, confirmed the report that the Prince was in England; and soon after I met several friends on the Promenade, who, to my inquiries, replied that the Prince was actually at Hastings, and stopping at the Marine Hotel.

My doubts being thus removed, I returned to the Queen's Hotel, and during dinner repeated what I had heard. This news had an electrical effect upon her Majesty. She rose up quickly, left the table, and insisted upon going immediately to meet her son. Seeing that all remonstrance would be in vain, I asked the porter of the hotel at what hour trains for St. Leonard's would be leaving, and learned that, if we wished to take the next train, we should have but a few minutes to spare. We therefore hastily got ready to leave the hotel, procured a closed cab, and arrived at the railway station just before the train left.

The name St. Leonard's I had not chosen at random, for I really wished to go only as far as this place, which is the last station before arriving at Hastings. I thought it would not be wise for her Majesty to go to her son, it being rather his duty to come to her, after I had announced to him her arrival in England, and where he could meet her. Although, from the point of view of sentiment and affection, it might be a matter of indifference as to where the meeting should take place, or whether the son should come to his mother or the mother

should go to her son, I was certain that, in case her Majesty's arrival in England should become publicly known, her every step would be reported and commented upon in the newspapers, and I thought it was not to her interest at this time to become the subject of much publicity.

Another reason why I desired her Majesty should not go to Hastings was the fact that the words "Marine Hotel," the name of the house where the Prince had taken rooms, suggested to my mind a kind of sailors' boarding-house, or hotel of the second class. For this thought I beg the pardon of the most excellent people who kept the hotel, which proved to be all that could be wished, and who treated the Prince, as well as the Empress and myself with the greatest kindness from the moment of our arrival until our departure.

Then again, before we left Brighton I knew nothing of Hastings, never having been there; but I had heard that in St. Leonard's there was a large and well-known hotel, which I thought would be a place where her Majesty could meet her son very properly and conveniently. Being nevertheless afraid that I should meet with objections from her Majesty were I to advise her not to go on to Hastings, I kept my own counsel, and, without her knowledge, took tickets only as far as St. Leonard's. This device proved, however, to be in vain, for her Majesty, on getting out of the train, inquired at once, "Is my son here?"

"No—n-not exactly here," I stammered out, "b-but quite near—at—at the next station. As

soon as we have secured rooms at the hotel I will go there and bring him over."

Of this the Empress would not hear. And although I stated to her my apprehensions with respect to the comments of the Press, and my doubts as to the respectability of the Marine Hotel, and finally drew her attention to the fact that it would be better to wait until next morning for a meeting, as the evening was advanced and she was much fatigued, her Majesty was so anxious to see the Prince that she would not listen to my remonstrances, and insisted upon going by the very next train to Hastings. Upon inquiry, we found that this train would leave within twenty-five minutes, and not knowing Hastings was so near St. Leonard's that we could easily have driven there in a cab, we walked up and down the platform to pass away the time. The twenty-five minutes which we had to wait seemed a century, so to speak, to the Empress, she was in such haste, so nervously impatient, to see her son. And Madame Lebreton and I were greatly relieved, for her Majesty's sake, when the train that was to take us on entered the station.

It was about ten o'clock when we arrived at Hastings. Leaving the ladies in the Havelock Hotel, near the railway station, I went myself to the Marine Hotel, where the Prince Imperial was staying. When I asked the person in the office to announce me to his Imperial Highness, I was told that I would probably not be able to see the Prince that night, since it was already late, and his Highness had wished to retire early, on account of

an indisposition from which he had suffered during the last few days. "If, however," said the clerk, "you choose to mount the stairs, you will find in the drawing-room some of the friends of the Prince, who no doubt can give you information about him." Hearing this, I went up to this room, and when the door was opened, I saw his Highness, surrounded by several gentlemen who had come with him from the Continent. As soon as the Prince saw me, he stepped quickly towards me, and exclaimed: "Have you any news of my mother? Where is she? Nobody can tell me whether she is still in Paris, or whether she has left France. It is now four days that no one has known what has become of her. And I am so anxious! Do tell me if you have heard anything about her!"

The rapidity with which the Prince spoke, scarcely waiting for an answer, indicated very clearly his deep concern for his mother's safety, the warmth of his affection for her, and that now she was the principal subject of his thought.

"Oh," I replied, as soon as I had a chance to speak, "I am sure your mother is safe. She is not in France; and I have just heard she is in England, having reached here some time to-day."

"But where did she land? Where is she now?"

"With friends, I understand, under whose protection she left Paris. If your Highness will wait a little while, I will make further inquiries, and perhaps, on my return, I shall be able to inform you positively where your mother now is."

The Prince, as soon as I held out to him the

hope of receiving news of his mother, was greatly delighted, and said he should most certainly not retire for the night until he had heard what I had to report. Promising that I would not keep him waiting long, I left the Prince, and returned to the Empress to announce to her that I had seen her son, and to arrange with her a time and place for their meeting.

The reader may perhaps be surprised that I did not at once tell the Prince Imperial the whole truth. It was because I saw from the manner of the Prince, immediately he spoke to me, that to do so would not be expedient. He was, as all who knew him personally are aware, of a highly sensitive and emotional nature. He was then only fourteen years old, and, after his father had become a prisoner, had been hurried through Belgium to England, and from one excitement to another, without rest either of body or mind, until his nerves were in a state of extreme tension. I therefore thought it prudent to let him, at first, only know that there was good reason to believe his mother was safe, and to prepare his mind for the reunion with her by suggesting to him that such a meeting might be expected very soon.

On my way back I was still thinking how I could induce the Empress to receive her son at her own hotel, for I believed this to be the better plan, for reasons which I have stated above; but as soon as I found myself once more in the presence of her Majesty, I saw that no reason I could give for a postponement of the meeting would find favour with her. All her thought seemed entirely engrossed

by the hopes and anticipations of this meeting. On entering the room, I found her sitting in a chair in exactly the same position in which I had left her, with a little satchel in her hand, and waiting, apparently ready to start off at a moment's notice. The instant she saw me she sprang up, and, rushing towards me, said:

"Tell me, have you seen my son? Is he well? How does he look?"

These and similar questions followed each other in quick succession. As soon as I had informed her Majesty that I had seen the Prince; that, with the exception of a slight cold, he seemed to be in good health; and had told her how anxious he had been to receive news of his mother, nothing could keep her any longer in the room; and, half drawing me with her to the door, she hurried me out of the house and into the street, exclaiming: "Where is he? Let me go to him at once!"

Running rather than walking through the streets, we directed our steps towards the Marine Hotel; and in a few moments we—the Empress, Madame Lebreton, and myself—stood in the office of the building which I had left scarcely half an hour before. When I announced to the hotel proprietor that we desired to see the Prince Imperial, he looked closely at the Empress, and taking her, as he afterward told me, on account of her having put the cape of her waterproof over her head, for a Sister of Charity, replied that it was too late; that he thought the Prince had retired to his room and did not wish to see any one. We told him we did not think so;

that, in any event, we would go upstairs and see. But having reached the top of the staircase, an English *valet-de-chambre*, who had evidently heard our conversation or guessed our intention, barred our way with the words: "The Prince has gone to bed. If you wish to see him you will have to come another day."

During my brief interview with the Prince I had observed that folding-doors separated the drawing-room from another room, which was probably, as I thought, in the private suite of his Highness. While the valet was still talking, I saw there was an entrance from the corridor where we stood into this room. Pushing by him, without speaking another word, I opened the door, and seeing at a glance that the room was occupied by the Prince, hurried her Majesty and Madame Lebreton into it, and leaving them, walked into the drawing-room where the Prince was standing.

Upon encountering his inquiring look, I simply pointed to the door through which I had entered. He understood me, and in another moment he was in the presence of his mother.

What a moment in the history of these two persons! This noble woman, who had kept up so bravely during the most trying hours of her flight, could restrain her emotion no longer. The tears of joy flowed abundantly, and her lips murmured words of thanks to Heaven, which had preserved to her that son who had been her pride and delight, and the sight of whom now caused her to forget all she had lost and all she had suffered.

But was the past quite forgotten at this meeting? Had really all remembrance of those days of splendour and triumph vanished from her memory?

No, indeed, the past could not have been forgotten by her; for although joy and gratitude filled her heart, as she pressed her child to her breast, this joy was mingled with sorrow. What pictures must have flashed across her mind, what thoughts have disturbed her soul?—the memory of her happy childhood; her brilliant womanhood; the realisation of her most daring wishes; her son, the heir to the glory and the throne of Napoleon; and, at last, the downfall that came like a thunderbolt from a serene sky, annihilating all the splendour which for so many years had surrounded her, and leaving her a homeless, helpless woman, with her son, both fugitives in a foreign land.

However inarticulate her thoughts, she must have been vividly impressed by her immediate surroundings, and felt their deep significance, as she stood before me, embracing her son with tears of joy and sorrow in her eyes. The Prince, unable to control his emotion, sobbed as he rested in his mother's arms, and in broken sentences told how he had grieved for her, and how rejoiced he was to be with her again once more.

The spontaneous and impulsive manifestations of maternal and filial affection, of which I was a witness on this occasion, were, under the special circumstances, extremely touching, and I stepped out of the room, overcome by a feeling of sympathy and profound pity, leaving mother and son to themselves, alone. And

what a meeting! She, who only a few days before was the most exalted, the most envied sovereign in Europe, now deserted by all who had been proud to obtain a glance from her eye or a word from her lips, is unable to offer to her child, whose Imperial heritage has vanished, anything but Love—the imperishable love of a mother. What a drama! And yet what a triumph! For the glory of the world passeth away, and love endureth for ever.

After a while the Prince Imperial came to me and expressed in the warmest terms his thanks for my having restored his mother to him—for he had now learned from her that it was to me that she had gone for protection when she found herself in the streets of Paris alone and helpless, and that I had brought her in safety to England. It was plainly to be seen, from his bright and happy face, that the loss of an Empire had troubled him much less than his anxiety for her whom he loved so dearly, and of whose fate he had so long been kept in ignorance. And those must have been bitter hours for the heir to the French Empire—his father a prisoner in the enemy's country, his mother probably at the mercy of a mob, perhaps already a victim, while he himself was fleeing for safety to a foreign shore, and vainly trying to ascertain what had taken place since he had left the headquarters of the French army!

But here, at Hastings, mother and son were reunited, and the first ray of sunlight pierced the darkness which for many days had covered the destiny of the Imperial family.

Before the Empress had met her son, it was agreed between us that she should return to Brighton after their meeting; but this plan, very naturally, was not executed. Mother and son had no wish to separate after they had found each other. On this account former plans were changed, and the Empress and the Prince Imperial remained together in Hastings.

It was at a rather late hour that I left the Marine Hotel and returned to the Havelock Hotel, where we had temporarily stopped on arriving at Hastings. On the following morning, when I went to the Marine Hotel to learn the Empress' wishes, to my great regret I found her confined to her bed from exhaustion, and suffering also from a severe cold. Her Majesty had already a slight cold when she came to my house on September 4th, and it was no wonder that her exposure on our journey through France, and during the rough night on the Channel, had aggravated it. Besides, the continued excitement and loss of sleep, and the anxiety to which she had been subjected for many days, and weeks even, were too much for human strength to support; and although she had kept up bravely under the most severe trials, and had not given way while she was sustained by the hope of seeing her son, now that this most fervent wish of her heart had been realised, a reaction followed, which kept her in her room for several days.

Her Majesty's arrival in England was now publicly announced, and friends began to gather about her—the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy, M. de Lavalette, the Princess Murat, and others. But the situation in France, which grew more serious from day to day,

made it probable that her Majesty's sojourn in England would last for weeks, perhaps for months; and possibly the thought may have already occurred to her that England might become her permanent home. However this may have been, Hastings was not at this time a desirable place of residence for the Empress. There were too many people coming and going, and it was also the rendezvous of too much fashion and too much curiosity. The Empress very soon began to be annoyed, and she expressed to me a wish that I would obtain for her, as quickly as possible, a suitable residence, where she might feel that she had some personal freedom, and where she could conveniently receive her friends.

On Sunday, the 11th, I received a telegram from Mrs. Evans, to whom I had reported our arrival at Ryde soon after we landed there. In this telegram she informed me that she, in company with Dr. and Miss Sharpless, old friends from Philadelphia, who had been with us at the Hôtel du Casino in Deauville, would, coming by way of Dieppe, arrive at Newhaven on Wednesday morning, September 14th. And there I went to meet her. The boat came in several hours behind time, after a terribly rough passage. It was crowded with refugees, men, women, and children all huddled together, everybody sick, large numbers on deck, drenched and looking utterly miserable. My poor wife had been "dreadfully ill," but quickly recovered on coming ashore. She accompanied me to Hastings, where we took rooms at the Albion Hotel.

As soon as we were settled there we made excur-

sions into the country almost every day, visiting the villas which were to let, and trying to obtain a suitable residence for the Empress. I had, when this matter was first mentioned to me, entered into correspondence with a number of house-agents; and a residence in Torquay, which I visited, I found very attractive. Indeed, I was so convinced it left nothing to be desired as a temporary home for the Empress, that I engaged to take it, conditionally. I was, however, obliged to cancel the arrangement which I had made, her Majesty having expressed to me a desire to live not far from London, as a matter of convenience to the friends who might wish to visit her; because, she said, "I wish to save them a long journey, and to many of them, also, the expense of going to a place so far from France might be embarrassing."

This generous consideration on the part of the Empress is in very striking contrast with the behaviour of many of those in whose friendship at that time she still believed. The years have come and gone, but they have never thought it their duty or found it convenient to visit their exiled sovereign, who always felt so kindly towards them.

One humble, simple friend, however, did not hesitate to go to Hastings as soon as she heard that her former mistress and the Prince Imperial had arrived there. This person was Miss Shaw, the faithful nurse of the young Prince—"Nana," as he, when a child, used to call her. She had remained in the Tuileries as long as she had been permitted to do so, and then she left for England; for, although she

had no idea of what had become of the Empress or the Prince, she nevertheless felt sure she should find his Imperial Highness in that country. To her great joy, on arriving at Dover she heard that the Prince, with Count Clary, had passed through Dover, coming from Belgium. On inquiring, she was informed he had gone to Hastings. Immediately she hastened to this place, and thus, as early as the 10th, she was able to see again "her boy," as she always called the Prince, her affection for whom absorbed her whole soul.

This faithful woman had been sent to Paris by Sir Charles Locock, after the Empress' confinement, at the special request of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain; and her tender love for the Imperial child, and her unalterable devotion to the Imperial family, had fully justified the recommendations which had been given her. From the moment she entered the Palace of the Tuileries until the death of the Prince Imperial, all her energy, her whole life, was devoted to the welfare of the boy who had been confided to her care. She had in a short time gained the entire confidence of the Emperor and Empress, who wished her to remain as a guardian of the Prince in the palace when her duties as nurse were no longer required.

She not only had a care for the bodily welfare of her trust, but she tried to instil into the heart of the boy all the noble principles which are needed by one who is to become the ruler of a great nation; and she had also made it her duty to watch over the health of his soul. She had strictly kept him to the observance

of his religious duties, which was the more remarkable, as she, being a Protestant, had charge of a child brought up in the Catholic faith. And while it was easy for her to develop in the open and impressionable mind of the young Prince a clear and abiding sense of right and of wrong, she did not fail to cultivate in him that reverence and respect for truth, and for law, which she herself felt as the result of her own English education.

When this excellent woman, who had always had an important voice in the councils of the Imperial family, if anything regarding the future of the Prince was to be decided, heard the sad news of the premature death of the young soldier in Zululand, she said to me: "He was too good for this world. God has saved him from severer trials, and I shall soon go to him."

Her apprehension proved to have been correct. The faithful nurse only outlived her foster-child by three years. She died in 1882.

Besides Miss Shaw and the persons whose names I have mentioned, there came to Hastings very few visitors. Those courtiers who had formerly been daily guests at the Palace of the Tuileries did not come over to England until much later, after her Majesty had taken up her residence at Chislehurst.

Camden Place, Chislehurst, which afterward became so well known as the home of the Imperial family, I discovered by a fortunate accident, after searching many days in vain for a residence for the Empress in the neighbourhood of London. Although I had seen a considerable number of fine houses, scarcely one of

them seemed to me to be perfectly suitable or desirable, either on account of the locality or the accommodations, or on account of the conditions which the landlord wanted to impose upon the tenant, and occasionally these were even embarrassing, as, for example, when letters were addressed to me by gentlemen placing at her Majesty's disposal their houses and villas, free of every charge. It is scarcely necessary to say that these offers were most decidedly but courteously refused by the Empress.

In a conversation which I once had with the Emperor, he told me that some of the most agreeable days during his long sojourn in England had been passed at Tunbridge Wells. He praised the beautiful scenery, and spoke of the magnificent trees which he had seen there, and manifested a strong predilection for the place. The remembrance of this conversation induced me to see if it was possible to find a residence for the Imperial family at Tunbridge Wells; for we all hoped that the Emperor would soon be permitted by the Prussian Government to leave Wilhelmshöhe and rejoin his wife and son in England.

I consequently went to Tunbridge Wells, and succeeded in finding a place there which I thought would probably meet all the immediate requirements of the Imperial household; but just before speaking to the owner upon the subject, a gentleman mentioned to me Camden Place, at Chislehurst. He described it as a large and beautiful country seat, close to London and yet secluded, saying it was just what I wanted, but that, unfortunately, it was not to let. Believing from the description he gave me that the place was

really a very desirable one, and not allowing his last remark to deter me—after having heard that Chislehurst was so near London that it could be reached in twenty minutes from Charing Cross station—Mrs. Evans and I took tickets for this place.

On arriving at Chislehurst station I hailed the first conveyance I saw, and a few minutes later we halted at the gate in front of Camden Place. At the entrance, Mrs. Taylor, the lodge-keeper, received us, and I asked her a few questions about the house. She replied that Camden Place could not be rented, and expressed doubt as to whether it could be visited. Hearing me, however, speak a few words in French to Mrs. Evans, she seemed to reconsider the matter, and exclaimed:

"Oh, if you speak French you may perhaps be admitted into the house. There is a gentleman living here—Mr. Foder—who also speaks French, and if you would like to see him I will go and call him."

With these words, after inviting us to come into the lodge, the lodge-keeper hastened to the house, and before long returned in company with a man who informed us that he had charge of the property, which belonged to a Mr. Strode. After we had conversed for a few moments, he very kindly offered to show us over the place—an offer we gladly accepted.

The house was a large, well-constructed building, built of brick and stone, with projecting wings in front, surmounted by balustraded parapets. The façade was well exposed and very handsome. The house was approached by a fine sweep of roadway, and contained, as I ascertained on inquiry, several large living-rooms, twenty or more bedrooms, and the offices for a full

CAMDEN PLACE.

To face p. 482.

establishment. The stable accommodation also was ample. I saw at once that the grounds were quite extensive, and handsomely laid out. The main avenue from the gate to the house was lined with elms and beeches, and the broad stretches of well-kept lawn were broken here and there by foliage plants and beds of flowers, and were decorated with statuary; while, not far from the house, a massive group of cedars branched out conspicuously and threw into relief the body of the building. The impression produced upon us, as we passed through the park, was extremely pleasing; the colour was so soft and yet so varied, the calm, the restfulness, so complete, that the place seemed to be indeed an ideal retreat for one seeking a surcease from the turmoil and trouble of the world. Upon entering the house, we were surprised to find in it so many articles of French manufacture. The long hall lighted by a skylight, the large drawing-room, the fine staircase leading to the floor above, and the arrangement of the very handsome rooms, with the furniture and other fittings, gave me at once the impression of being in a veritable French château. I was consequently not surprised when I was told that some of the furniture came from the Château of Bercy; but it was certainly remarkable, as was discovered some time afterward, that several of the pieces of carved mahogany in the dining-room were exactly similar to a number that, on the demolition of this château, had been purchased by the Empress at the same auction sale of the woodwork and other fixtures, and had been placed in the residence she had built in Paris for her sister, the Duchess of Albe. Moreover, the building

was beautifully situated; in a word, it seemed to me more attractive than any I had visited during the previous days, and pleased me greatly. I therefore, observing the excellent French taste with which Camden House was furnished, remarked to Mr. Foder that it afforded me much pleasure to see myself again, so to say, in a French *intérieur*. Then, leading the conversation to France itself, and speaking of the misfortunes which had so recently befallen that nation, and of the sad consequences which they must have, not only for that beautiful land but also for many of its inhabitants, and especially for the Imperial family, I at last said it was for this family, some of whose members were then in England, that I was seeking a residence. The conversation which followed led in a few moments to the plain statement that our object in coming here was to inquire if Camden Place could possibly be obtained for her Majesty the Empress of the French. When Mr. Foder heard this, he told me that although Camden Place was not to be leased, he believed that Mr. Strode, whose French sympathies were very strong, and who had often spoken with admiration of the Imperial family, would gladly place his property at the disposal of the Empress and her son, without asking any remuneration for it.

To this remark I replied that many such offers had already been made and refused; but that, if the house could be rented, I would like to engage it, as I considered it the most suitable of all I had seen, and was sure her Majesty would be pleased with my choice, not only because the house was conveniently near London, but also on account of the extent and disposition of

the grounds about it, and the arrangement of the interior, which even to its furnishing was French; besides, Camden Place was near a Catholic church, and this, I knew, would be very agreeable to the Empress, who always faithfully attended the services of her Church, wherever and whenever it was possible for her to do so.

Thereupon Mr. Foder kindly proposed to go to London by the next train, to state the case to Mr. Strode, whom he said he was sure to find at the Garrick Club that night. This proposal I accepted with thanks, and after leaving my address, Mrs. Evans and I returned to Hastings.

The next day, September 22nd, I again took Mrs. Evans to Chislehurst to see the house in question. We examined it very thoroughly. My wife thought it really "palatial," and the situation "exquisite," so calm and restful were the surroundings. We afterward went on together to London, where we lunched with Mr. Strode.

At a late hour the same evening I received a despatch from Mr. Foder, making an appointment with me to meet him at Chislehurst the following morning; and upon arriving at Camden Place the next day at the appointed hour, we heard that Mr. Strode, who had been obliged to remain in London, had consented to let his property to her Majesty.

This was welcome news, not only to me but to Madame Lebreton and Mademoiselle d'Albe, the Empress' niece, who, having come up that morning from Hastings to visit the place, had both been greatly pleased with the house and the situation. We there-

fore—Mr. Foder and I—at once drew up a lease by which Camden Place was to be rented for a given time, at a given rate, and on terms entirely satisfactory to all parties.

A few weeks later, on my last visit to Camden Place before leaving for the Continent, Mr. Foder took me to the railway station in a light carriage, which was drawn by a very fine but rather unruly horse. We proceeded at a rapid pace, evidently to the delight of the owner of the horse, and one could not deny that the animal possessed remarkable qualities and was very spirited; but its gait was unsteady, it was apparently imperfectly broken, and it had an eye that indicated a fiery and capricious temperament. Seeing that Mr. Foder was greatly pleased with the spirit and action of the animal, and thinking he might desire to have the horse display its points before other visitors, and possibly the new occupants of Camden Place, I said to him, when bidding him goodbye: "Mr. Foder, I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me to the station, and am especially thankful that I have got here safe and sound; but you will do me a favour by promising me not to offer your horse either to her Majesty or to the Prince Imperial, for I fear some accident might happen."

"The horse is high-spirited, but perfectly safe," he replied; "nevertheless, I will make the promise you desire, to remove your apprehensions, which I assure you are quite groundless."

Not long after, the intelligence reached me that, while being driven one day to the station, this horse became uncontrollable, and, dashing down the road,

ran against a tree and upset the carriage, throwing Mr. Foder to the ground and killing him on the spot.

"Oh!" I then said to myself, "it was perhaps well that I obtained that promise. How easily her Majesty or the young Prince might have met with a similar fate!"

Alas, no word of caution could break the spell of fate that rested upon Camden Place!

Going on to Hastings, I went to the Empress, who had given me full power to settle matters with Mr. Strode, and had consented to endorse all my arrangements without personally inspecting the property, and I informed her that I had come to an agreement with the landlord of Camden Place, and that a new home was ready for her.

Her Majesty received this announcement with the greatest satisfaction, and told me that she would like to leave for her new residence as early as possible. Having spoken to the station-master of her Majesty's intentions, the next morning a message from the railway office arrived at the Marine Hotel, announcing that orders had been received from London to place a special train at the disposal of the Empress and those who should accompany her to Chislehurst.

Her Majesty, as soon as she saw me, told me of this communication, and said she could not accept the offer, and asked me to be kind enough to tell the officials that she preferred to make use of the ordinary passenger train in the afternoon. I stated the Empress' choice to the station-master, only requesting him, as a small favour, that, after all the passengers

had taken their seats, and after the doors of the carriages had been closed, the train should remain for a few minutes in the station and await the arrival of the Empress and the persons accompanying her.

This favour was kindly granted, and enabled her Majesty at the moment of her departure to take her seat without being annoyed by the curiosity of the passengers.

When our party, which consisted of the Empress, the Prince Imperial, Mademoiselle d'Albe, Madame Lebreton, two gentlemen who had come with the Prince Imperial from the Continent, and myself, arrived at Chislehurst, we found at the station, in consequence of an order which I had given the day previous, two "four-wheelers" in readiness for us; and, by the tact and kindness of the station-master of the place, these vehicles were placed at the side opposite the one from which the passengers usually alight; so that we were able to enter our carriages without having to pass through the waiting-room. A few moments later we drove up to Camden Place, the residence which the Empress took possession of on Saturday, September 24, 1870, and where so many memorable events in the history of the Imperial family afterward happened.

Soon after our arrival, an excellent dinner was served in the large and very elegant dining-room, but no one seemed to take much interest in it. Nor was the conversation very lively or engaging, as might well be expected under the circumstances, and we all retired to our respective rooms at an early hour.

Meeting of Mother and Son

The Empress, on the first night, occupied the large front room on the second floor, directly over the drawing-room, while the Prince Imperial slept in the room which later became the Emperor's cabinet; and I had the honour of occupying the chamber which afterward was used as a study by the Prince.

I shall always retain a vivid remembrance of that first night in the new residence of her Majesty.

I could sleep but very little. The chamber was musty and chilly, for it had not been occupied for a long time, and the walls were full of moisture. Although the room was comfortably furnished and its appearance cheerful, I felt depressed and gloomy, and realised more fully than I ever had before the significance of the change which had come over the fortunes of her Majesty. This was quite natural. The narrow quarters, the discomforts, whatever had previously happened to us, had been to me only the incidents of a journey; while with our arrival at Chislehurst a new life began for the Empress, and everything suggested a long sojourn here—in fact, that the home of her Majesty was to be no more in the Palace of the Tuileries, but at Camden Place.

The thought of this was sufficient to prevent sleep from coming to the eyes of a friend who sympathised deeply with the sovereign on whom he had seen Fortune lavish her most splendid gifts, the victim now of unparalleled disaster, but with a soul rising superior to every blow of Fate, brave and great-hearted still.

I was indeed glad when the morning came and the first rays of the sun were entering through the windows. The splendid light of the rising sun fills

the heart with cheerful thoughts, and a new day is like the opening of a new chapter in our fortunes. So when I looked out and saw the glittering shrubbery and the sheen of the grassy lawn, on which the dew had fallen heavily during the night, I seemed to feel that this quiet, beautiful Sunday morning was a harbinger of brighter and happier days for the mother who had at last found a refuge and a home for herself and her son on English soil.

The Empress awoke refreshed by repose, lightsome of heart, with a smiling face, and full of gratitude to God for having shielded her from danger, and full of hope in the future of her son.

Her first act on this day was to visit the church across the common to render thanks for infinite mercies and to invoke the Divine blessing. We all accompanied her and the Prince Imperial to the place where, at eleven o'clock, High Mass was to be celebrated. The small community who came regularly to this service had already taken their seats, and there was no place reserved for us, for no notice of the arrival of the Empress had reached Monsignor Goddard, the clergyman, or the inhabitants of Chislehurst. We went into the church by the back entrance, and finding no seat unoccupied, but seeing a few vacant benches without backs, took our places on these. And so the Empress, the first time she attended religious service at Chislehurst, sat with the poor of the parish. None of the worshippers had any suspicion of the presence among them of so illustrious a personage.

Times change. Visitors at the little chapel at

Chislehurst—"St. Mary's Church," as it is called—have since often seen her Majesty in the place of honour. Many persons of high birth visited it in after-years. And it finally gained a gloomy renown as the temporary sepulchre of the unfortunate Emperor and his beloved son.

Camden Place took its name from Camden, the antiquary, who lived there and died there. It was for a time the property of Lord Camden, but was afterward purchased by Mr. Thomas Bonar, a wealthy city merchant, and was subsequently sold to Mr. and Mrs. Rowles, of Stratton Street, London. After passing through the hands of two or three other persons, it became the property of Mr. N. W. J. Strode, of London, the present owner.

Camden Place has had a remarkable history.

I was rather surprised as well as pleased to learn, soon after taking a lease of the property, that while the Rowles family were living here Prince Louis Bonaparte was a frequent visitor to the house, and that the place was well known to him, and agreeably associated in his mind with the memory of several charming people with whom he was intimate during those years of exile in England, when, to use his own words, he "was so happy and so free." It has even been said that the Prince so fell in love with Miss Emily Rowles that they were for a time actually engaged to be married. This much is certain: the lady having afterward married the Marquis Campana, who became involved in serious difficulties with the Papal Government, the Prince, who had now

become Emperor, gave to her husband his powerful protection. And there is no doubt that Camden Place was remembered by his Majesty then, and to the end of his life, as the scene of a romantic attachment that adds interest to the sad story of his own residence at Chislehurst.

But a shadow passed over the house not long after its occupancy by the Rowles family. Mrs. Rowles was an Italian, a woman of wit, great beauty, and distinction, who had many admirers, and many misfortunes also. While living in Stratton Street, early in her married life, a brilliant young lawyer, rising rapidly in his profession, became so infatuated with this lady that he thought he could not live without her, and so destroyed himself; and while living at Camden Place, Mr. Rowles for some reason grew so despondent that he, it would seem, came to the conclusion that he could not live even with her, and thereupon he killed himself.

A little later, as part of the earlier history of the house, a story was told me that shocked me greatly at the time, and left a sinister impression upon my mind.

On the morning of May 31, 1813, the owner of Camden Place, Mr. Bonar, was found dead upon the floor of his bedroom, and his wife dying in her bed near by. Each had apparently been beaten to death with some heavy instrument. Their skulls were crushed, their bodies horribly bruised and mangled, and they lay weltering in their blood. It was evident, from the appearance of the room, the furniture, and the clothing of Mr. Bonar, who was a very strong man, that the murderer had accomplished his purpose

only after a terrible struggle. Not a servant in the house had heard a sound; not an article of value had been removed; the Bonars were not known to have an enemy in the world. Who could have committed the murder, and the motive that prompted it, were alike mysteries. One or two arrests were made, but *alibis* were successfully proved. Finally suspicion fell on a footman employed by the family, who bore an excellent reputation. When brought before the Lord Mayor, the man—Nicholson by name—at first denied, but afterward confessed his guilt. When asked why he had killed his employers, his answer was that he bore them no ill-will; that the idea of robbing them never entered his mind; but that on waking up about three o'clock in the morning, he was seized with an irresistible impulse to kill his master and mistress; and that, winding a sheet about him as a disguise, and taking a heavy iron poker which was lying by the grate, he went upstairs to the large sleeping-room occupied by the Bonars, entered it, and having first struck Mrs. Bonar a powerful blow on the head, aimed another at Mr. Bonar, who immediately sprang up and grappled with him. After a desperate struggle that lasted ten or fifteen minutes, Mr. Bonar fell exhausted; and "having beaten him over the head with the poker, I left him," he said, "groaning on the floor."

Nicholson was tried at the Maidstone Assizes for *petty treason*, the indictment curiously averring that he, being a servant, had *traitorously* murdered his master and mistress. His condemnation and execution followed as a matter of course.

When the rope was round his neck, as he stood on the scaffold, he was asked if he had anything to say. Clasping his shackled hands together as closely as he could, his last words were, "As God is in heaven, it was a momentary thought, as I have declared before——" and before he could speak another word, the drop fell.

A curious detail remains to be told. A son of Mr. Bonar, upon whom at first suspicion fell, becoming almost insane in consequence of this shocking murder, and of the fact that any one could for a moment suppose him to be a parricide, passed most of his time in the cemetery at the grave of his parents. Here he caused a costly tomb to be erected; and directing in his will that his own body should be laid by the side of his parents, had cut in the stone the words, "It is I; be not afraid."

As often happens, the facts are forgotten and the fiction survives in legend. So, in this case, the imaginary crime, the fancied guilt of the unhappy son hovers about this enigmatical, if scriptural, inscription.

The Prince Imperial, whose curiosity was moved by it when he first saw it, seemed to doubt whether it was to be considered as the confession of a parricide, who had used the phrase the better to effect his purpose; or as the utterance of a compassionate son who feared lest the reopening of the tomb to receive his body might alarm his beloved in their last repose. And he often put this question to his companions as a conundrum.

But on the floor of the principal bedroom—the one

occupied by the Empress—and on the handsome stairway of Camden Place, dark stains and the prints of bloody feet long remained, the ghastly witnesses of a crime, to haunt the mind with ghostly figures in the silent watches of the night; and a presage, as it were, of events to come sixty or more years later, when two other dead bodies were to lie in the same house—those of a father and his son, each also the victim of a tragedy.

For two or three weeks, affairs relating principally to the establishment of her Majesty in her new home kept me at Chislehurst, or in its immediate neighbourhood. I saw the Empress daily, and was surprised to observe how rapidly she recovered her health and spirits, and adjusted herself to her new surroundings; and this in spite of the fact that she was far from being free from much personal anxiety and very grave political responsibilities. But one of her most characteristic traits has always been her power to put aside the subjects she no longer cares to think about, and to give herself up freely and fully to the impressions and suggestions of the present moment. The conversations I had with her generally related to non-political affairs. But however commonplace the subject-matter might chance to be, I observed with great pleasure that it was now almost sure to be made the occasion of some original comment, or of some bright sally that brought a smile to the lips of those who heard it, and to which the laughter in her own eyes was the sympathetic and charming response—in a word, that her Majesty was herself again. And yet

there was a seemingly ineradicable sadness at the bottom of her heart that gave a colour to her thoughts and that from time to time revealed itself when least expected.

One afternoon, when we were walking in the park, she stopped suddenly, and looking across the lawn for a moment, exclaimed: "How beautiful is the sward, so green, so smooth! When in the country at this season of the year, one loves to walk with one's eyes on the ground; for the sky is rarely clear, but the grass is always fair and delightful to look at, and so restful to the eyes. Indeed, the country would seem to be the place to which we should take our sorrows. Overwhelmed as I am with anxiety, with a strange and terrible sense of loneliness, I feel like looking down; and after I have done so for a while, it gives me such relief! How different it was with me when a girl in Spain! I walked then with head erect, and looked at the cloudless sky. The earth beneath was less attractive to me in those days when all before me and above me was so bright. But I was young then, and that, no doubt, is why I felt as I did." Then turning quickly, as if coming to herself, she said "How wrong it is for me to complain! I, who have had so much, what right have I to complain now? I should think of those who have never had any of the privileges and gifts that I have enjoyed. And those who have lost much should not forget that they have had much, and that Fortune has been more generous to them than to those who have had nothing."

As we continued our walk about the grounds, the conversation drifted from one subject to another, until

mention was made of some of the ladies who were conspicuous at the Court between 1855–60. "I can never forget," she said, "the impression made upon me by Madame S—— when I first saw her; she was a most amiable and lively woman, and extremely beautiful." "Yes," I remarked, "and still is; but she cannot bear to think that she is growing old; she makes herself quite unhappy about it." The Empress' reply was: "When those who have been called handsome begin to lose their good looks from the natural effects of time, they do wrong to make themselves unhappy about it. The women who lose their remarkable beauty as they grow old, are better off than their less-favoured sisters, for these have failed to find in life what the others have had—admiration. When old age comes on, handsome women should accept it and be thankful for the past."

But how few are willing to do this! I have known many of the most beautiful women in Europe, and of all the celebrities I have known or seen, at one time or another, during my long acquaintance in court circles, very few indeed have ever learned how to grow old becomingly. The contrary has generally been the case. They have been distressed at the inevitable changes time was producing, and, forgetting that a graceful old age is still charming, too often have only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous by their vain attempts to repair the irreparable ravages that are wrought by the advance of the remorseless years.

I do not remember if during this conversation any reference was made to health as among the things for

which we ought to be thankful. Yet I have often thought, and it recurs to me as I am writing these lines, that one of the Empress' greatest and most valuable personal possessions is the splendid health she has always enjoyed. It is this which enabled her during her Regency, and when she fell from power, and has enabled her since, in the hours of her greatest misfortune, to support physical exertions, and excitements, and suffering, and sorrow, that would have crushed to the earth a woman of less vitality and organic vigour and resiliency. From her girlhood until recent years the Empress has led a life of great activity—seemingly quite insensible to fatigue; and, even now (1897), although in her eighth decade she finds her principal pleasure in journeys, or on her yacht; or, when at home, in daily drives and walks. It is only a few months ago, on my last visit to Farnborough, that her Majesty invited me to walk with her. The time passed pleasantly and quickly as always on these occasions, when everything about us was agreeable to the eye and suggestive of that light comment and talk for which her Majesty still possesses so rare a talent. But if, on returning, I found the distance we had gone without a rest something more than a surprise to me—if, in a word, I discovered that her Majesty was the better walker of the two, I could only the more admire the firmness of her step as she entered the vestibule of her residence after this, in my opinion, rather too long a walk. And when she passed before the fine picture of Winterhalter, that hangs upon one of the walls of the vestibule, and in which she is represented seated among the ladies of

her Court, the contrast between the painted portrait and the living subject, dressed in the deepest black, as she has always dressed since her widowhood, struck me very forcibly—the freshness and brilliancy of the colouring in the picture serving to bring into full relief the striking figure of this great lady as she looks to-day, and to which the advancing years have added the dignity and distinction of age.

CHAPTER XV

I VISIT THE EMPEROR—DIPLOMACY

I leave England—Queen Augusta—The prison and the prisoner—"The courtesy of the age"—My visit to the Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe—I visit the prison camps and hospitals—My return to England—France now isolated—The promise of the Czar—The Empress endeavours to limit the consequences of the French military disasters—She writes to the Emperor Alexander—She intercedes on behalf of the Republican Minister for Foreign Affairs—Count Bismarck is embarrassed—Diplomatic notes.

ON October 8th, as soon as her Majesty was fairly settled in her new residence, I left England for the purpose of going to Wilhelmshöhe to see the Emperor. I wished to give him the latest news from Chislehurst, and also an account of what I had done to effect the escape of her Majesty from Paris, and from the jurisdiction of the Revolutionary Government. Although I, as an American, and as the President of the Sanitary Committee in Paris and a member of the International Red Cross Society, not only had the rights of a neutral, but was protected also by special privileges, I did not wish to expose myself to any delay on the way; and being afraid that my presence in Germany might create suspicion, I first went to Berlin, hoping to facilitate, through

the mediation of Queen Augusta, my meeting with the French Emperor. To my great dismay, on arriving in the Prussian capital I learned that her Majesty had left the same evening for Homburg, and that I would be compelled to go there if I wished to see her. I at once returned to the railway station and took the express leaving for that well-known watering-place. When I arrived there and announced my name at the castle, I was immediately admitted into the Queen's presence. That august lady received me with the words, "I know all that has happened, and what you have done, and I thank you sincerely for it."

I was astonished to find that her Majesty already knew so much of what I had intended to communicate to her. And when I gave expression to my surprise, she told me that she had heard of our flight, and the circumstances connected with it, directly from the Queen of England. She also said that as soon as she had received news of the arrival of the Empress at Ryde and of the manner in which her escape had been accomplished, she had felt sure I would go to see the Emperor the moment I was at liberty to do so. She congratulated me on having been chosen by Providence to do what had so happily been accomplished, and on my being able now to carry welcome news and messages from the Empress to the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe, and told me that she would do all in her power to enable me to communicate with him without loss of time. After I had taken dinner at the castle, I entered one of the Court carriages, and, on arriving at the railway station, found that

a seat had already been taken for me in the train. At the same time a telegram had been sent by her Majesty's secretary to Wilhelmshöhe, announcing the hour I should arrive, and asking, in case there should be no room in the palace itself, that apartments might be prepared for me in a neighbouring hotel.

I left Homburg greatly moved at the thought that I was about to see the Emperor Napoleon III. a prisoner in the land of the enemy of the French.

On the 5th of September, at 9.50 p.m., the Emperor had arrived at Cassel in a special train, consisting of only two carriages. An eye-witness who was present at the railway station at the time mentioned, says: "It was nearly ten o'clock when the passengers alighted. After a few servants and subaltern attendants had left the carriages, a short, stout gentleman descended. He wore a dark overcoat and the uniform of a French general. Slowly walking to an equipage that stood in waiting for him, he took a seat in it with another person and drove off. This gentleman was Louis Napoleon, two days before Emperor of the French and so recently commander of a great army, who, having been reduced by the catastrophe of Sedan and its consequences to the position of a prisoner of war, had arrived at his place of reclusion."

In order not to expose the dethroned sovereign, who was suffering severely from bodily infirmities, to too long a journey, the generous conqueror had chosen for his captive as a residence one of the most splendid palaces in Germany.

I Visit the Emperor

Only a few miles from Cassel, built by the Electors of Westphalia, Wilhelmshöhe is remarkable on account of the extent and beauty of its gardens, which are so embellished (not always in good taste, but at enormous expense) with cascades and fountains, colossal statues and flights of steps, that the place has been called the Versailles of Germany. The palace itself covers a large area, is richly decorated, and is filled with valuable works of art—paintings, ancient tapestries, and statues in bronze and marble. In 1870 it was completely furnished, just as it had been left by the Elector of Hanover when in 1866 he became the prisoner of the King of Prussia. And here one of the uncles of Napoleon III., King Jérôme of Westphalia, had resided. But, in the overbearing mood of a conqueror, Jérôme had shocked the good people of Cassel and its neighbourhood by changing the name of the place and calling it Napoleonshöhe; and, as it were, by a bitter irony of Fate, it came to pass that in the palace thus named a Napoleon did live, not as a reigning sovereign, but as a prisoner of war.

The Imperial prisoner, however, was treated by the Prussian King with the greatest consideration, and in a manner that was intended not to remind him of his unfortunate position. When he arrived at Wilhelmshöhe he found everything in readiness to make his sojourn at the palace most comfortable. There was a warm glow inside the splendid halls; generals, and gentlemen of the Royal household, were standing at the entrance to do the honours of the occasion; attendants were bustling about the

palace and in the corridors, and everything was in gala to receive the distinguished guest.

"Times have changed since Mary was locked up by Elizabeth, or, to quote a more analogous case, since the youthful King of France was captured by the German Emperor, Charles V., on the battlefield of Pavia," says the correspondent of a well-known English newspaper when describing the treatment which Napoleon III. received in Prussia; and he adds, "Such is the aspect Royal imprisonment assumes in the courtesy of the present age."

It is strange, however, that before the mind of this writer, who seems to have been so familiar with analogous cases, the picture did not arise of the prison on a rocky island in the Atlantic, where the greatest military genius of our time perished in consequence of the brutal treatment of his jailers. When Napoleon III. arrived in Wilhelmshöhe, only forty-three years had elapsed since his famous uncle had been the victim of the cruelty of Sir Hudson Lowe; and if the late Emperor of the French received a kinder treatment, it was on account of the fact that he had fallen into the hands of a monarch who had sympathy with his enemy in his misfortune, but not because a new age of courtesy had arisen. Times change, but human character remains the same; and just as it would be ridiculous to maintain that in former times the kind treatment of an enemy was unknown, just so unreasonable is it to pretend that in our so-called age of enlightenment and refinement, brutality and arrogance towards the vanquished have become impossible.

The treatment which was benevolently intended to make the fallen sovereign forget his hard fate could, however, only alleviate, but not remove, the pain that pierced his heart. The blow had been too terrible, and its immediate effect upon the health of the monarch, who had been suffering so much for some months previous from a painful malady, was now apparent even to the casual observer.

Herr Paul Lindau, one of the best-known writers of modern Germany, has described graphically the impression made upon him when he saw the Emperor on the day of his arrival at Wilhelmshöhe:

"I have seen the Emperor," he writes, "hundreds of times in Paris. Every line of his features is just as familiar to me as are those of my nearest friend; yet I declare with the greatest sincerity that when he arrived here I did not recognise him. I am not sentimental, and my nerves are of normal strength; but the shock that the contrast presented sent a shiver to my heart. Everybody is familiar with the way in which Napoleon's hair used to be arranged—the crisp curl so carefully trained, and the historical moustache with its waxed ends that gave to his countenance its distinguished expression. All that trim soldierly air was gone. A few straggling locks of hair were scattered in confusion over his forehead, and his untended moustache drooped heavily over his closed lips, betokening the despair that must have reigned in his soul. Napoleon moved no muscle; not a line in his face was stirred when he responded to the military salute. As he turned from right to left, no gleam of expression passed across his features. His eyes had

lost every vestige of meaning, and he gazed on all about him, yet evidently seeing nothing.

"Such a full personification of total apathy I have never seen. It was not a living, human face I beheld; it was a lifeless, vacant mask. I could not withdraw my gaze from him; I could not admit the possibility of the fact; I could not realise that the wreck before me was the man whose voice was but a few weeks since so potent throughout the world; that this was the wise and mighty Emperor."

The foregoing description of the appearance of the French sovereign on the evening of his arrival at Cassel, written by a keen observer, gives an idea not only of the physical condition of the Emperor, but of his state of mind during those first days after the catastrophe of Sedan.

The sun was shining brightly when, the next morning, I came to the gate of the Park of Wilhelmshöhe, and, following the route that was marked by inscriptions pointing the way to the château, passed through a maze of trees and by clumps of shrubbery and patches of flowers blighted by the frost, and by the side of broad lawns strewn with leaves that were now falling fast, until I came in sight of the famous palace that stood out suddenly before me, a dazzling, white mass, under the hill which was crowned by the statue of the Farnese Hercules.

I stopped for a few moments to admire the building, the statues, and the fountains, and the picturesque grouping of landscape effects; and then, ascending a flight of steps and crossing the broad terrace in front

of the palace, I went to the entrance on the right, where I was received by an attendant, who accompanied me to the room that had been prepared for me.

The Emperor occupied a suite in the left wing of the palace, on the second floor. It was reached by a monumental staircase, and contained several rooms. The bedroom was at the extreme end of the suite, and was very large, the bed itself standing in a sort of alcove. It was in this room that, soon after my arrival at Wilhelmshöhe, I was received by the Emperor. A table stood in the middle of the room. His Majesty sat in a chair between the bed and the table; he was smoking a cigarette, the remains of several lying upon a dish on the table. He looked pale and careworn. Never, while I live, shall I forget this meeting. Scarcely two months had elapsed since I had seen him going to place himself at the head of his troops, surrounded by a brilliant staff who dreamed of victory and glory. For some moments we remained silent; the situation was painful to me. Nor could his Majesty conceal his emotion. He then thanked me warmly for having come to him, and asked me what news I had brought from the Empress and the Prince Imperial. As I was almost the first person he had seen coming directly from the Empress since her arrival in England, he had a great many questions to ask; and, in particular, he wished me to narrate to him the details of the departure of the Empress from Paris, as they had never been reported to him. I described what had happened to the Empress from the time she left the Tuileries until her arrival in England, and what I myself had done for her up to

the moment of her settling down in Chislehurst. The Emperor was so affected that frequently, during my rehearsal of the story, he was moved to tears. On my mentioning to him that her Majesty spent her last night in Paris beneath my roof, he interrupted me by inquiring what motive she had in deciding not to leave Paris on the night of the 4th. And when I told him my reasons for persuading her to remain overnight in my house, and which I have given in a previous chapter, he thanked me with much feeling, saying: "You have not only protected the Empress from harm; you also have prevented her enemies from saying that the Regent rashly deserted her capital."

When I had concluded my narration concerning the flight of the Empress, I spoke of the kind reception given to me by Queen Augusta, and the sentiments which she had expressed when speaking of the assistance I had been able to render the Empress. To this the Emperor replied: "I am persuaded that this noble woman really meant what she said, for she has done everything to make me comfortable here, and I am treated with the most thoughtful and delicate kindness. I have been placed under no personal restraint whatsoever, but have been given the most complete liberty to go wherever I like, on foot or in a carriage, not only in the park but beyond its limits—a privilege of which I frequently avail myself. Thinking that it would be agreeable to me to have one of my countrymen as the head of my household, she has sent me her own steward, who is a Frenchman, and who, during the many years that he has been in her service, has gained her highest esteem. Besides,

she has placed carriages and horses from her own stables at my disposal; and, in fact, I am treated by her Majesty rather like a guest than like a prisoner."

After we had conversed for more than an hour, the Emperor invited me to take a walk with him in the beautiful grounds surrounding the Palace of Wilhelmshöhe. For some time we continued our walk in the garden, while the Emperor related to me many reminiscences of his life. He avoided any reference to the political situation, which at the time was most critical in its import to the Imperial dynasty; nor did he allude to the events that had led up to it. The conversation was confined almost entirely to personal incidents and subjects. He spoke of the difference between the treatment he was now receiving and that which he was subjected to when at Ham, "where I learned," he said, "to be a prisoner, and a good many things besides. You know I have always called Ham my University. And, by the way, how are you getting on with your Inter-oceanic canal? It was while I was a prisoner, in 1844, that I first became interested in the project of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by means of a canal. You will, remember, perhaps, that I came to the conclusion that the Nicaragua route was the best." A few words will explain how it happened that the Emperor spoke to me on this subject.

I was one of the members of a society formed in Paris in the spring of 1870, the object of which was to examine the feasibility of constructing a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. I had informed his Majesty of our project, and had told him,

only two or three weeks before the declaration of war, that we had sent out an engineer to survey the routes proposed and report to us on their respective merits. The Emperor had remembered our conversation on this subject. But although the problem of constructing a ship-canal across the American isthmus had once attracted his attention, and he had found its study singularly fascinating, I cannot believe that when he asked me what we had accomplished, he was prompted to do so by any feeling of either personal interest in the project or curiosity to know what had really been done. I am sure it was rather from an impulse of sympathy for a friend whose efforts he would have been pleased to hear had been successful.

But while engaged in this discursive talk, unwittingly we had come out upon the open country road and saw ourselves suddenly surrounded by a group of children, who at first stared at us curiously, and then approached to solicit money. The Emperor, kind and generous as ever—he who had spent so freely the income granted to him by his people in works of charity and in largesses of every sort—could not resist the appealing looks of the blue eyes of the little boys and girls who stood around us. Drawing from his pocket some rather large pieces of silver, he handed these to them with a pleased expression on his face; and then, turning towards me and slightly blushing, he said, as if to excuse himself: "You will think me, perhaps, a spendthrift. It is true, I should not forget that I am no longer an Emperor."

Soon after we returned from this walk breakfast was served in the great dining-room of the palace.

And here I met some of the most distinguished of those officers and gentlemen who had followed the Emperor into captivity—the Princes de la Moskowa and Murat, and Generals Castelnau, Reille, and Pajol, Captain Lauriston, and others, among whom were M. Franceschini Piétri and the Emperor's lifelong inseparable friend, Dr. Conneau. These gentlemen I had the pleasure of meeting again at dinner, after which the hours were spent in pleasant conversation, every one speaking of that which he had most at heart. Of course, the then existing condition of France was the chief topic; and the hope which was expressed by most of the military men was that of soon seeing again their own country. The Emperor tried to hide his emotion when reference was made to going home, but looking into his face I could see plainly what sorrow possessed his soul. Others might hope, but he did not dare to indulge the hope of seeing France again. All he could expect was that the Prussian Government would soon grant him the favour of rejoining his wife and son in England. During the evening he spoke much, and in the kindest manner, of the country which had given its hospitality to the Empress in her distress, and he remembered gratefully the days he himself had spent as an exiled Prince under the protecting flag of Great Britain.

The day after my arrival at Wilhelmshöhe I left that place and went to see some of the camps in which the French were held as prisoners of war; and afterward I went to Saarbruck, where hostilities began,

and visited the battlefields and hospitals in the vicinity of Metz. My object was to see if it was possible for me in any way to alleviate the hardships and sufferings of the French soldiers, who, wounded or sick, were at the same time prisoners of war.

On my way back to England I stopped a short time in Brussels. Here I was received by the King and Queen of Belgium, who were anxious to hear about the flight of the Empress; and the King told me of the arrangements that had been made to protect the Prince Imperial and provide for his wants when he passed through Belgium *en route* to England.

When I left the palace I went to the Hôtel de Bellevue, and found there her Highness Princess Mathilde, the daughter of the ex-King of Westphalia, and cousin of Napoleon III. She talked freely to me about the events which had taken place in France. She told me that she was very anxious to see the Empress Eugénie, and that she should go for that purpose to England as soon as the weather became more settled—being apparently somewhat afraid of sea-sickness. I met in the hotel also the Duke de Bassano, and M. Benedetti, who, as Ambassador to Prussia, played such an important part just before the beginning of the Franco-German War.

In Brussels I found a number of important letters and despatches, that had been awaiting my arrival there for a week or more. Accordingly, on October 28th, after an absence of exactly twenty days, I returned to England to relate to her Majesty my interview with the Emperor, to report to her what I had heard and seen that might interest her, and to

make arrangements to carry out the work which my inspection of the French hospitals and prison camps had suggested to me, and which I had resolved should occupy my time during the coming months.

During my absence, or rather from the moment of her arrival in England, her Majesty, unmindful of herself, had used all the influence she still possessed to help and protect her unfortunate country, notwithstanding the acts and the ingratitude of her people.

The Revolution which overthrew the Empire at the same time completely isolated France, and destroyed all hope of an alliance with other Powers. The ties which bound the Court of Florence to that of the Tuileries were now broken. Princess Clotilde had left the country, as the Empress had done, and Prince Napoleon was an exile. The King of Italy was wounded by the catastrophe which overwhelmed his ally, his relative, and his friend. The Court of Vienna, which in 1867 began to enter into very friendly relations with the French Court in order to secure the assistance of Napoleon III. in view of certain complications that were threatening, no longer saw any ground for an alliance with France, because its *raison d'être* had entirely depended upon the private politics of the Emperor and his personal influence. It was now too late to act with France in order to check the ambitious projects of the Chancellor of the North-German Confederation ; and what, on the other hand, the attitude of the French Republic would be with respect to various political questions that might interest Austria could not be foreseen.

The Russian Government, it is true, during the

reign of Napoleon III. had not always been upon the most friendly terms with France; but the German victories were so overwhelming as to lead to a revulsion of feeling in Russia, and the Emperor Alexander told General Fleury, the French Ambassador, that at the right moment he would speak loudly in favour of France. This assurance which the Czar gave to the Imperial Government was a promise that could be relied upon, for the Czar had engaged his personal word; but he had engaged it to the Emperor, and not to a Ministry which was regarded as illegitimate by the Courts of Europe. Prince Gortschakoff had proposed to offer his mediation in order to obtain a revision of the Treaty of Paris; but after the Revolution had isolated France entirely, his mediation had become impossible. The Court and the high personages of Russia could look with no favour upon a country in which the Pole Berezowsky, who had attempted to assassinate the Czar, and the lawyer M. Floquet, who had insulted him, were persons of distinction.

M. Jules Favre, the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the new Government, knew nothing of this promise, or of the relations of the Imperial Cabinet with the Russian Government, for he says: "A rapid examination was sufficient to convince me not only that we had no alliance—this I already knew—but that our diplomacy had never made a serious effort to obtain one." [1]

The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne had, of course,

[1] "Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale," par M. Jules Favre, p. 1.

not believed himself to be justified in communicating the Cabinet secrets of the Empire to his Republican successor; but if M. Jules Favre had not been satisfied with "a rapid examination," as he calls it, he might have easily discovered the actual state of things. This knowledge, however, would not have been of any use to him, since, for the reasons above given, the foreign Cabinets had ceased to take an interest in the fortunes of France from the moment of the proclamation of the Republic.[1]

The very last despatch which was received at the Tuileries (on September 4th) came from General Fleury in reply to a communication from the Regent sent after the capitulation of Sedan, inquiring to what extent the Czar was disposed to intervene. In this despatch General Fleury said the Czar was disposed to advise Prussia to end the war.

Inasmuch as the mind of the Empress had been occupied for many days with but one thought—so far as France was concerned—namely, how to limit the consequences of the military disasters, from the very moment she arrived in England she set to work to follow up the negotiations she had opened with the Russian Court.

[1] The understanding between France, Austria, and Italy was such, immediately preceding the declaration of war, in 1870, that the Emperor told General Lebrun he considered the alliance with Italy as certain, and that with Austria as morally, if not materially, assured. In fact, as late as the middle of June, 1870, the Archduke Albert submitted to the Emperor a minutely detailed plan of military operations, to be carried out conjointly by France, Austria, and Italy on German territory—the case arising. Cf. General Lebrun's "Souvenirs Militaires," Paris, E. Dentu, 1895.

It would not have been astonishing had the Imperial family wished to see France punished for the behaviour of the people towards their sovereign; but Napoleon III. and his noble consort loved their country more than their throne, and were grieved, rather than incited to feelings of animosity, by the acts which the people had committed.

I was with her Majesty every day at this time, and her political opinions and purposes were freely declared and discussed, and were no secret to any one in her immediate *entourage.*

As it happened, General Fleury, notwithstanding the events in Paris, had remained in St. Petersburg, and was so well liked at the Russian Court that his influence survived his official position and his government. Accordingly, on her arrival at Hastings, among the first despatches sent by the Empress was one to General Fleury, urging him not to cease his efforts to obtain an honourable peace. And when her Majesty was informed of the suspicion and hostility with which the Republic was regarded at the European courts, and was told that the personal intervention of the Czar was now scarcely to be expected, she wrote to the Emperor Alexander a letter, in which she asked him not to change his policy in regard to France on account of the Revolution.

"If I have correctly understood the reports of our ambassador," the Empress wrote, on September 13th, from Hastings, "your Majesty has, *à priori*, decided against the dismemberment of France. Fate has been hard to us. The Emperor is a prisoner, and calumniated. Another Government has taken up the task

which we had thought it our duty to fulfil. I supplicate your Majesty to use your influence in order to make it possible that an honourable and durable peace may be concluded when the moment shall arrive. May France, whatever its government, always be able to count upon the same sentiments which your Majesty has had for our own during these hard trials."

While the Empress thus, with noble self-denial, was willing to assist the Revolutionary party, if only the country could be spared, the new Government acted in just the opposite manner. Instead of avoiding all that could possibly compromise the future of France, thinking only of how their acts could be extenuated, they loudly calumniated the Empire and exalted themselves. It would be difficult to imagine anything more injudicious and undiplomatic than the declamatory circular issued on September 6th by M. Jules Favre, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and addressed by him to the diplomatic representatives of France in foreign countries. It was a pæan of victory over "Napoleon III. and his dynasty," a defiance to Germany, and a menace to the established institutions of Europe. "*Voilà, monsieur, ce que l'Europe doit savoir!*" cried out Favre at the close of this precious document. He wished it to be understood that the authority was in new hands.

When the Emperor Alexander received from her Majesty the letter here referred to, he expressed to her his regret that circumstances had changed the situation of things. This answer of the Russian Emperor showed that he was not willing to assist the Republic. Her Majesty, however, instead of resting

satisfied with what she had done, or even becoming discouraged by the reply of the Czar, decided to use her influence once more in favour of her country through General Fleury. Having heard that M. Jules Favre had appealed to the foreign powers in order to obtain through their assistance an interview with Count Bismarck, she wrote to General Fleury requesting him to intercede before the Czar in behalf of the Republican Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Ambassador, in obedience to her Majesty, immediately complied with her wishes, and did everything in his power to counteract the unfavourable impression which the Republican Government had produced by its first public acts. Since every one knew that M. Fleury was one of the earliest and most devoted friends of the Emperor, and was strongly attached to the Imperial family, his efforts in behalf of Jules Favre and his colleagues could not be misinterpreted, and therefore had the desired effect. The Government of St. Petersburg consequently advised the Prussian Government to enter into negotiations with the Republican representative, and the famous interview between Bismarck and Jules Favre at Ferrières took place.

Her Majesty's appeals in behalf of France were, however, not addressed to the Czar of Russia alone. She wrote also to the Emperor of Austria and to the Queen of England, begging them to intervene; but in vain. Indeed, her unremitting efforts to obtain for France an honourable peace were not only known at the time in all the chancelleries of Europe, but were of such signal service that the Government of the

National Defence were compelled to recognise them, and, singular as it may seem, even instructed Monsieur Tissot, their representative at the Court of St. James's to convey to the Empress Eugénie their thanks "*très respectueusement.*"

But the interview at Ferrières, unfortunately for France, led to no result. And no satisfactory result was expected by the German Chancellor from an interview with M. Favre, or any other representative of the Government of the National Defence, at that time. This was the reason why the Regent was invited insidiously, and more directly, to take a part in the negotiations with Prussia. But history must always give her the credit which is her due, that she used all that remained of her power in the interest and for the welfare of her country; that neither by the bitterness of her misfortune, nor the feeling of its injustice, nor by the desire to recover the throne for her husband or her son, was she induced to sacrifice her patriotism or her sense of the Imperial dignity. Her conduct at this critical moment, as we shall see, was inspired by the most generous self-renunciation. Even in her greatest humiliation she still behaved nobly and like a sovereign.

The Revolution of September 4th, as we know from the conversation between Count Bismarck and General Wimpfen, was not a surprise to the German Chancellor. He had foreseen it. The success of Prussia was complete; and the great Minister of King William had a good right to congratulate himself that the French themselves had assisted him,

though perhaps unintentionally, in his plans. The Germans all recognised this fact. On September 8th the well-known Bavarian paper, the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, said: "How he must laugh in his sleeve, the great diplomatist who now wears the helmet of a cuirassier, when he sees the change which the planting of the first Liberty Tree in Paris has produced in the sentiments of Europe!"

The Revolution in Paris, although it was on the whole favourable to the development of Count Bismarck's plans, was nevertheless somewhat embarrassing. Bismarck wished peace; but in order to conclude it, he needed a government in France that would be strong enough to accept the heavy concessions which he had determined to demand, and that at the same time would be lasting enough to assure the payment of the enormous retributive contribution which he intended to impose upon the country. Now, the gentlemen of the National Defence could not contract engagements in the name of France, because their Government had never been sanctioned by the French people; while the Regent, although *de jure* entitled to sign a treaty of peace, was *de facto* powerless to have her signature recognised. The German "diplomatist," however, had to choose between the one or the other of the two governments; but before deciding for either, he commenced negotiations with both.

On September 11th Count Bismarck began to execute his projects. On that day he caused a note to be inserted in the *Indépendant Rémois*, insinuating that the Prussian Government would not be able to

treat with the Republican Government of the National Defence. This note contained the following passage: "The German Governments have hitherto not recognised any government in France except that of the Emperor Napoleon; and in their eyes, up to the present moment the Imperial Government is the only one which is authorised to enter into negotiations of an international character. . . . They could treat with the Emperor Napoleon, or with the Regency instituted by him; they could enter into communications with Marshal Bazaine, who holds command from the Emperor; but it is impossible to comprehend under what title the German Governments could treat with a power which represents only a part of the left wing of the former Chamber of Deputies."

Two days later, when the German Chancellor received a communication through the Prussian Ambassador in London, stating that M. Jules Favre desired to have an interview with him, he at once sent to Count von Bernstorff an answer containing this passage: "I said in my last telegram that you could accept all kinds of overtures on the part of the Queen of England, but that you could not attach to such overtures as may come from the Government which at present actually exists in Paris the same importance which an overture would have when made by the Government of France. The Government of Paris has not been recognised by the nation, and the Emperor Napoleon is, for foreign Powers, the only depositary of sovereignty."

This despatch was communicated to M. Thiers, who had just arrived in London, and through him was

sent to the Government of the National Defence, to which it gave great inquietude. It reached Hastings also, undoubtedly, through the agency of the English Foreign Office; but it did not have the effect of causing the Empress to intimate even that, in the existing circumstances, she would be willing to reassume the responsibilities of sovereignty.

The Regent did not abandon the passive rôle which she had imposed upon herself on the 4th of September. She was true to what she had then said; were she to fall, she wished to do so without encumbering the defence. For this reason she had not protested against the Revolution, either before the French people or to the foreign Powers. This also was the attitude of the Emperor himself. He had refused at Sedan to negotiate for peace, declaring that, from the moment he was a prisoner, it was not his business to do so. This right, he said, belonged to the Regent. And after the fall of his Government he refused still more decidedly to take part in any negotiations. He might have done so if by his own personal influence he could have procured for his country certain conditions of peace, as, for instance, a guarantee that no part of the French territory should be sacrificed; but this, of course, was not to be hoped for from the Prussian Government. Such being the situation, it could be foreseen that the negotiations for peace would probably, at last, have to be entered into and conducted with the Republicans.

CHAPTER XVI

INTRIGUES AND MORE DIPLOMACY

The mysterious M. Régnier—His interviews with Bismarck—The situation at Metz—M. Régnier is received by Marshal Bazaine—General Bourbaki leaves for Chislehurst—The Empress is astonished—She tries once more to obtain peace on favourable terms—She writes to her friend, Francis Joseph—The memorandum of the Emperor—General Boyer is sent to the German headquarters—His interviews with Count Bismarck—The French army makes no *pronunciamentos*—A council of war at Metz—"The only means of salvation"—General Boyer goes to Chislehurst—The Council at Camden Place—The Empress declares that she will never sign a treaty of peace in ignorance of its terms—Her letter to General Boyer—A lesson never forgotten—The Alliance with Italy—The political ideas and sympathies of the Empress—An interesting incident—Her letters to the Emperor, written in October, 1869—A letter written in October, 1896—Justice will be done.

ON the 12th of September a man named Régnier, who had never occupied any public position in France, and who had no known relations in the political world, wrote to a person at Hastings, submitting to him a project for the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty upon a special basis, the most important points of which were the conclusion of peace, the return of the Regent to France, and the

reunion of the Legislative Body under the protection of the army of Metz. Receiving no answer to his letter, on the 14th, two days later, Régnier came to Hastings and asked for an audience before the Empress. When, however, the Empress refused to see him, he exposed his views to a friend of her Majesty, trying by this means to secure favourable notice and the adoption of his plans. The friend in question told him that he was convinced that all efforts to induce her Majesty to consider this scheme would be in vain. Nevertheless M. Régnier returned the next day, and strenuously insisted upon seeing the Regent. "Her inaction," said he, "is a great mistake; no time should be lost. I, or somebody else, ought to have been since yesterday in personal communication with Count Bismarck, not officially, but confidentially and secretly."

Receiving another refusal, M. Régnier said he would go to Wilhelmshöhe and offer his services to the Emperor. But fearing he might find it difficult to obtain access to the distinguished prisoner, he waited for an opportunity to approach the Prince Imperial. On meeting his Highness one day when walking with his tutor, M. Filon, Régnier accosted them, and saying he was about to leave for Wilhelmshöhe, remarked, apparently in a casual way—as he had at the time some photographs in his hand—"If the Prince would like to send a souvenir of Hastings to the Emperor, he has only to put his name on one of these photographs, and I will see that the Emperor gets it." M. Filon consenting, as the matter seemed to him of little importance, the Prince Imperial wrote

under one of the photographs: "My dear Papa; I send you some views of Hastings. I hope they will please you." And he affixed his signature to these words.

As soon as M. Régnier had obtained this signature he departed, not for Wilhelmshöhe, but for Ferrières, where, on the very day of his arrival—September 19th—the interview between Count Bismarck and Jules Favre took place. Whoever M. Régnier may have been, whether a Prussian agent or a French adventurer, whom the Prussian authorities took for an agent of the Empress, one thing is certain, that, having in his possession a passport obtained at the Prussian Embassy in London, he passed without difficulty through the German lines, and was admitted, the very moment of his arrival at Ferrières, into the presence of the German Chancellor. Count Bismarck listened to M. Régnier's plan for the restoration of the Empire, and granted him, at his request, *a laissez passer*, enabling him to travel with safety through the territory occupied by the German armies. The photographs, however, he retained; and a few moments later he showed them to M. Jules Favre, in order to impress upon him the fact that negotiations were going on between himself and the Empress.

On the evening of the day following the fruitless interview between Jules Favre and Bismarck, the German Chancellor gave another audience to M. Régnier. The latter then suggested that, instead of going to Wilhelmshöhe, it might be best for him to go to Metz, in order to induce Marshal Bazaine to accept his plan for a restoration of the Empire. Count Bismarck approved of this idea; and M.

Régnier departed, furnished with the necessary passes, for Metz. On the 23rd he arrived at the headquarters of the German army, and was received by Prince Frederick Charles, who had been prepared by a telegram from Count Bismarck announcing Régnier's arrival. In the evening M. Régnier continued his journey, and entered within the fortifications of the beleaguered city.

After the battle of Saint Privat, Marshal Bazaine decided that it would be the wisest thing for his army to remain inside the fortifications of Metz; and this decision had been taken after consulting with all the corps commanders. These military chiefs, at the council of war held August 26th in the Castle of Grimont, declared that it would be impossible for the army to leave Metz without incurring the risk of a total defeat. Nevertheless, as soon as the news arrived of the movement of Marshal MacMahon's forces in the direction of Metz, an attempt was made to effect a junction with his army. On the evening of August 30th Marshal Bazaine marched in the direction of Thionville, and a hard fight took place between the French and the German troops, lasting until late in the night. The next morning it was renewed, but the Prussians remained victorious, for during the night they had obtained reinforcements. This was the last great battle in which the army of Metz was engaged. On the 7th of September Marshal Bazaine heard of the disaster at Sedan, and a few days later of the Revolution in Paris. M. Debaine, a prisoner who had escaped from the German outposts, brought into Metz papers describing the situation in France and

the events which had recently taken place. The Marshal, greatly moved by this news, addressed himself to Prince Frederick Charles, begging of him information regarding the real condition of the country. The Prince answered him on September 16th, closing his letter with a phrase which was a direct invitation to begin negotiations. The words were: "Furthermore, your Excellency will find me ready and authorised to send to him all the information that he may desire."[1] These words were soon afterward confirmed by the arrival of a copy of the *Indépendant Rémois* of the 11th, containing the communication previously quoted. There could be no doubt that the Prussians wished to negotiate with the army of Metz. This, of course, made a great impression upon the Marshal, for his army was already reduced to eating the cavalry horses, and before the end of October there would be no provisions of any kind left. Besides, there was no hope of breaking through the lines of the enemy, at least as far as Marshal Bazaine was able to judge from his point of view.

Thus matters stood at the moment of the arrival of M. Régnier. An agent coming from the Regent might be, possibly, a messenger bringing salvation to the army. Moreover, an order from the Empress would divest the Marshal of the necessity for treating on his own account. This may explain the benevolent reception which the Commander-in-Chief extended to an individual who was not known to any one in the city, and the imprudence with which he entrusted to

[1] "L'Armée du Rhin," par le Maréchal Bazaine, p. 119.

him information concerning the actual condition of his army. Besides, the facility with which M. Régnier had been able to pass through the Prussian lines gave an appearance of truth to his pretended mission. The interview lasted a long time. M. Régnier spoke of his negotiations with Count Bismarck; of the ruin that must follow a continuation of the war; of the desirability of an armistice; of the important rôle which the army of Metz was called upon to play; of the necessity of sending either Marshal Canrobert or General Bourbaki to the Regent, in order to explain to her the perilous state of the army in Metz, and to induce her to sign a treaty of peace. The Marshal answered that it was, of course, to the interest of France to make peace; and that if the army were permitted to leave Metz, it would surely be able to maintain order in the interior, and to enforce the terms of peace which should be agreed upon. As a sign of his readiness to act upon the suggestions of Régnier, he consented to place his signature beside that of the Prince Imperial, at the foot of the photograph which Régnier had again in his possession.

M. Régnier returned the next day to the Prussian headquarters, where Prince Frederick Charles showed him two telegrams which he had received from Count Bismarck announcing that Jules Favre had rejected the conditions on which alone the King was willing to consent to an armistice. The Prince then said that he would authorise a French general to leave Metz in order to go to England and confer with the Regent. M. Régnier went back immediately to report this

news to Marshal Bazaine. Thereupon it was decided that General Bourbaki should depart for Chislehurst; and that same evening the General left Metz disguised as a physician.[1]

Two or three days later (September 27th) General Bourbaki arrived at Camden Place. While *en route*, having learned the situation of things in France, brought about by the Revolution, and seeing that, in fact, he held no commission to act from any one in authority, he began to feel embarrassed. His surprise can be imagined when, on presenting himself before the Empress, she expressed her astonishment that he should be in England, and informed him that she had not requested him to leave Metz; that she knew nothing whatsoever of M. Régnier's plans, and that she did not remember to have ever before even heard his name.

The scene that followed was most distressing. The Empress could not conceal her indignation on discovering that she had been made, unbeknown to her, the principal in a miserable intrigue. And General Bourbaki, when he found that he had been basely duped, was so overcome with anger and mortification as to be quite beside himself. All he could say for several minutes was: "I want to go back! Why have I been sent here? I want to go back! I want to go back!"

Although the Empress had not been at all implicated in the machinations by which General Bourbaki had been induced to leave Metz, she was greatly pained by the information which the General gave

[1] "Procés Bazaine." "Quel est votre nom?" Par M. Régnier.

her with regard to the situation and condition of the army shut up in that stronghold.

It was impossible for her to interfere directly with the course of things, but she resolved once more to use her influence with the foreign Powers to induce them to advise the Prussian King to make the conditions of peace moderate. It was under these circumstances, and for this purpose, that she wrote, September 28th, to her friend, Francis Joseph.

"Misfortunes," she said in this letter, "have been poured down upon us, Sire. The Emperor, being a prisoner, can at this moment do nothing for his country. But I, having been obliged to leave France against my own will, cannot remain silent in the midst of so much sorrow and ruin. I believe that, in addressing myself to your Majesty, your Majesty will understand that my only care is for France; that for it alone my heart is greatly moved, and that for it alone I pray. I hope your Majesty will employ your influence to protect my country against humiliating demands, and to obtain for it a peace by which the integrity of its territory shall be respected."

M. Régnier's rôle was finished from the moment the Empress refused his mediation. As he was unable to show any regular credentials, the Germans now declined to listen to his propositions, and he disappeared from the stage where for a brief time he had figured.[1]

[1] It has never been quite clear for whom this man Régnier was acting. There is good reason, however, for believing the statement made by General Boyer before the Parliamentary Commission appointed to inquire into the acts of the Government of the National Defence. It is as follows:

Nevertheless, Count Bismarck had not yet given up the hope of coming to an understanding with the Imperial party, and he therefore addressed himself to Napoleon III. The Emperor had not directly refused to enter into preliminary negotiations ; he would have consented to do this could only a basis favourable to France have been obtained. On September 27th he had sent General Castelnau to the headquarters of the King of Prussia with a memorandum in which he suggested that since, in his opinion, the struggle between France and Germany could never come to an end except through the total destruction of one of the two adversaries, or through their honest and loyal reconciliation guaranteed by the dismantlement of the fortifications (which would then become unnecessary), such a reconciliation was most earnestly to be desired. Count Bismarck, however, considered the military situation as too favourable to Germany to accept the Emperor's proposition. While intimating that, the day after the capitulation of Sedan, he might have been satisfied with a heavy indemnity and the dismantlement of the fortifications, now, after the siege of Paris had commenced, and the siege of Strasburg and the investment of Metz were approaching an end,

"M. Régnier was certainly a Prussian agent acting in accord with the Russian Government. The two Governments in question had come to an understanding to make use of Régnier for the purpose of obtaining a treaty from the Government of the Empress Regent, Prussia not wishing to treat with the Government of the National Defence, and Russia not being willing to employ its good offices on any other than monarchical grounds. Russia had no wish to give its aid to a Revolutionary Government."—"Enquête Parlementaire," tome iv. p. 253.

the Chancellor demanded a concession of territory as a *sine quâ non.*

The situation of the troops in Metz became from day to day more critical. A council of war decided, on the 10th of October, to parley with the enemy in order to obtain for the army honourable conditions of capitulation; but in case the Germans were to impose terms incompatible with sentiments of honour and military duty, salvation was to be sought on the battle-field. General Boyer, an aide-de-camp of Marshal Bazaine, was then sent to the German headquarters to ascertain under what conditions the army could leave Metz. This envoy of the Marshal arrived on the 14th at Versailles, where Count Bismarck informed him that if simply a military capitulation was intended, and not peace, General von Moltke was resolved to impose upon the army in Metz terms exactly like those required at Sedan.

When General Boyer protested against this, declaring that the army in Metz would never accept such conditions, Count Bismarck added, "Perhaps I can suggest some political considerations to the King and his Council;" and, taking the General aside, the Chancellor explained to him that, in his opinion, the moment for peace had arrived, and that Germany desired peace quite as much as France. "But in order to make peace," he continued, "we must have a serious and strong government to treat with, one which can guarantee it. The King cannot treat with the Government of the National Defence, which has been unable to conceal from him its dangerous

designs. He is absolutely decided not to treat with the Government of Paris, and still less with that of Tours. I can, besides, assure you that the German Government is not hostile to the Imperial dynasty, and that it is not hostile to the Imperial form of government; on the contrary, it even believes that this form of government is most suitable to the French people. And," he remarked, "the King is personally in favour of a restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty in the person of the Prince Imperial, and under the Regency of the Empress, the Council to be presided over by a Marshal of France. Nevertheless, we do not wish to again commit the fault which we committed in 1815, that of imposing a government upon France; she must choose one for herself, or at least she must sanction one."

Then the German statesman vividly described to General Boyer what the interior situation of France had been since September 4th; and he insisted particularly on the impotency of the French army in the provinces. He showed that the army of Metz, after leaving the fortifications, could place itself at the disposal of the Legislative Body, and re-establish order and regular government. "But," he remarked, "the King will not set free the army of Metz until peace is assured. It is therefore necessary that the Regent should sign the Treaty of Peace; and in order that her signature may be of value, it is also necessary that the army of Metz should promise to sustain the Imperial Government. What is the feeling of the army towards the Empire?" then asked the Chancellor.

General Boyer said that the army had not recognised the Government of the National Defence, which had hitherto not communicated with it; that, moreover, the army had taken the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, and that it would remain faithful to this oath. Such an assurance, however, seemed to the Chancellor insufficient, and he expressed a desire that the army should make a public manifestation in favour of the Regent. This would have been a veritable *pronunciamento*, and General Boyer energetically refused to consent to it. Count Bismarck replied: "A manifestation of the army is, however, indispensable, for the Empress will not engage herself in negotiations if she is not sure that she will be upheld by the army in what she does. You will have to obtain from her Majesty the signature of the preliminaries of peace, and under these conditions you can depart with the honours of war, taking along your arms, your cannons, and your *matériel;* and Metz will remain free and will be her own mistress, so that she can defend herself with the means at her disposal. With these conditions," said Count Bismarck, "I shall perhaps be able to persuade the King not to insist upon the surrender of Metz."

The next day the Count again met the French General, and he informed him that King William was willing to treat with the Regent, and without demanding the surrender of Metz. "Go, therefore," the Chancellor said, "and obtain from the Empress the signature of the preliminaries, and from the army the promise to make a public declaration of a firm intention to follow the Empress. Then you will have

what I told you yesterday—the army will retreat with the honours of war, taking along with it its cannons and flags. But it is clearly understood that it is to the Regent that you are to address yourself; for she is the only person that still exists, the only one with whom I can treat."

General Boyer repeated what he had said the evening before—that the French army makes no *pronunciamentos;* but he expressed a wish to know what conditions of peace would be offered to the Regent.

Count Bismarck refused to reveal these to anybody except to the Empress herself, or to some one invested with power to act in her name.

On October 17th General Boyer brought to Metz the *ultimatum* of Count Bismarck. A council of war was called together the next morning to consider whether the negotiations should be continued; but the thought of provoking a public manifestation of the army in favour of the Empire met with strong opposition. Nevertheless, as it was necessary to know whether the troops could be counted upon, it was decided to interrogate the colonels with regard to the sentiments of the officers. In the evening a second meeting took place, and Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf, and Generals Froissart and Desvaux, reported that all the officers would follow them, and that the army could be counted upon. With respect to the expediency of sending an officer to the Regent for the purpose of inducing her to negotiate a treaty, the views were greatly divided, some members of the council having a repugnance to enter into political

combinations, the others declaring it impossible to have recourse to arms. Finally, General Changarnier's opinion carried the day; and it was recognised by the council of war "that the only means of salvation, not only for the army but also for France, was to rally openly around the Government of the Regent." [1]

It was then decided that permission should be obtained from Prince Frederick Charles to send an officer to the Empress. And on this permission being granted, to General Boyer was entrusted the mission of explaining to her Majesty the situation at Metz, and soliciting her assistance in order to save the army."

General Boyer arrived at Chislehurst, October 22nd. He told the Regent that he considered the army at Metz as lost, if some arrangement were not made with the enemy very soon; that when he left Metz there were but two days' rations remaining, and that the last ration of bread had already been eaten. He said to her Majesty that the Government would be re-established in a regular manner through the agency of the Legislative Body, the Senate, and the Ministerial Representatives of the Government, if they could be convoked—that the Legislative Body, which had been dispersed by the mob on the 4th of September, should resume its sessions seemed most natural—or that an appeal should be made to the people. He endeavoured to impress it upon the mind of her Majesty that she alone could solve the difficulty by hastening to accept the propositions made by Count Bismarck; and that if she consented to do this, she could count upon the

[1] "Enquête Parlementaire," tome iv. p. 250.

concurrence of her troops. He told her, furthermore, that he, General Boyer, was charged by Marshal Bazaine and the other general officers to make this announcement.

The Regent understood that she could not refuse her intervention at so critical a moment. But before binding herself to negotiate a treaty, she wished to ascertain what conditions Count Bismarck would stipulate ; for she was afraid of sacrificing the interests of the country in attempting to save the army. She therefore telegraphed at once to Count Bismarck, in order to show that she was willing to negotiate, and, without saying anything of her further intentions, requested for the army of Metz an armistice of fourteen days, with permission meanwhile to procure provisions. At the same time, she asked for the preliminary conditions of peace which he would propose.

In the afternoon her Majesty called together at Camden Place a council consisting of MM. Rouher, La Valette, Chevreau, Jérôme David, the Duke de Persigny, and Prince Napoleon. To this council General Boyer also was admitted. Here he once more repeated what he had said in the forenoon, urging her Majesty to come to a definite decision, and emphatically maintaining that, if the delay should be prolonged, the army of Metz would be forced to lay down its arms. Her Majesty answered that she would use her influence in behalf of peace, but that she could not act before she had ascertained what preliminary conditions would be imposed.

What these terms would be General Boyer either

would not or could not tell her. He said that he did not know; that Count Bismarck had not informed him; that his mission to Versailles was not political, but military—undertaken for the purpose of saving the army. At last he said, "No matter how exorbitant, you must accept them and sign them." On hearing these words, the Empress was greatly shocked.

And then she writes a last despatch to King William, in which she appeals to his "kingly heart," to his "generosity as a soldier," and begs of him to grant her request made in the telegram addressed to Count Bismarck. But the King is dumb.

Neither could the Empress obtain any information upon the subject from the Prussian Ambassador to London. In an interview Count Bernstorff had with her on the 25th, he would only go so far as to say that the German Chancellor would give to the Regent much more favourable conditions than to either of the existing Governments. He admitted that he knew the conditions—that some cession of territory would probably be required—but finally closed the conversation by referring her to General Boyer.

Most anxious to ascertain what the preliminary conditions might be, the Empress now telegraphed to the Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe, asking him if he knew anything about them. But the answer she received threw no light upon the subject of her inquiry.

It was certain that the terms which Count Bismarck had determined to exact were hard. Hard as they might be, nevertheless it might have been the duty of the Empress to accept them. This she fully recog-

nised at the time, and frankly admitted when speaking to me on this subject not long ago. But what made it absolutely impossible for her Majesty to think of accepting them—of putting her name to the proposed preliminary treaty—was that, to all intents and purposes, it was only the blank form of a treaty that was to be presented to her for her signature, the important clauses of which were to be filled in subsequently by the German Chancellor at his own good pleasure. This humiliation the Empress would not submit to, and she declared, furthermore, that she would never take such a responsibility upon herself as to engage in negotiations with the German Chancellor without seeing clearly their end and purpose, that she was too much of a Frenchwoman, and too sincerely attached to France, to do so; and that in case the conditions could not be laid before her in the most exact form, and the thought of a cession of French territory should not be given up entirely, she would not treat with the King of Prussia, even to prevent the surrender of the army.

Thus the mission of General Boyer failed, and five days later, on October 27th, the army of Metz capitulated.

To the letter in which General Boyer announced to the Empress the surrender of the army of Marshal Bazaine and the fortress of Metz she replied:

"I have just received your letter. Stunned as I am by the painful news, I can only express to you my admiration for this valiant army and its chiefs. Overwhelmed by numbers, but faithful guardians of the glory and the honour of our unhappy country, they

have preserved intact the traditions of our ancient legions. You know the efforts I have made, and my inability, to avert a fate that I would willingly have spared them at the sacrifice of my most cherished hopes. . . .

"When you rejoin your companions-in-arms tell them that they have been the hope, the pride, and the sorrow of one who is an exile, like themselves."

Most of the facts here set forth referring to these political intrigues are now matters of common history. At the time the events occurred, however, they were known to only a few persons—to the parties directly concerned, or to those living in close connection with them. But the feeling of the Empress and of the Emperor with regard to the several attempts of the German Chancellor to induce them to consent to a disgraceful peace, and to the dismemberment of France, for the sake of the Empire and the dynasty, can never be fully understood or appreciated, except by those persons whose privilege it was to hear from their own lips the words of noble disdain with which those Grecian gifts were repudiated and refused.[1]

On the 28th of September, 1840, when on trial before the Chamber of Peers at the Palace of the Luxembourg on account of the Boulogne affair, Prince Louis Napoleon, in the speech he made in his own defence, said: "The Emperor, my uncle,

[1] "Depuis que je suis en Angleterre j'ai constaté dans l'esprit de Sa Majesté le même sentiment invincible, celui de l'impossibilité pour un Napoléon d'apposer sa signature sur un Traité de paix stipulant la mutilation du territoire."—See letter of M. E. Rouher to M. Granier de Cassagnac. "Souvenirs du Second Empire," par M. Granier de Cassagnac.

preferred rather to abdicate the Empire than to accept through treaties such restricted frontiers as would result in compelling France to submit to the contempt and the threats that are offered to her by the foreigner at the present time. Not for a single day have I breathed forgetful of this lesson."

Probably these words, when they were uttered, were not noticed, or were only received with a derisive smile, but they have now a singular significance. They were not vain words; they were imperious and far-reaching. The Pretender of 1840 was Emperor in 1870, but still carried in his soul the lesson of his uncle; and the lesson is, that the Empire cannot exist in a dismembered, degraded, and decadent France.

Those writers who have attributed the Franco-German War to the political influence of the Empress, and have even ascribed to her a desire to seize the reins of government, have been much more anxious to find reasons to justify their personal animosities or their political conduct than to contribute to the truth of history; they certainly show how little they really knew of her character, or of that of the Emperor, or of the men and the influences that directed the policy of the Imperial Government.

It has often been said that the alliance with Italy could have been promptly made in July, 1870, had not French diplomacy at this time been blinded by religious prejudices and controlled by clerical considerations—in a word, but for the violent opposition of the Empress to one of the conditions of the alliance.

It is true there was but one obstacle that stood in the way of an immediate understanding between the two Governments with respect to the proposed compact. This was the price that Italy asked—which was the occupation of Rome. That the French Government should have hesitated, in fact, should have refused to concede this, as a condition precedent to an offensive alliance, can surprise no one who has respect for the obligations of treaties or who understands the depth and power of religious feeling in France, especially in social and military circles.

"France cannot," said the Duke de Gramont, "defend its honour on the Rhine and sacrifice it on the Tiber;" and again, when General Türr wrote to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, in July, saying, "Italy will not enter into an alliance with France until Rouher's '*jamais*' has been repudiated," M. de Gramont, in a despatch to the French Minister at Vienna, La Tour d'Auvergne, said: "Tell Türr that I have received his letter, but that it is impossible for us to do the least thing for Rome." And a few days later (July 27th), in a despatch to La Tour d'Auvergne, referring to this idea of securing an ally by despoiling the Pope of his temporal possessions, he said: "There would burst out in France a cry of indignation that would stigmatise us. The proceeding would be more keenly resented by our people than the conduct of the Prussian Government."

The position taken by the Imperial Government was that if Italy was unwilling to march, except on the condition above referred to, her co-operation was not to be desired. And no other position, at the

moment, was possible. There was in this decision of the Imperial Government no question of the personal religious predilections and sentiments of the Empress or of any one connected with the Government. In fact, M. Émile Ollivier wrote to the Emperor, saying: "Your Majesty knows that I am not a partisan of the temporal power of the Pope—but no alliance is worth a breach of good faith." The Imperial Government merely recognised what was then plain to the simplest understanding, that it would be folly to obtain the co-operation of Italy by an act that would immediately alienate from it the support of a large and influential part of the French people, without whose assistance the army was foredoomed to defeat and the Government itself to destruction in the impending conflict. French diplomacy in this matter was not directed by the personal feelings of any individual having in view ecclesiastical interests, but by common sense and in the interest of the whole French nation.

Nor was it necessary that the Regent should yield on the Roman question—Italy would have soon joined with France had not events moved with such surprising rapidity—had not the first news from the seat of war put a stop to all further negotiations.[1]

[1] In the afternoon of the 8th of August, 1870, while visiting my aunt, Mrs. George P. Marsh, the wife of the American Minister to Italy, who was then spending a few days in Paris, at the Hôtel Vouillemont, the Chevalier Nigra, the Italian Ambassador to the Imperial Court, called to see this lady, whom he had known for many years as a sympathetic friend of the cause of United Italy. The report of the French reverses at Froeschwiller and Forbach had just reached Paris; and the war, of course, was the subject uppermost in the

The Empress rarely, if ever, presumed to take anything more than a sentimental interest in questions of international politics—affairs always of deep study and concern with the Emperor. Not but that she was always greatly interested in questions that related to the general welfare of the Empire, and was able to grasp their content and was quick to perceive its significance, and could discuss with intelligence and eloquence the policy of the Government, or of its adversaries, whether domestic or foreign. But her political opinions, however strong her feelings, were seldom expressed under a sense of responsibility; this she was willing to leave with the Emperor and his Ministers.

The Empress occupied herself with domestic concerns rather than with foreign affairs, and the exterior policies of the Government and party politics interested her very much less than political economy, or the

minds of all. After a few words of greeting and inquiries about mutual friends in Florence and Turin—"Now," said my aunt, addressing Signor Nigra, "do tell us something about that alliance—is it ever to be a *fait accompli?*" "*C'est trop tard!*" was the quick reply. The accent and the expressive movement with which the utterance of these short words was accompanied were most significant. It was impossible to mistake the idea they were intended to convey. It was quite unnecessary for the Minister to add, that only an hour before he had received from his chief, Visconti Venosta, the despatch in which he said: "*Malaret lui même semble comprendre notre abstention;*" that if these reverses had not come so quickly—if we could only have had another ten days—the Italian army would have been set in motion, and my King—*il re galantuomo*—would have made a return to the Emperor for the generous services he rendered him in 1859, and which we (Italians) shall never forget.

application of the discoveries of science to useful ends; for she fully believed, with Bentham, that the aim and the justification of a Government should be "the happiness of the greatest number." She therefore most heartily sympathised and co-operated with the Emperor in all his plans for the uplifting of the poor, and especially of the artisan classes. The strong desire her Majesty still has, as she has always had, to level things up, I could not more aptly illustrate than by recounting a little incident that occurred not long ago at Farnborough. One day, after reference had been made to the immense fortunes of the few and the penury of the many, the Empress remarked: "Under existing social conditions, no matter how much our knowledge and control over the forces of nature are increased, the result seems only to increase the startling inequalities in the distribution of the earnings of labour, and to multiply and intensify class distinctions. Is a remedy for this state of things never going to be found? And if not, what must be the consequences?"

As it was not very easy to answer these questions, I said: "I once took the liberty, half in jest, to tell the Emperor that his sympathies seemed to me to be socialistic. Whereupon, to my surprise, he frankly admitted that they were. And I think I may infer, from what your Majesty has just said, that your own sympathies have always been, like those of the Emperor, with the masses, and not with the classes. Indeed, your idea of the object of Government would appear to scarcely differ from that of Abraham Lincoln, whose conception of a 'Republic' was 'that

form and substance of government the leading object of which is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all, and to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life.'"

Hesitating for a moment, with a serious expression on her face, and speaking very slowly, the Empress said, "Do you know that the Emperor and I, in our time, were the only real socialists in France?" And then, turning to M. P——, who stood near her, she said, "Is not this true?" And the reply was, "Yes."

As the consort of the Emperor, the Empress was always ready to espouse and defend his public policy, and, it must be admitted, with an ardour that sometimes led her to be more royalist than the King. But to represent and give distinction to the Imperial Government on its social side was the chief object of her life.

As Regent she was the faithful executor of the will of the Emperor and of the policy of her Councillors. When the catastrophe came she stood "like a soldier at his post."

No two persons, in certain respects, could be more unlike than were the Emperor and the Empress. The Emperor would do nothing except after long reflection, and kept his opinions carefully to himself. The Empress, on the other hand, expressed herself on every subject with absolute freedom, and was inclined to act impulsively. She was aware of this herself, and has often been heard to say, after talking freely—too freely, "Don't tell the Emperor what I have said, for I should get a scolding." Her sympathies were strong and her temperament emotional.

The Emperor could occasionally be moved by some new fact to do what he had not proposed to do, but he never permitted himself to be carried away by his feelings, or by the enthusiasm of others.

That the Empress resented with more indignation than the Emperor himself the candidature of Prince Leopold, is doubtless true; and that, when war was declared, she was optimistic, and enthusiastic even, is also true. Why should she not have been? Was she not a woman? Could she witness without emotion the immense wave of patriotic sentiment which then swept over France? Great injustice has been done the Empress by holding her to blame for feelings which she shared with every Frenchman worthy of the name.

The Empress had no personal political ambition. She was only ambitious for her husband and for her son. She was the very reverse of what is called a political woman; she was too sincere, candid, unreserved, and sympathetic for such a rôle. Her moral personality was too distinctly and too strongly pronounced to permit her to play a part in which dissimulation and flexibility are the indispensable conditions of success. She was in all respects a most womanly woman—womanly but not weak, for her powers of physical endurance and her moral courage are alike remarkable—and was very often so directed by the impulses of her heart as to make light of reasons of State even in the most serious circumstances.

Probably few persons remember that, after the condemnation of Orsini and the authors of the massacre

in front of the Opera House, the Empress, touched with pity for her would-be assassins, spared no effort to induce the Emperor to pardon them. In fact, she appealed to every one about her to aid her, until one day the Minister of the Interior, having heard of some new move she had made in order to obtain a reprieve, went to her and said, almost brutally, "Madame, you do not know how much annoyance your silly sentimentalism is causing us. Let us attend to our business, and occupy yourself with your own affairs."

And this reminds me of an incident related by M. Granier de Cassagnac, which is especially interesting as well as pertinent to our subject.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that the asylum offered by the English Government to a number of persons implicated in the Orsini affair, was so resented by the French people that they were for a time disposed to regard it as an unfriendly act, and that the Emperor himself took this matter to heart very seriously.

One evening, having sent for M. de Cassagnac, his Majesty said to him: "I cannot tolerate such a violation of the right of asylum, which should assure the liberty of the individual and of political opinion; but under the cover of which plots against the security of neighbouring countries, and projects for the murder of sovereigns, and those sovereigns allies, should not be permitted. I have dictated to the Empress the outlines of an article on this subject, which we must make up and publish in the form of a pamphlet."

As the Emperor handed the paper to the narrator of the incident the Empress entered the room.

"Monsieur de Cassagnac," said she, "if you take that memorandum, it must be on condition that you return it to me. In the first place, as it was written hastily at the Emperor's dictation, I am not quite sure that it is correctly written. And, furthermore, since I have no constitutional right which authorises me to intervene in public affairs, I do not wish to be accused, should the paper be lost, of having pushed the Emperor into the very ticklish path he is about to enter." And then, laughing, she added: "Should you attach any value to my handwriting, I promise to give you another autograph, which I will make an effort to write with sufficient correctness to defy your criticism."

Looking over the documents which were then submitted to him, M. de Cassagnac remarked: "To say that the right of asylum was intended to protect the opinion of refugees, and not their crimes, is to maintain a doctrine that is incontestable; but should the English Government continue to extend, until it includes assassination, the protection due only to political opinion, the Government of the Emperor cannot be satisfied with the rôle of a professor of morals, even were he in the right. The more reasonable, moderate, and legitimate the concessions demanded by France are, the more necessary it is, it seems to me, to make it plain in the pamphlet, that in the case of a refusal we shall be obliged to consider what measures should be taken."

"Oh, Monsieur de Cassagnac," cried out the Empress with vivacity, "don't push the Emperor into a war, I beg of you!"

The Emperor said nothing.

"Madame," replied M. de Cassagnac, "France should be protected. To maintain its dignity, its security, the future of its institutions, of which the dynasty is a part, is the very first duty of the Government."

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted the Empress; "don't say that. England was our faithful ally in the East. A touch of unreasonableness has for the moment led astray the English mind, ordinarily so just. Good sense and equity will in the end carry the day. But don't push the Emperor into a war!"

Only a few months later the Queen of England and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, were the guests of the Emperor and the Empress in the harbour of Cherbourg. To the cordial welcome extended by the Emperor to his royal visitors Prince Albert responded:

"Your Majesty knows the sentiments of the Queen towards you and the Empress, and I have no occasion to remind you of them. You know also that a good understanding between our two countries is the constant object of her desires, as it is of yours. The Queen is therefore doubly happy to have the opportunity, by her presence here at this time, of allying herself with you, Sire, in the endeavour to strengthen as much as possible the bonds of friendship between the two nations. This friendship is the foundation of their mutual prosperity."

No, the Empress was never a political woman, but always was, and is, a very womanly woman, to whom violence, and war especially, is most repugnant.

That she was not the woman she has been represented to be, anxious to govern, reactionary in her opinions, and opposed in principle to the evolution of the "liberal Empire," but was, on the contrary, in full sympathy with the Emperor in all his generous political ideas and aspirations, and, above and beyond all the rest, a devoted wife and mother, there is abundant evidence.

On the 23rd of October, 1869, at the time when, on account of the violence of the irreconcilable Opposition, the question had been raised of abandoning the liberal Empire and returning to the *régime* of "personal government," the Empress wrote to the Emperor from Cairo, Egypt, as follows:

"I am greatly preoccupied by the turn public opinion has taken with you. God grant that everything may go on tranquilly and wisely, without folly on the one side or a jerk on the other, and that order may be maintained without the use of force; for the day after the *victory* is often difficult—more difficult than the day before it."[1] And again, in a remarkable letter written on the Nile, four days later, in reply to a despatch from the Emperor announcing that the Opposition had abandoned the project of making a great public demonstration in Paris on October 26th, she says:

"I was greatly troubled about the doings of yesterday, and to know that you were in Paris without me; but everything passed off well, as I see by your despatch. . . . I think, *in spite of all*, you should not be discouraged, but should go forward in the way you

[1] "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale."

have inaugurated. It is well to keep faith with respect to the concessions granted; this every one believes and admits. I hope, then, that your speech will be in this sense. The more need there may be of force later on, the more necessary it is to prove to the country that these are ideas, and not *expedients.* I am far away, and quite too ignorant of what has happened since my departure to speak in this way; but I am thoroughly convinced that the orderly progress of ideas is the veritable force. I do not like sudden movements, and I am persuaded that a *coup d'État* cannot be made twice in the same reign. I am talking at random, and preaching to a convert who knows a great deal more about the subject than I do. But I must say something, were it only to prove what you know, that my heart is with you both, and that if, when everything about me is quiet, my vagabond spirit loves to roam about in space, it is close by you both that I love to be in times of disquietude and anxiety. . . . I have no wish to remember anything in my life that may have blighted the bright colours of my illusions, . . . but I live again in my son, and I feel that my real joys are to be those which shall come to my own heart only after they have passed through his heart." [1]

If the Empress ever declared herself in favour of the Franco-German War, it was not from political considerations, but for sentimental reasons, and a natural fondness for heroic solutions. She was at this time free from political responsibilities; when these came, she knew how to act with a prudence

[1] "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale."

and a dignity as remarkable, perhaps, as it may have been unexpected by those who were not aware of the excellent good sense, the instinctive *savoir faire* that lay concealed beneath those superficial and more brilliant qualities for which she had long been so conspicuous and so famous.

But in July, 1870, her Majesty's opinions, whatever they may have been or might have been with respect to the necessity or the expediency of a war with Prussia, could have had but very little weight after Bismarck had audaciously, in the name of his King, "slapped the cheek of France"—after this calculated insult to the Imperial Government and the French people.

The absurdity of attributing to the Empress a desire to perpetuate her Regency must be evident to every one familiar with the facts related in this chapter. And that such a desire would have been an unnatural one, is made sufficiently clear by the whole tenor of her life during the past twenty-five years. Not only has she persistently refused to assume any sort of leadership in contemporary French politics, but, conscious of the rectitude of her official conduct, whether as consort of the Emperor or as Regent, has declined even to attempt to justify herself before the world.

It is only a few weeks since that, having read certain passages in the "Memoirs" of the late General Trochu, recently published, derogatory to the Emperor and the Empress, I sent a letter to the *Gaulois* and a number of the Paris journals, in which I corrected the statements made by General Trochu with respect to two or three matters that came within my own know-

ledge. On my sending to her Majesty a copy of this communication to the Paris Press, with a letter explaining the circumstances of the case and the motives that had led me to write it, I received from her the following answer :—

"FARNBOROUGH HILL, FARNBOROUGH, HANTS,
" *October* 22, 1896.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I am profoundly touched by your letter. I know what your sentiments are, and what they always have been, towards my family.

"I appreciate the motives that have caused you to act—detaching, as you say, an extract from your 'Memoirs'—in the matter of the noise that is being made to-day over the name of General Trochu.

"You will understand also, I hope, that I am quite resolved to reply to nothing, and to contradict nothing, however painful it may be to me. A war of recrimination and justification is repugnant to me. I have faith to believe that to the Emperor first, and to me, perhaps (?), Time will do justice.

"Believe, dear Doctor, in my very kind sentiments,
" EUGÉNIE."

How pathetic that interrogation "perhaps (?)"!

Poor Empress! Yes, Time will do you justice. You have happily already lived to see that your heroism, your self-sacrifice, your sorrows, have secured to you the admiration and sympathy of the world—the world that will soon forget your enemies and all their works, and remember you for centuries to come as one of the most beautiful and sympathetic figures that have sat

upon a throne, as one whose story is the sum of all the romance and tragedy of a woman's life.

And the Emperor—whose favourite saying it was that everything will come to him who knows how to wait—Time will do, is now doing, him justice also.

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly,
> Yet they grind exceeding small."

CHAPTER XVII

THE END OF THE WAR—THE COMMUNE

I return to France—The suffering among the French prisoners—The Clothing Society—I engage in relief work—*Hostes dum vulnerati fratres*—The fellow-feeling produced by suffering shared in common—The end of the war—A National Assembly—The humiliating peace—The Emperor arrives in England—The Sedan of the Government of the National Defence—Mrs. Evans and I visit the Emperor and Empress at Camden Place—The admirable resignation of the Emperor—His interest in the education of the Prince Imperial—Mrs. Evans and I return to Paris—The aspect of the city.

SEEING that, for the moment, I could not be directly of any service to her Majesty, and at the same time recognising that the war, in all probability, would continue for several months at least, I decided to return to France in order to go on with the Ambulance work, which I had been compelled to leave so unexpectedly and suddenly.

Knowing that there would be a want of medical stores and surgical instruments and apparatus in the French hospitals and camps, I bought in London a supply of the things I thought most necessary, and made preparations to take them with me to Metz.

To return to Paris, as I should have preferred to

do, was out of the question. It was not likely that I would be permitted to pass through the German lines then investing the city; and besides, were I allowed to enter it, my usefulness might be greatly hampered on account of the assistance which I had rendered to the Empress; for, during the period immediately following upon the fall of the Empire, party feeling was strong, and the hatred of the Republicans against all persons who had proved to be friends of the Napoleonic family was implacable. Moreover, I knew that under Dr. Crane's supervision the American Ambulance was in good hands. I came to the conclusion, therefore, to look after the armies which were still in the field, and it seemed to me that I could be more useful in Metz than anywhere else.

In order to have no difficulty in passing through the lines of the German troops, I provided myself with letters of introduction and credentials from the highest German civil and military authorities; and although, in a few instances, obstacles were met with, I reached the French outposts safely.

On arriving at Metz, I asked permission to enter the city, stating the purpose, and addressing my request in the regular way to the headquarters; but, to my great disappointment, my request was not granted.

Nevertheless this rebuff did not discourage me. I found in the neighbourhood of Metz, and afterward at Sedan, several hospitals where my medical stores were greatly needed and highly appreciated. But the frightful scenes I witnessed during this my second visit to the Continent moved me greatly, and I de-

cided, until I should be able to return to my home in Paris, to devote all my efforts to ameliorating the condition of those Frenchmen who were prisoners in the enemy's country; some of whom were suffering from their wounds or from diseases, and others from want, resulting from causes I had scarcely thought of, and most of whom were without sufficient clothing of a kind adapted for winter use.

I therefore at once returned to London, and addressed myself to several influential persons, to whom I related my experiences, and whose co-operation I solicited. I told them how much I had been struck by the misery and distress I had seen everywhere among the prisoners who were not upon the sick lists, which resulted from the want of nearly everything, and especially from the need of warm clothing; and I expressed my opinion that, as the weather was already extremely severe, should the winter prove a hard one, thousands of them would succumb to their fate, unless effective measures of relief were promptly taken.

To my great delight, my words found willing ears, and I was enabled to create, with the help of Messrs. Michael Biddulph, Thomas Hankey, W. Gladstone, and Leopold de Rothschild, the so-called "Clothing Society," which, as has been acknowledged by the French Government, and also by the German authorities, rendered a great deal of assistance to the prisoners of war in the camps established in 1870-71 near Cologne, Mayence, Coblenz, and other German cities.

During nearly the whole winter I was occupied

visiting these camps, and I crossed the English Channel several times to take to Germany or to Switzerland the gifts in kind or in money which had been collected in England by our society, distributing them either personally among the prisoners or delivering them to trustworthy persons who had offered me their assistance.

My first trip to the Continent for this purpose was made in January, 1871. I left London on the 18th of that month, and arriving on the 20th at Lille, called upon the Count de Meulan, the president of a local Relief Society. This society was in direct relations with another society, that of the *Chevaliers de Malte*, which was under the presidency of Baron Schönlein, at Cologne, and which had received permission to forward goods coming from England, through France, free of duty and at small expense of carriage, and through Belgium at about half the ordinary charge. M. Longhaye, vice-president of the Lille Society, promised me all the aid in his power, and subsequently rendered me considerable assistance.

I proceeded to Brussels on the 21st, in order to arrange for the transportation of supplies through Belgium. The King himself, when I saw him during my previous trip, and told him of my plans regarding the prisoners, had graciously offered me all the assistance which he should be able to render me in my undertaking; and, inasmuch as there existed also in the Belgian capital an International Society which was doing work for the relief of the prisoners of war, it seemed to me advisable to work in co-operation with it.

Finding that, by this arrangement, an additional number of camps could be looked after, and that many of the old prisoners were being removed to other camps, I decided to dispose of the clothing I had brought with me in favour of the large number of new prisoners who were daily arriving at Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence, and to supply them also with such sums of money as were most urgently required to meet their immediate wants.

The Belgian society having agreed to supply a quantity of wooden shoes to these new prisoners, my attention, on going to Cologne, was first devoted to the distribution among them of warm underclothing. I accordingly gave away there, in the name of our London Society, both personally and through the kind offices of the *Chevaliers de Malte*, a large quantity of drawers, stockings, slippers, and flannel belts, together with one thousand woollen shirts, costing one thaler (three shillings) each. I gave, moreover, to Colonel du Paty de Clam, of the Second Dragoons, who was indicated to me, both by his fellow-officers and the German military authorities, as possessing their entire confidence, the sum of two thousand francs, for the relief of the most necessitous and impecunious of the non-commissioned officers; and I promised him a further sum to be divided among them, should he think it necessary.

I also found at Cologne a ladies' society which had been organised by officers' wives, and which worked in a very praiseworthy manner. I therefore handed to the president, Madame Masson, the sum of one

thousand francs, in order to assist her society in the purchase of woollen socks, drawers, and flannel belts for the convalescent prisoners from the hospitals.

Another sum of money was handed over for distribution to Baron Edward Oppenheim, who at his own expense, and with the aid of subscriptions, was trying to relieve the wants of the prisoners.

Before leaving Cologne, the Abbé Strumpf, a gentleman who spent all his time visiting the camps for the purpose of ascertaining the requirements of the prisoners, informed me that at Torgau, Saxony, the camp was extremely unhealthy, owing to the swampy character of the ground, and that wooden sabots were urgently needed there. I accordingly gave him money sufficient to purchase two thousand pairs.

On arriving at Coblenz, on January 25th, I presented my letters of introduction to General von Wedel, including one from the commanding officer at Cologne. He received me with much kindness, which I was told was characteristic of him; for he was so beloved by the French soldiers who knew him that they called him *le père des prisonniers*. He at once accorded me permission to visit the two camps established in the neighbourhood of the city; and Major Lainstow, the officer in charge of Camp No. 2, also a man of kindly and benevolent impulses, whose humanity towards the prisoners had won for him their confidence and regard, afforded me every facility for carrying out the object of my visit. I myself distributed about two thousand pairs of woollen stockings to the prisoners in the two

camps. For the relief of the soldiers and officers interned in the city of Coblentz itself, I left with Mr. and Mrs. Archer Burton, English residents of that city—to whose active exertions these prisoners owed the alleviation of much of their suffering—twelve large boxes of second-hand clothing which I had brought with me from London.

In a similar manner I occupied my time for nearly a month, distributing money and articles of clothing in the prison camps and hospitals at Mayence, Wiesbaden, Rastadt, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, in fact all over Germany, to aid and comfort the poor French soldiers who had been taken captive during the war.

None except those who saw with their own eyes these men in the camps and lazarettos of Germany can have any adequate idea of the hardships and sufferings they endured, to the very end of that terrible winter of 1870–71. And all the while their ranks were literally decimated by disease; for it has been estimated that more than 20,000 of the inmates of these establishments perished by diseases brought on, principally, by exposure to the inclemency of the weather. The great want of suitable clothing among them was caused by the fact that they were hastily called into the field in July, were captured a few weeks later, in midsummer, and that six months or more had passed with no chance to obtain winter overcoats and blankets, or to renew in a regular way any of their supplies of clothing. But whatever the cause, or however unavoidable under the circumstances, it made no less sad and no less pitiable the

condition of these barefooted, bareheaded, and ragged remnants of the military power of the Empire. To their physical suffering was also added the demoralisation which came from defeat. They neither knew the extent of their own misfortunes, nor how great were those which had befallen their country. They were unable even to communicate with their families at home, for they had no money with which to pay the postage on a letter.

A German gentleman, who was greatly interested in the unhappy lot of these prisoners, wrote to me from Dresden, saying: "Out of three hundred French prisoners in our camps, two hundred have not a penny. They cannot pay the postage on their letters, so that even the letters which they receive have very often to be sent back;" and he begged me to "come to the relief of these poor people." "If," said he, "we could only give them, on entering into the hospital, a sixpence apiece! Please authorise Mr. Irish (the American Consul at Dresden) to put a thousand francs in our hands."

I may add that this same gentleman wrote to me to say: "Our dear, highly beloved Crown-Princess (afterwards the Empress Frederick) told me that she was very sorry not to have seen you when you called, and was much pleased to hear of the two thousand francs which you gave to us to be disbursed for the purchase of necessary clothing for the sick and wounded French prisoners now in the hospitals at Dresden."

That many ladies—French ladies—should have come to the assistance of the multitude of French soldiers,

sick, destitute, and prisoners of war, is not remarkable. A number of them worked nobly, and were unremitting in their efforts to relieve and comfort their unfortunate and unhappy compatriots. Among them I wish particularly to mention Madame MacMahon, the wife of Marshal MacMahon, whom I met at Mayence, and Madame Canrobert, the wife of Marshal Canrobert, whom I saw at Stuttgart, and who was as energetic as she was philanthropic. Madame Canrobert undertook to purchase for me, and to distribute personally among the convalescents leaving the Stuttgart hospitals, several thousand francs worth of clothing and other articles. The Countess de Gramont at Munich was also indefatigable in her efforts to aid and assist the convalescents coming from the hospitals.

But many German ladies were no less considerate and charitably disposed towards the poor French soldiers who lay wounded and sick in the hospitals. *Hostes dum vulnerati fratres* was a motto which expressed not only the sentiment that guided the conduct of the Crown-Princess of Germany in her efforts to aid and succour these unhappy victims of war, but that of the Empress Augusta as well, who, when Queen of Prussia, established in all parts of the kingdom International Red Cross societies, to which, during the Franco-German War, she continued to give the most generous support. The Grand-Duchess of Baden took a special interest in the military hospital at Carlsruhe; and on my making certain suggestions by way of improving the situation of a number of prisoners, she promised me that the matter should be promptly attended to. In fact, the French officers

interned in Carlsruhe were well cared for,and were most hospitably treated by the citizens.

I should regret to have conveyed the impression, in these reminiscences of my experience among the prison camps in Germany during the winter of 1870–71, that the German Government failed to do all it could reasonably be expected to do in behalf of the French prisoners. When it is remembered that the transport service and supply departments of Germany had to provide for more than 400,000 captives—a larger number than was ever before taken by a victorious army—it should cause no surprise to hear that the Germans were for a time unequal to the task of properly taking care of the hordes of prisoners on their hands. The prisoners were generally fairly well housed; the rations furnished were both good in quality and sufficient in quantity; and the soldiers, and especially the officers, enjoyed a large amount of liberty. In every respect they were considerately treated by the officers in charge of the camps; and I was particularly touched on observing that even a larger share of military honours was accorded by the German authorities to the deceased French privates than would have been rendered them in their own country.

The causes for the suffering which prevailed in these prison camps I have already stated; but I should also state that, after a few weeks, the general condition of the prisoners was greatly improved by the distribution among them of immense quantities of clothing and supplies of all kinds, which were furnished by a great number of relief societies that came into existence,

immediately they were needed, all over Europe, and the United States also.

During my tours through Germany, while engaged in this relief work, I saw many things which were well worth noticing, and were of more than a passing interest, as they threw light upon human character in general, and taught lessons that may seem singular to those who have not themselves personally observed and studied the conditions and the consequences resulting from actual warfare.

One might expect that the life of a soldier and the continual sight of suffering would make his heart cold and indifferent, and brutalise his feeling; and most people naturally believe—when death threatens every one—when a man is surrounded on all sides by danger, that he becomes supremely selfish and cares very little even for his friends.

This, however, is not so always. On the contrary, I could mention many cases in which the soldiers whom I met in the hospitals or prisons showed the greatest kindness and sympathy for their companions.

I was often told by one of those men, when I offered him assistance, that he was not so much in want as one of his comrades; and more than once some of the French prisoners refused to accept a shirt or a pair of shoes, even when they were suffering for the want of them, and pointed out to me others among their number who needed these articles far more than they did. The feeling that prompted these generous acts was something quite different from the amiable spirit of *camaraderie* which is developed by association alone. It seemed rather to be the

result of a moral evolution, determined by the environment, that ended in the transformation of an original racial instinct into a fine sentiment of humanity—into that *caritas generis humani* which has redeemed the world and glorified it.

In peace, the inequality of conditions among men, and the great difference in the fortunes allotted to individuals, create, on the one side, envy, and, on the other side, disdain and a sense of superiority. Many of those who are in the enjoyment of all the comforts and luxuries of life cannot imagine that they can ever be placed in a condition similar to that of their less favoured neighbours; for in times of peace sudden changes seldom occur, and the rich rarely have a chance to learn the lessons which misfortune teaches. Many of them, therefore, persuade themselves that those who are not as well-conditioned as they are, owe it to the simple reason that they are not worthy of a better fortune, and they learn on this account to ignore and despise them.

On the other hand, the poor, or those who are in a dependent position, imagine that they have been disinherited by fate; they know only their own sorrows and sufferings, and never can believe that the rich and the educated, and those who stand in high places and hold great offices, have also their troubles and hours of wretchedness. Deceived by the glittering outside of a life unknown to them, and which they cannot understand, their hearts often become filled with envy and hatred.

In times of war the order and relative importance of things changes. Conditions are equalised; and the

same hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows are felt and entertained by all. Every one knows that what has happened to his companion to-day may happen to himself to-morrow, and he treats his neighbour as he himself would like to be treated under the same circumstances.

It is when confronted by common dangers and suffering that men are most inclined to remember and to practise the golden rule. War is terrible; war is a prodigious leveller; but in its destructive course it sweeps aside the vanities of life, and very often among the ruins some of the fairest and sweetest flowers that grow in the garden of the Lord spring up and grow.

While I was engaged as above described, the spring arrived, and with it the Franco-German War came to a close. The French armies had been defeated everywhere in the open field, and, although Paris for a time still held out, *Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale* saw that it would be in vain to resist the besiegers any longer.

After M. Jules Favre's unsuccessful attempt to treat with Count Bismarck at Ferrières, which our readers will remember, and after the equally unsuccessful endeavours to induce foreign Powers to intervene in behalf of France, of which we have also spoken, Trochu and Favre, and their associates, announced that the Government would rely upon itself for salvation; and all the bombastic proclamations subsequently issued by them only re-echoed their resolve to die or to conquer, and not to grant to the enemy a single stone of the fortresses or a single inch of French soil—"*pas*

une pierre de nos forteresses; pas un pouce de notre territoire." The more events progressed, however, the more evident it became to every one that this mock-heroic decision would have to be modified. The flaming spirit—"the furious fool," according to M. Thiers—of the Republican Government was Léon Gambetta, who, on October 6, 1870, left Paris in a balloon, and descended at Tours, where he established a branch of the Government, and soon assumed the functions, if not the title, of a Dictator. However patriotic the intentions of this gentleman may have been, his efforts proved fruitless, notwithstanding his great ability and his prodigious activity. Armies were improvised—six hundred thousand men were under arms in less than four months—but, composed for the most part of raw and undisciplined levies, poorly equipped and badly officered, they were unable to come to the relief of the besieged capital. "If," said Bismarck to Jules Favre, "to arm a citizen were all it was necessary to do to make a soldier of him, it would be an imposition to devote a large part of the public wealth to the maintenance of standing armies. It is these that give the superiority in war—and you were beaten because you did not know it." Moreover, no intelligent or intelligible plan of military co-operation would ever seem to have been agreed upon between the Government in Paris and the Government at Tours; and their effective action, whether for war or peace, was still further paralysed by personal jealousies and political divergencies. That the Government of the 4th of September should have permitted itself to be shut up in Paris only shows how absolutely incom-

petent it was to take the first sensible step towards safety. In committing this folly, it threw away the only chance it had of communicating with the world, deliberately cut itself loose from France, and put in imminent peril its own existence; for, in the meanwhile, the example set by the members of the Government, on September 4th, was imitated by the Radicals and Socialists of the French capital.

On October 31, 1870, the inhabitants of those quarters of Paris where chiefly the working class lives, tried, under the leadership of Delescluze, Blanqui, Pyat, and Flourens, to establish a government of the Commune. This attempt, however, proved unsuccessful.

But another attempt of a similar kind was made on January 22, 1871, and the Government did not prove, this time, powerful enough to crush the insurrection entirely, and the spirit of dissension and revolt among the inhabitants of Paris grew more and more violent and dangerous.

On the 28th of January an armistice was obtained from the Germans, in order to enable the French people to elect delegates for a National Assembly, whose sole mission it was to decide whether the war should be continued, or on what terms peace should be made.[1]

[1] Convention, Art. 2: "L'armistice ainsi convenu à pour but de permettre au Gouvernement de la défense nationale de convoquer une Assemblée librement élue qui prononcera sur la question de savoir: si la guerre doit être continuée, ou à quelles conditions la paix doit être faite.—L'Assemblée se réunira dans la ville de Bordeaux."

The article here cited gives, however, only a partial and very im-

The End of the War

On February 13th the seven hundred and fifty representatives of the people elected to the National

perfect idea of the real facts in the case. The armistice was granted by Prince Bismarck solely on certain conditions set forth in the body of the "convention" and which Favre accepted, viz.: (1) All the forts around Paris, together with all the war *matériel* in them were to be delivered up immediately to the German army; (2) the interior defences were to be dismantled; (3) all the troops of the line, the marines, and the *Garde Mobile*, over 250,000 men, were to be made prisoners of war, and were to surrender their arms; but—at the request of Favre—*the National Guards of Paris were to keep their arms;* and within fifteen days the city of Paris was to pay 200,000,000 francs as a special war contribution.

That is to say, the Government of the National Defence made a complete and absolute surrender of everything, at the time, in its power to surrender; and having deliberately consented to deprive itself of the means of continuing the war, on *these terms*, obtained a suspension of hostilities for a period of twenty-one days for the purpose of electing an Assembly, "to determine whether the war was to be continued or not, or, to decide upon what conditions peace ought to be made."

It is evident that after this preliminary convention between Bismarck and Favre the convocation of an Assembly to decide whether they would have war or peace, or to discuss and settle upon the terms of a treaty, was a monstrous farce. This convention—the so-called *armistice*—was the ignoble prelude to the acceptance by Thiers and Favre of a treaty dictated by Prince Bismarck, and ratified by an Assembly that was absolutely powerless to do otherwise; and which had been proposed and convened for the special purpose of relieving those representatives of the Government who had already signed the preliminaries, or were to affix their signatures to the terms finally demanded—"*no matter how exorbitant*"—of all personal responsibility for their acts.

Thiers and Favre surrendered France unconditionally to the German armies, and, as their act was approved by the Bordeaux Assembly, the German Chancellor successfully accomplished his long-cherished purpose to dictate the terms of a peace with the sanction of the treaty-making power of France.

Assembly of France met for the first time in Bordeaux, and chose for their President M. Grévy. Whereupon the members of the Government of the National Defence resigned their offices, and on February 17, 1871, M. Thiers, who had been elected by twenty Departments as their representative in the National Assembly, was unanimously chosen by the members of this Assembly as "Chief of the Executive Power" in France, and a new ministry was formed.

On February 26th the preliminaries of peace were concluded at Versailles between Prince Bismarck and M. Thiers, and the day for the ratification of the preliminaries was fixed for March 1st.

And the terms of this peace! Is it necessary to recall them? to state that they were not the terms that had been offered to the Emperor—the cession of Strasbourg and a moderate war indemnity—but that they included the transfer to the German Empire of two great French provinces, the payment to the German Government within five years of $1,000,000,000, and the entry into Paris on March 1st of a German Army Corps, which was to remain there until these preliminary conditions had been ratified by the Assembly?

On the 1st of March, 1871, thirty thousand German troops marched into Paris, and Bismarck came to the Place de l'Étoile to hear the bands play the "Wacht am Rhein" under the Arc de Triomphe. And squadrons of German cavalry were picketed along the Champs Élysées and in the Place de la Concorde—where the faces of the statues of the great cities of France—Lyons, and Strasbourg, and Marseilles, and Bordeaux, and the rest—were hidden behind dense folds of crape,

to indicate the sense of the national humiliation. And it was on this same day, at Bordeaux, that the Assembly, chosen purely and simply to pronounce on the conditions of peace, formed itself into a Constitutional Convention—M. Thiers having declared that in any case it was sovereign—and purged itself of all responsibility for the war, and for the disastrous and shameful terms of peace it had accepted with indecent haste, by reaffirming the overthrow of Napoleon III. and his dynasty, and declaring him responsible for the ruin, the invasion, and the dismemberment of France.[1]

The humiliating terms on which peace had been obtained, and the unsettled political situation in France, grieved the Emperor bitterly. The war, however, was now over, and he was no longer a prisoner. He accordingly began to make his arrangements to leave Wilhelmshöhe, for the purpose of joining the Empress at Camden Place. But it was his destiny, before leaving his palatial prison, to hear of yet another disaster that had befallen his country. On March 18th news reached him of the outbreak of the Commune in Paris.

The day of his landing in England, March 20, 1871, was unusually fine, and thousands of people had assembled on the pier at Dover to witness the arrival of the illustrious exile. The Empress, with the Prince Imperial and a limited suite, had gone to Dover by special train from Chislehurst. They at once proceeded to the Lord Warden Hotel, where they stayed

[1] See Appendix IX.

until the steamer from Ostend arrived. The Prince Imperial, with Prince Napoleon, Prince Murat, Baron Dupret, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, and several distinguished English gentlemen, had accompanied the Empress from Chislehurst to meet the Emperor on his landing.

As soon as the boat was made fast, the Emperor, who stood on deck with Baron Hehren, General Fleury, and one of the Princes Murat, was immediately recognised. Repeated cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" from the assembled multitude greeted his Majesty, who acknowledged them with smiles and salutes. As he stepped on shore, the crowd pressed so closely about him that it was difficult for the Emperor to advance. The policemen, however, soon cleared a way before him, and in another moment the Empress Eugénie was in his arms. He pressed her to his heart; and the Empress, who kissed him several times with deep emotion, and her eyes full of tears, then walked away with him, clasping his arm with both hands. The Prince Imperial, who had taken hold of his father's hand and saluted him with a kiss on both cheeks, walked by his side. The curiosity of the people led them to gather around the exiles, who could not proceed until the gentlemen who accompanied them, together with some policemen, formed a cordon, and the Imperial family were thus enabled to walk slowly towards the Lord Warden Hotel.

Upon approaching the hotel, loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" were uttered by the people who had gathered about the entrance, and by others who were waving hats and handkerchiefs

from the windows. The Empress seemed half dismayed and half pleased at this homage; but the Emperor smiled good-naturedly, and bowed, lifting his hat to the multitude. The Imperial refugees stayed but a short time at Dover; and as a special train was in readiness at the railway station, they were able to leave at two o'clock. When the train steamed out of the station, two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen, who had come to witness the departure of the illustrious exiles, greeted them with loud acclamations; and while the cars were slowly moving off, the sympathetic cheering of the English people still for a long while reached the ears of the deposed French monarch, who an hour or two later arrived at his new home in Camden Place.

When the Emperor left Wilhelmshöhe I was in Switzerland, where I had gone to look into the condition of the French soldiers—the remnant of Bourbaki's army—that had been forced to take refuge on Swiss territory, and whose sufferings from want of food, exposure, frost, and fatigue had been almost beyond belief. Thousands of their companions had perished or disappeared in the snow about Besançon and Pontarlier; and the condition of the survivors, frost-bitten, and in rags, resembled and was no less pitiable than the one which is said to have been presented by the shattered columns of the "Grand Army" that escaped from Moscow. The disaster was even greater, for the *morale* of the troops had vanished, and an army of over one hundred thousand men had been destroyed. *Le Gouvernement de la*

Défense Nationale had found its Sedan among the defiles of the Jura. It was the fit ending of a campaign begun on September 4th, in which the prestige of a century was dissipated, and the record of which is the darkest and most inglorious in the military history of France.[1]

And here it was, among these last victims of the war of 1870–71, that my relief work ended.

A few days after the Emperor arrived at Camden Place, I with my wife went to Chislehurst to present our respects to his Majesty, and our congratulations to the Imperial family, who, after having experienced so many vicissitudes of fortune, were now again reunited.

The Emperor received us in the most kindly manner, and with the same ease I had so often observed, just as if nothing unusual had occurred since I saw him at the Palace of Saint Cloud.

I noticed that he seemed to have grown a little older, that his complexion was somewhat paler than it had formerly been, and that his face bore traces of fatigue and suffering. He was now without a throne, or a country, or a home that was his own. Even the house we were in I myself had hired for

[1] Incredible as it may seem, this "army of the Loire," numbering nearly 150,000 men, the critical situation of which was known to Prince Bismarck, was *expressly* excluded from the armistice, *with the consent* of Favre, who, as if to make its destruction certain, failed to inform the Government of Tours, when he announced the conclusion of an armistice, that, "Les opérations militaires sur le terrain des départements du Doubs, du Jura, et de la Côte d'Or se continueront indépendamment de l'armistice."

him. He appeared, however, to be by no means depressed, but most happy to be once more with his wife and son, and pleased to see himself still surrounded by loyal and most devoted friends.

He at once began to ask us many of those personal questions which, of little importance in themselves, are always prompted by sympathies that tend to make the world akin, and talked freely himself in reply to our inquiries. The Empress soon after joined in the conversation, which ran on for a long time in the same amiable personal vein. Most of the things said were of interest only to ourselves. But the attempt of the Empress to extenuate the conduct of some of her enemies—to whom I casually referred —I was scarcely prepared for. What made her magnanimity—and formally expressed willingness to pardon them if they would only save France from destruction—all the more unexpected, was the fact that, in referring to the conduct of these persons, I had only used the words I had heard her Majesty herself use when speaking of them. Time had softened the bitterness of feeling which at first it was impossible for her to repress; and she was by nature too generous and too patriotic to permit me, a foreigner, to say any unpleasant things of persons whose motives might be misjudged, and whom she still fondly regarded as her own people. Her Majesty's ability to forgive, if not to forget, is as remarkable as was that of Napoleon III.[1]

[1] In a conversation I had not long ago with the Empress, referring to General Trochu, she spoke of the solemn promise he made to her and how he betrayed her that same day. And then, in the kindly

Before we left, the Emperor thanked me for having found for the Empress and himself a quiet and charming English home; and, referring to my visit to him at Wilhelmshöhe, spoke of the kindness of the Empress Augusta during his residence there, as also of the consideration shown him by Emperor William and the Crown-Prince Frederick, at the Château of Bellevue, when he surrendered himself a prisoner.

The visit was a most agreeable one to us; and we were especially delighted to find that the Emperor had been able to accept the immense change in his personal situation and surroundings with so much philosophy, and seemed to be in such excellent humour.

The Commune and reign of anarchy having been set up in Paris, I was compelled to remain in London for several weeks, waiting for the restoration of order in the French capital. During this time I was a frequent visitor to Chislehurst. I found the Emperor usually cheerful and always most amiable. But he was troubled by the state of affairs in France—evidently much more so than by his own personal misfortunes. The outbreak in Paris disturbed him greatly; and he did not conceal his sense of humilia-

way she has of finding excuses for the conduct of her political enemies, she said: "But I really believe he thought it was his duty to act as he did—that the Empire was an obstacle—that he was moved by no personal ambition to side with the revolutionists, but that it was entirely a matter of conscience with him." "In fact," I said smiling, "your Majesty considers him to have been a conscientious traitor." "Yes," she replied, apparently amused at the incongruity of the words, "a conscientious traitor."

tion caused by this most deplorable exhibition of social discord and political violence, made by Frenchmen in the presence of the German army of occupation, and while half of the city of Paris was still invested by Prussian troops.

Although he did not decline to speak about this fresh disaster that had befallen his country, the subject was painful to him, and he preferred to talk of other matters, of those in which his own responsibility was directly engaged, or of persons who had secured his confidence and esteem. And his conversation often became most interesting, as remarkable for its clearness of insight into the causes and consequences of events, as for its freedom from all asperity when it related to persons.

During one of my visits he spoke to me of the men then most prominent in French politics, and I was surprised at the kindly way in which he even excused some of those who had failed to justify the confidence he had placed in them. Of several of his political enemies he spoke in terms of praise. Among them was M. Dufaure, who, he said, had always been "an honest opponent." He had tried to get him to serve in his Government, but had failed, Dufaure having his own views with respect to his political duties. He then named several persons whom he had not succeeded in drawing to his support, and others who had deserted their parties and their principles without persuasion, most of whom had consulted only their own personal interests or those of their families. "In fact," he said, "the men whose acts have been most injurious to myself and most

disadvantageous to my Government have been those who, while false to their origins and their dynasties, or their political affiliations, accepted high offices and responsible positions in the Imperial Government without any equivalent sense of loyalty to the Government they were serving." The name of M. Thiers having been mentioned, the Emperor said: "He is a most remarkable man. He has been an active opponent of mine, but I will forgive him, for he has recently been devoting his life to the service of his country. His influence in France is very great, and I hope he may continue to use it for his country's good."

The strongest and most lasting impression left on my mind by these interviews was the extreme ease and the admirable resignation with which the Emperor seemed to accept his simple surroundings and the new conditions in which his destiny had placed him.

Doubtless one of the secret causes of his extraordinary capacity to suffer in silence, or to overlook the evidences about him on every side of his fall from power, is to be found in the fact that he was constantly occupied. Forgetful of himself—unlike the majority of men in similar circumstances—he wasted no time in vain regrets. He was always at work on some question or matter of public concern. His interest in these subjects never ceased. While a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe, the light in his bedroom was rarely extinguished until an early hour in the morning. At Camden Place he passed much of his time in a small room adjoining his bedchamber, and most plainly furnished, where, surrounded with books

and papers and various documents, he appeared to be as much at home as when seated at his desk in his *cabinet de travail* at the Palace of the Tuileries, where I had so often seen him. Here, after the manner, as Bacon says, *Monachi alicujus in cellulâ lucubrantis*, he engaged upon his favourite studies—the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, questions of finance, and matters relating to public and even household economy.

The Emperor was also greatly interested in the education of the Prince Imperial, who was now in his sixteenth year, affectionate, intelligent, and, with all the curiosity of youth, eager to learn. He was proud of his son, and delighted to talk with him about the studies he was then pursuing, under private tutors and at King's College, London, and to instruct him in the objects of government, the rights of the people, and the responsibilities of rulers. He wished him to study the history of France, in order that he might comprehend the spirit and the purpose of the founder of his dynasty ; and he was most anxious that his son should clearly understand the principles by which his own political life had been directed. He desired to have the young Prince fix firmly in his mind the importance of adhering to right and justice, in dealing with all public as well as private concerns. The fundamental principles which he sought to inculcate in his son's mind were that without morality and justice society could not exist ; and that morality and justice could only exist in a country where every one was treated according to his works ; that liberty, except under law and order,

was impossible; that the source of authority was the nation; and that whether the government exercising this authority was called an empire or a republic mattered nothing so long as it expressed the will of the people freely consulted.

His affection for his son increased with his own diminished power and declining prospects. It was now through him he hoped that his ideas, his principles, and his name would be perpetuated. He in consequence had no secrets that he wished to conceal from him; a proof of which he gave one day when M. R——, a distinguished ex-Minister who was conversing with him, stopped speaking on the Prince entering the room. "Oh, you can go right on," said the Emperor; "the Prince will be interested to hear what you have to say."

They were excellent comrades, this father and son, and were often seen walking side by side in earnest conversation, up and down the long hallway of Camden Place, or in the grounds near by.

Immediately after the collapse of the Commune, Mrs. Evans and I returned to Paris. My home I found uninjured; but great was my astonishment when I drove through the streets of the capital and saw the extent to which the work of destruction had been carried.

The appearance of Paris was startling; and the devastation had not been the work of the Germans, but of the French themselves—of the Communists, by whom many beautiful edifices had been wantonly burned down, and of the Versailles troops, by whom

the city was bombarded in the attempt to recapture it from the insurgents. The quarter of the city in which I live had been the principal battle-ground. The Porte Maillot had suffered frightfully. The tunnel through which the railway passes under the Avenue de la Grande Armée had been crushed in throughout its entire length; the roadway, traversed by an enormous ditch, was half filled with twisted iron beams and broken bricks, and the chasm was spanned by a little wooden bridge. The railway station at this gate had absolutely disappeared; not a trace even of its walls remained; it had been blown entirely away. Every house in the neighbourhood was windowless, with a hundred holes in the walls, and the ground was thrown up as if by an earthquake. To look at the Porte Maillot alone, one would suppose that the power of destruction had done its worst here. But this was not the case; the Porte d'Auteuil and the Point-du-Jour were quite as badly injured; and at Neuilly the buildings were in a still worse condition, for the walls of most of them were so shattered as to threaten to fall at any moment.

From the Porte Maillot to the Porte de l'Impératrice the houses were all more or less wrecked, but none had been entirely demolished; while those standing back from the streets, and having gardens in front, generally had only the windows injured. The old Porte Dauphine, then called the Porte de l'Impératrice, was almost intact. The drawbridge had scarcely a mark upon it, and the railway station and houses adjoining had, to my surprise, nearly all escaped injury. At La Muette, both the park and château

were entirely untouched; the trees stood as fresh and whole as though shells had not been falling all around them, and fire and sword had not made desolate a large part of the beautiful city in the near vicinity. The entire estate had been converted into a fortress, by throwing up high earthworks around it, inside the moat and railings; but I could neither see nor learn that it had suffered in any other way. Passy had suffered but little, excepting on the Boulevard Beauséjour, which runs along the railway from the Grande Rue to the Rue de l'Assomption. The houses there were directly in front of the fire from Mont Valérien and Montretout, and some of them were badly damaged. From this point towards Auteuil the destruction was more and more complete. The high, wooden bridges that crossed the railway at several points had been reduced to splinters; the trees and lamp-posts were cut up and thrown yards away; holes six feet deep were gaping everywhere; house-fronts were smashed in; iron railings were cut through and twisted at a thousand points; the telegraph-wires hung in strings; the road was choked with débris of every kind; and, in fact, it would be impossible to recount all the terrible effects caused by the shells in this section of the city.

In Auteuil, however, even this aspect of ruin was surpassed. Here the spectacle was really sickening. What the power of war can do was manifest in all its destructive force; what could be done by relentless, ruthless battering, here was shown. The railway station, and the high walls which supported it, were a heap of rubbish, on the top of which was stretched

the iron roof, broken and twisted and torn, until it was no longer distinguishable by its shape. Some of the houses were levelled to the ground—only a mass of stone and plaster, or looking like huge bundles of split firewood. From Auteuil to the Point-du-Jour the railway viaduct was terribly knocked about. At the Point-du-Jour itself every building was in ruins. The famous bridge across the Seine—a copy of the Roman Pont-du-Gard—only slightly injured by the German bombardment, was nearly destroyed during the Commune. Almost every roof in the neighbourhood of Auteuil had been damaged more or less, and many of the villas had not only suffered from the long-continued shell-fire, but had also been pillaged by marauders as soon as they were deserted by the inhabitants. No quarter of Paris suffered so severely as this.

Proceeding up the Avenue de l'Impératrice, as I approached the Arc de Triomphe I could scarcely believe it possible that this was indeed the splendid monument that was erected to commemorate the triumphs of the "Grand Army." The face fronting the Bois de Boulogne was almost entirely destroyed. It had been struck by hundreds of shells, and by thousands of the fragments of these missiles. It had apparently been a target against which certain batteries had been directed. Passing on, I entered the Champs Élysées. Here I scarcely recognised the Paris of old. Hardly a person was to be seen; and as for carriages, of all the thousands that used to line the gay avenue, there were none; they seemed to have vanished like figures in a dream. An unwonted silence

reigned on every side. I arrived at the Place de la Concorde The great mass of green leaves in the Garden of the Tuileries, though thin in comparison with what it once was, was still dense enough to shut out the view of the palace, and only through a break here and there in the wall of trees could I distinguish the blackened chimneys of the great building, standing grim and gaunt above its ruins. As for the Place itself, the pavements were torn up ; the statues of the cities of France were all chipped, shattered, and scarred by bullet-marks ; heaps of stones were piled here and there ; the fountains were silent, one of them being literally shattered into fragments, and the other badly deformed. An enormous earthwork closed the entrance to the Rue de Rivoli. The walls above the terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries were parapeted with sand-bags pierced with loop-holes ; and loop-holes also were visible in the façades of the public offices fronting on the Place de la Concorde. Turning into the Rue Royale, from which I saw smoke rising and impregnating the air with the odour of charred wood, I found a number of people all staring up at the ruins ; they seemed to be conjecturing as to the number of dead bodies that were to be found among them ; for many lives were lost when the flames lighted by the *pétroleurs* and the *pétroleuses* swept through these shops and dwelling-houses.

As I passed along, I observed that the fluted pillars of the portico of the Madeleine were scarred by innumerable bullet-marks. The new Opera-House, strangely enough, escaped all injury ; and Carpeau's

statuary, which has furnished so many texts for sermons on the demoralisation of the Imperial era, was left untouched. It was only after the reaction—the monarchical, clerical movement which set in almost immediately after the Commune—that the ink was thrown which for so many years stained the white fleshly limbs of the principal figure of "The Dance." By an odd fatality, this Opera House facilitated the suppression of the Commune. The barricades of the Rue Halévy and of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin had almost stopped the advance of the Versailles troops, when this building, still unfinished, was secretly entered by them, and the soldiers were able from the windows of the upper stories to fire upon the insurgents, and thus render their position untenable. This was surely an unexpected opening performance, a tragic substitute for the long-deferred inauguration of the "Imperial Opera."

I looked in vain for the Column in the Place Vendôme; only a flat block of masonry occupied the spot where it had stood. I no longer recognised the Rue de la Paix, which I had entered for so many years nearly every morning and left every evening, going to and from my office. I almost doubted if I stood at my own door in this busy thoroughfare. True, the exterior evidences of serious damage in the central part of the city were few, and after driving about a while, the spectacle of walls indented, cornices chipped, and window-sills knocked down no longer made an impression upon me. The principal change which affected me, and which I could not soon get accustomed to, was the quietness of the streets.

Taking the whole range of the boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Rue Montmartre, not a house had been injured; but when I passed along and saw how many shops were closed, and how apparently dead that whole quarter of the city was, I could scarcely realise that I was in Paris, and that this was the city which I had left less than a year before.

Dismayed and sick at heart, I returned home. It seemed to me that Paris would never recover from the ravages of two such fearful sieges. Soon, however, I saw that I was mistaken. Hardly six months had passed before most of the traces of this destruction had disappeared, and light-hearted Paris already, ere a year had elapsed, forgot almost entirely the bitter consequences of war and revolution.

And yet, for many long years one huge pile of blackened walls, the remains of what was once the Palace of the Tuileries, loomed up in the very centre of the city, solemn, grand, and mysterious, like a funereal monument, to remind the world of the uncertain life of governments—in France. It, was only in 1883 that, becoming apparently ashamed of this startling exhibition of the savagery of the mob, of this vestige of the reign of the Commune in the *Ville Lumière*, the Government ordered the demolition of these ruins, and covered with fresh turf and with flowers the ground on which had stood the home of the most famous kings of France. Every trace of the palace has been removed, effaced, or carefully covered up. And here it is, in this new and formal garden, that to-day the children with their nurses gather together in hushed silence, and the idlers stop

THE RUINS OF THE TUILERIES.

To face p. 588.

to watch Pol, the bird-charmer, as he stands on the grass by the laurel bushes while the pigeons hop about his feet picking up the crumbs he lets fall, or alight on his head or his shoulders, and the sparrows, fluttering in the air, peck at the bit of bread he holds in his outstretched hand. The place that has been the scene of so many great events in French history no longer even suggests continuity with the past to the Parisian or to the stranger.

CHAPTER XVIII

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR

The visitors to Camden Place—November 15, 1871—The Emperor's health—His last photograph—Surgical advice is sought—A consultation is held—A statement contradicted—The operation—The death of the Emperor—The impression it produced in Paris and in London—Messages of condolence—The immediate cause of the Emperor's death—His funeral—*Vive Napoléon IV.!*

SOON after the Emperor arrived at Chislehurst the Queen paid him a friendly visit; and the Prince of Wales, and all the members of the English royal family, took frequent occasion to express to the unfortunate monarch their benevolent and sympathetic interest.

Equally gratifying and consoling to him may have been the warm welcome and the respectful homage he everywhere received from the English people when he went among them. To them, although uncrowned, and now living like an English country gentleman, he was always "the Emperor."

It was not long, however, before Camden Place became a centre of more than ordinary interest to all those who admire and sympathise with men who bravely bear their unmerited misfortunes. Visitors from all countries came to see the exiled sovereign;

to pay homage to the hero of misfortune; to thank him for his friendship to them in his days of power; to assure him of their continued esteem, and to place their wealth at his disposition. The Emperor was deeply touched by these manifestations of generous and kindly feeling, which at times assumed almost a semi-public character.

But there were other visitors, who came to renew their pledges of loyalty to his dynasty.

The unsettled state of things in France, the irreconcilable elements in the Assembly at Versailles, and the apparent impossibility of uniting them to form a definitive Government, began to suggest the possibility of a restoration of the Empire, vaguely at first, more openly afterward. Before the end of the year the regrets of the Imperial family were mingled with hopes; they began to look forward, and not backward, and at times Camden Place was invested with an air of animation even. The days of exile were also brightened occasionally by the visits of old and dear friends, and the messages and souvenirs that were sent to Chislehurst now and again, to remind their Majesties that they still held a place in the affectionate remembrance of their countrymen.

One of these days was November 15, 1871. It was the anniversary of the Empress' name-day, and quite a large party had assembled to honour the occasion. At dinner, some twenty persons sat down at the Imperial table, which was beautifully dressed with flowers sent from France; and in their smiling faces one saw an assurance that for this one day, at least, all were determined to be happy.

On this occasion an incident took place that Madame Carette has reported at length, but which illustrates so well the character of the Emperor that it is worth repeating in substance.

A lady having remarked the recent rapid change in the manners, and the language even, of people in good society, went on to say that gentlemen did not hesitate when characterising their political adversaries, to employ expressions so violent that they would have been considered under the Empire as insulting. "Discussion is angry, and old friends are divided."

"Yes," said some one, "you cannot get five persons together without finding that they have five different opinions."

"Quite so," said the Emperor; "that is the French character. Even here at this table we have all sorts of opinions."

This observation brought out a general protest.

The Emperor, his countenance brightening, and with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, turning towards the Empress at his side, said: "Why, you—you were always a Legitimist. You are a perfect fanatic for the Count de Chambord; you admire his character, and I think you admire also the proclamations he addresses to the French people. And here is Madame Lebreton; she is an Orleanist; she has retained, I am sure, a strong attachment for the Orleans princes.[1]

"And as for you, Conneau"—addressing his old

[1] The Emperor referred to the fact that Madame Lebreton was brought up by Queen Marie Amélie, and when young was a playmate of the Orleans princesses.

friend, who was the meekest, gentlest, and most pacific of men—"you are an out-and-out Communist; you have always entertained the most subversive ideas; you are an enemy of society. You have been seen at the work, when you were in Florence, affiliated to secret societies. You are a *Carbonero*."

The Doctor nodded approvingly to each of these charges; and every one laughed, greatly amused by the humour of his Majesty's bantering. Then, suddenly becoming serious, the Emperor explained how it was that he himself had been accused, and very mistakenly, of having been a conspirator and a Carbonero.

And when he had finished, the Prince Imperial spoke up: "But, papa, I see here mamma, who is a Legitimist, and Madame Lebreton, who is an Orleanist, and Dr. Conneau, who is a Republican; where, then, are the Imperialists?" Then the Emperor, putting his arm around the waist of his son and drawing him tenderly to his bosom, said: "The Imperialists! You are the Imperialist, my dear child."

But while his Majesty was devoting his time and thought to questions of public interest or to the education of his son, who in October, 1871, entered the English Military Academy at Woolwich, his health began to be a subject of concern to himself and a source of anxiety to his friends. Visits to Torquay and to the Isle of Wight, although followed by temporary improvement, brought no permanent relief. Nor, from the character of his malady, did any such relief appear probable, unless the cause of the troublesome

and painful symptoms could be definitely ascertained and removed.

The first indications of the disease that finally resulted in his death made their appearance in 1863, in the form of an attack of hæmaturia, following a carriage accident. After a few weeks a recovery appeared to have been effected. But later, the symptoms of vesical irritation recurred, together with other disabilities which, in two or three instances, required surgical intervention. At length, so unsatisfactory were the results of treatment—so serious even had the Emperor's condition become—that, in the spring of 1870, it was decided to have a consultation of surgeons. The consultation, in fact, took place on the 1st of July, 1870; the surgeons present being Nélaton, Ricord, Fauvel, Germain Sée, and Corvisart. Dr. Conneau was also present. There is said to have been some difference of opinion among these gentlemen with respect to the diagnosis and, more particularly, concerning the urgency of a surgical examination. But this difference does not appear in the report drawn up by Professor Sée, which is a model of its kind, alike comprehensive and clear.

The conclusion was that the Emperor was suffering from a *purulent cystitis*—caused by a *stone* in the bladder; and that the sound should be used to make sure of the existence and character of this foreign body. A copy of this report is said to have been among the papers found at the Tuileries by the Government of the National Defence. As published, it is dated—Paris, July 3, 1870, and is signed by "Professor G. Sée," alone. It has been the subject

of much discussion—Why it was not signed by *all* of the consulting surgeons? Why it was not heard of until the war was over?—and of much curious speculation also; whether, had it been known, there would have been a war—or the war would have been begun and ended as it did, and so forth; the absurdity of which will appear in the light of a fact quaintly stated by an old English writer, namely: "There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end." But its chief interest, in this connection, is that it establishes very clearly the nature of the local disabilities from which the Emperor had been suffering for many years, as also his physical unfitness, in July, 1870, to endure the fatigues and excitements of a military campaign.

In the autumn of 1872 he requested me to come to Chislehurst, as he wished to see me professionally. He received me in his usual cordial way, with the old-time smile and warm grasp of the hand. I noticed that there was a slight puffiness and lack of colour in his face, and a slowness of movement that seemed to indicate advancing years and failing strength.

Not long before, the Emperor, with his cousin, Charles Bonaparte, had gone to London to have his photograph taken. On arriving at the photographer's, he said to his cousin, "How shall I be taken?" But when the camera was placed in front of him, he said, "I have it—I must remember that I am only an exile." This was the last photograph he ever had taken. The portrait facing page 277 is a reproduction of this

photograph. It reveals traces of the sorrow and suffering that misfortune had written indelibly upon his features. The expression is sad, but the likeness is excellent, and shows the man as he appeared at the time of my visit.

He made to me no special complaint on this occasion, although he seemed perhaps a little depressed. He asked some questions about mutual acquaintances, and spoke of the difficulties M. Thiers was meeting with in the Assembly. Having told him that I intended to remain in England a short time, on my leaving he expressed the hope that I would call upon him before returning to Paris. This I promised to do; and accordingly, about a week later, I visited Camden Place again. It was then that he spoke to me of his physical disabilities, and said that he had concluded to consult some of the medical or surgical authorities in London. I immediately suggested to him Sir James Paget, who not only stood high as a surgeon, but was a man of the purest character, in whom all confidence could be placed. The Emperor seemed much pleased with this suggestion, and asked me to go and see Sir James, and make an appointment with him to come to Chislehurst at his own convenience, remarking: "I shall ask you the favour to arrange with him respecting his fees, since I am no longer able to incur expenses as I formerly did, although I like to be liberal to professional men." I assured him that he need have no concern about this, for I felt quite certain that Sir James would do almost anything to be agreeable to me, and would feel it to be an honour to have his Majesty's confidence.

On returning to London, I called upon Sir James Paget, and reported to him the conversation I had had with the Emperor. Whereupon he most kindly consented to go with me to Chislehurst the next day (October 31st). Here he met Sir William Gull, and also Baron Corvisart, and Dr. Conneau, the physicians attached to the Emperor's household, who had followed their sovereign into exile; and the case of the distinguished patient was fully set forth and carefully considered. That the disabilities and distress experienced were occasioned by the presence of a stone was a matter about which there was and could be very little doubt. But—and I think I may say this without violating any confidence—Sir James seemed to hesitate with regard to the expediency of an operation of any kind. At least, he expressed the opinion that, with a proper regimen and with quiet, the Emperor might live for many years to come without an operation. "Of course," he said to me, "the Emperor must expect to suffer more or less; still he can live with his enemy by taking care of him."

But during the weeks that followed, his Majesty's physical condition, far from improving, grew worse. He was at last compelled to give up all exercise, even walking, rarely leaving the house, and with results that began to affect his general health. In these circumstances the relief from pain and the improvement in health and strength that would follow a successful operation were matters too important and too desirable to be ignored. And the Emperor having expressed a wish to have another surgeon

called in consultation, Sir Henry Thompson, an eminent specialist, who had already visited his Majesty a few weeks before, was mentioned as perhaps the highest authority and the most skilful operator in similar cases. Sir James Paget at once assented to this proposal, and said that the opinion of Sir Henry would have great weight with him and be most useful. Sir Henry Thompson was accordingly summoned to Camden Place, where, on December 24th, he met in consultation Sir William Gull and Sir James Paget, together with the ordinary physicians of his Majesty.

These gentlemen were unanimous in their opinion that a thorough examination ought to be made, under chloroform, in order that all doubt as to the diagnosis might be removed. It was furthermore arranged that the exploratory operation should be performed on January 2nd following. And it was then that the sound unmistakably revealed the presence of a stone. Whatever complications might exist, this alone was believed to be a sufficient cause for the general symptoms of disability observed, and more particularly for the excruciating pains experienced.

Sir Henry took an optimistic view of the case, and proposed lithotrity (crushing), which is not supposed to be attended with much danger in most cases, since it involves no cutting, and the treatment, which usually requires several operations, can be suspended the moment any unfavourable symptoms make their appearance.

After having carefully ascertained his Majesty's physical condition, it was the unanimous opinion of

these distinguished professional men that, in view of all the facts in the case, the operation of lithotrity should be attempted. This conclusion having been reported to the Emperor, he expressed his willingness to submit to whatever surgical procedure might be thought necessary, and requested that the treatment proposed should begin at once. On this same day, therefore, January 2, 1873, at three o'clock p.m., the first operation was performed by Sir Henry Thompson, in the presence of the attending physicians and surgeons.

And here I wish to contradict a statement that has been made, and is frequently repeated, namely, that this consultation was held, and surgery resorted to, having in view a political purpose; that, in fact, it was the first step in the execution of a carefully prepared design to repeat the attempt of 1840. A descent, so it is said, was to be made on the French coast, to be followed by a march on Paris, and the Emperor, on horseback, was to enter the city at the head of his army. The success of the scheme was supposed to depend entirely upon the Emperor's ability to ride into Paris *on horseback;* and as his disability was of such a nature as to make this impossible, it became necessary either to find some means of removing it or to abandon the idea of a restoration of the Empire.

This story, which has been told in slightly different forms, was either deliberately fabricated for a political purpose, or was the product of an active but ignorant imagination. The resort at this time to surgical

treatment was advised, and consented to, in the Emperor's case, on exactly the same grounds and for the same reasons that would have made such treatment seem expedient in the case of any private individual; the suffering was great, the disease was progressing, and the general health was becoming rapidly affected; if no remedy could be found, it might soon be too late.

There was but one fact that gave colour to this otherwise perfectly transparent invention. During the latter part of the year (1872) the unsettled state of affairs in France—the apparent impossibility of organising there a stable government of any sort—was causing a manifest reaction in favour of the Empire; and the probability of its restoration at no distant day led the supporters of the Imperial dynasty to make frequent visits to Chislehurst and to speak of the future with hope and confidence. Those persons, however, who imagine that the Emperor was at this time conspiring to overthrow the French Republic, and intriguing to recover his throne, are greatly mistaken. He understood perfectly well that it was impossible for him, in the existing situation of affairs, to return to France except, to use his own words, "through the open door of universal suffrage." It was absolutely essential to his conception of the source of authority in civil affairs, and to his traditional sense of the Imperial dignity, that the dynasty should be restored only in response to the will of the French people, freely expressed. Had he not said again and again, both in private and *coram populo*, that public opinion was the foundation of all his power, and that

without the confidence of the people his Government could not exist a single day? While the Republic, or the Orleanist and Legitimist monarchies, repudiating all responsibility for the consequences of the late war, might be able to take possession of the Government of France, dismembered and still occupied by the German army, without regard to the wishes of the majority, it must be evident to every one that the Emperor neither would nor could do this, and that he could not hope to retain the sovereign power, even were he to grasp it, unless the French people themselves had called him to the throne. This was the condition of an Imperial restoration, *sine quâ non.*

The operation of lithotrity being a tedious and painful one, the Emperor had been placed under the influence of chloroform, which he supported well and recovered from without unpleasant consequences. The first attempt to crush the stone was, in fact, as successful as could have been hoped; several fragments were broken off and removed, and at the same time the size as well as the specific character of the foreign body was ascertained; but the gravity of the case was made apparent, and the suffering to which the Emperor had been subjected during his long malady was recognised to have been very great; so great that Sir Henry Thompson exclaimed: "What extraordinary heroism the Emperor must have possessed, to sit in his saddle for five hours, holding on with both hands, during the battle of Sedan! The agony must have been constant. I cannot understand how he could have borne it."

The next day the patient had no fever, and although

there was some local irritation, everything seemed promising. The greatest danger appeared to be over, and every one in the house was happy. Accordingly, a second operation was fixed for the 6th of January.

This operation was also performed successfully, but was not supported as well as the first had been. It was followed by a little fever, and the Emperor's condition during the next two days caused some anxiety to the physicians attending him ; but an improvement being perceived on the evening of the 8th, it was decided to have a third operation the following day, at noon.

On the morning of the 9th, when the Empress visited her husband as usual, she found that he had slept well during the night, and appeared to be much better than the day before ; so much so, indeed, that she had given orders to have her carriage and horses ready for the purpose of herself driving to Woolwich to give the Prince Imperial the good news of the Emperor's improved and promising condition.

A little before ten o'clock his Majesty was still lying easily, and his good pulse and regular breathing seemed to indicate that all would end well. Not long after, however, and before the commencement of the proposed operation, Baron Corvisart observed that the pulse of the illustrious patient was suddenly and rapidly failing—that he seemed to be losing consciousness ; and his colleagues, whose attention he had directed to these alarming symptoms, saw the imminent danger, and immediately realised that Napoleon III. might have but a few minutes more to live.

The Empress was at once sent for, and Count Clary hurried to Woolwich to fetch the Prince Imperial.

When her Majesty entered the room of her husband she found him scarcely breathing. "But he is dying!" she exclaimed. Stimulants were administered, and various efforts were made to revive him, but in vain; and then Monsignor Goddard, who had been sent for, administered the last sacraments of the Church. As the Empress leaned over him, the dying Emperor's eyes were fixed for a moment upon her. Recognising his devoted companion, his lips moved as if he wished to speak; and then, a smile resting for a moment on his face, he sighed twice, and all was over. It was a quarter past eleven o'clock, and scarcely twenty minutes after the syncopal seizure.

When the Empress saw everybody kneeling, the terrible truth dawned upon her, and, with a loud cry, she sank down near the couch of her beloved consort. There she remained in tears, and immovable, until she heard that the Prince Imperial had arrived.

At the door of the vestibule of Camden Place the Prince was received by Count Daviller. Count Clary had already informed the young man of the grave apprehensions among those who were in attendance upon the Emperor when he left Chislehurst; and, although Count Daviller did not announce to the Prince that the Emperor was dead, his pale face indicated that the worst might be feared.

"What has happened? Tell me—tell me," said the Prince. But not waiting for an answer, he ran upstairs and towards the room where his father had just commenced his last sleep.

At the door his mother met him, and falling upon his neck, she said, weeping bitterly, "*Je n'ai plus que toi, Louis!*" Pale as death, the Prince entered the room, and, kneeling down before the couch of the Emperor, uttered aloud a short prayer. He then arose and kissed his dead father. His silence, his struggle with his emotion, the expression in his eyes, and his movements were most painful to all who witnessed the scene, and his friends hastened to tear him away from the body to which he feverishly clung. As they led him to his own apartment, he gave way to his grief, and found relief in tears and sobs.

I had been informed of the proposed consultation with Sir Henry Thompson, and the conclusion that surgical treatment was necessary had been communicated to me; and although I could not fail to remember the words of my wise and prudent friend, Sir James Paget, the success of the first operation was reported to me in such glowing terms as to dissipate any apprehensions concerning its final success that I might have previously entertained.

Such, indeed, was my confidence as to all danger being now over, that I think I have never been more surprised and shocked than I was on the afternoon of January 9th, when, about four o'clock, I received a despatch announcing the death of the Emperor. I simply could not believe it. If it were true, M. Rouher must have heard of it. Instantly I left my office and hastened to the modest mansion in the Rue de l'Élysée where the former Minister of his Majesty then resided. Before I entered I saw that there could be no question as to the truth of the announcement of the Emperor's

death. The doors of the house stood wide open. Visitors could be seen moving through the corridors, ascending and descending the stairs without interruption; and although the servants at first made efforts to prevent the people from crowding into the building, they had quickly to renounce this attempt; for soon an unending concourse, that had gathered in the street and in front of the house, began to pass through the apartments, thinking of nothing but the fearful disaster that had befallen France. In the little drawing-room to the right of the entrance, where the Emperor's intimate friends were accustomed to gather, Madame and Mademoiselle Rouher were receiving the most distinguished visitors, when, towards five o'clock, M. Rouher himself arrived from the Chamber of Deputies, where he had just announced the sad news to the national representatives. In the course of an hour nearly all the prominent Bonapartists were to be seen in this little room, among them M. Henri Chevreau, M. Béhic, the Duke de Gramont, MM. Abbatucci, Galloni d'Istria, Forcade de la Roquette, the Duke and Duchess de Montmorency, the Princess Louisa Poniatowski, Baron and Baroness Farincourt, M. Benedetti, the Marquis Cossé-Brissac, the Count d'Ayguesvives, the Baron de Bourgoing, Colonel Stoffel, MM. Granier and Paul de Cassagnac, the Commander Duperré, and, in fact, nearly all the ministers, senators, deputies, and generals of the late Empire. In a retired corner of the room, reclining upon a divan, Prince Charles Bonaparte was weeping bitterly, and scarcely able to suppress his sobs; while outside in the corridor there moved a sombre crowd of

men of all conditions of life—gentlemen in evening dress, officials in uniform, working men in their blouses, old soldiers with grey moustaches and stern faces, tears running down the pallid features upon which, perhaps for the first time, such signs of sorrow were to be seen.

In London the announcement of the death of the Emperor made a deep impression. The *Times* of the 10th said: "Indeed, since the death of the Prince Consort, no event of the kind has produced anything like so profound a feeling of sorrow in the city of London;" and in the issue of the next day the leading article ended as follows: "Louis Napoleon stood throughout our fast friend to the very bounds of discretion. He saw and felt that our place was to stand together; such were our natural affinities, such our social interests, such our position. He had made two long sojourns with us, and had learned our ways. He had become one of us. He did not disguise his Anglican leanings. Like his immediate predecessor on the throne, Napoleon III. will lie in an English grave—more secure there than at Saint Denis, more secure, probably, than at the Invalides. Received on these shores with the sympathy due to misfortune, and followed everywhere with the respect due to a dignified bearing and an affectionate nature, the ex-Emperor acquires a new claim to consideration in the agonies of his death-bed, the manly patience with which they have been borne, and the deep affection of those he leaves behind him."

Perhaps still more significant of the profound respect for the memory of Napoleon III. enter-

tained by the world, beyond the borders of the Empire he ruled, were the letters of condolence sent to the Empress by the municipalities of the principal Italian cities. The municipal council of Pavia, "in remembrance of the glorious days of Magenta and Solférino, sends to the widow of the great man, now no more, expressions of ardent and sincere grief." From Florence the Syndic Peruzzi wrote: "To her Majesty the Empress of the French: This Communal Council, assembled to-day for the purpose of being the interpreter of public sentiment, sends to your Majesty, and the Imperial Prince, the most respectful and heartfelt condolence, in the name of the Italian population, on the occasion of the loss you have experienced in the person of the man who was the staunch and liberal friend of Italy, and who helped her so vigorously to redeem her freedom. His name shall be engraved upon our hearts for ever." And from Venice, and Milan, and Leghorn, and Naples, and scores of Italian cities, came similar testimonials of appreciation and grateful remembrance.

On January 10th a post-mortem examination was held over the body of the Emperor Napoleon III. The stone—a phosphatic concretion—was found nearly or quite half destroyed by the crushing to which it had been subjected. The part remaining was one and five-sixteenths inches in length, and one and one-fourth inches in breadth; its weight was about three-quarters of an ounce. The mucous membrane of the bladder showed signs of much irritation, both old and recent; the ureters were distended and the kidneys diseased, but all the other

organs of the body were sound. The immediate cause of death was attributed, and probably rightly, to *uræmic syncope.*

On the following day the body was embalmed and placed in a coffin, dressed in a blue tunic and red trousers, with a gold sash around the waist—the undress uniform of a French General of Division. The dead Emperor wore the broad red *cordon* of the Legion of Honour, and a row of medals and decorations was attached to the left breast. By his side was a sword, and between the hands, that were crossed upon the lower part of his chest, lay a pair of white gloves. Two plain gold rings—one his wedding-ring—were on the third and fourth fingers of the left hand, and a small crucifix was placed upon his breast.

On Monday his body was removed from the small room where he died to the hall of Camden Place, where, placed on an inclined plane, under the skylight darkened and draped with the flags of the army he once commanded, the face in full view, a military cloak across the feet, in a *Chapelle Ardente* formed of dark hangings and lighted by candles in silver candelabra, it lay in state until the funeral.

The Empress and the Prince Imperial were visited by the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family, and the Empress received a most affectionate message of condolence from Queen Victoria. On the following day (Tuesday) the thousands who had assembled to pass before the coffin were permitted to enter the house in groups of two hundred. It is estimated that on this day nearly twenty thousand people visited Camden Place, wearing mourning cos-

tume, many of whom were unable to pay their last respects to the dead Emperor simply because the hours passed and the night came before this multitude could be admitted to the hall where his body lay.

On January 13th I went to England for the purpose of expressing in person to the Empress and the Prince Imperial my sympathy in their bereavement, and, as a member of the official household of the late Emperor, to attend his funeral, which was to take place on the 15th.

This funeral will be remembered by every one who saw it as a very simple but remarkably impressive spectacle. All the arrangements were made by M. Piétri, Count Clary, and Count Daviller. Between two thousand and three thousand of the most prominent Frenchmen in all walks of life were present in the procession, and upwards of fifty thousand English people congregated to witness the passing of the cortège along the half-mile of road from Camden Place to St. Mary's Church.

The people began to assemble in the vicinity of Camden Place at an early hour, though none but those who were in possession of special invitations were admitted into the grounds or near the dwelling.

At twenty minutes past ten the hearse, drawn by eight black horses, drew up before the hall door. A number of French workmen in white blouses, the dress of mechanics, now defiled along the front of the right wing of the house. At their head was a man who held aloft a French flag, while another carried a large wreath of immortelles, bearing the inscription, "*Paris. Souvenir et regrets des ouvriers*

de Paris à sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoléon." Flowers in profusion were hung upon the sides or piled upon the top of the hearse, and most of them were fresh violets—the symbolic flower of the Bonaparte family—wrought in various devices.

At the foot of a fine tall cedar in front of the north wing of the mansion, some six or seven hundred noblemen and gentlemen of France were prepared to fall into their place in the procession; while the spectators in the grounds, to the number of a thousand or more, were congregated on the lawn and near the borders of the carriageway. Outside of the tall rustic fence separating the grounds from the common was an innumerable multitude, many hundreds of whom were stationed in carriages commanding a view of the proceedings in front of the hall.

Punctually at the appointed time (eleven o'clock) the body of the Emperor, enclosed in three coffins, was brought from the house and placed in the hearse. The outer coffin was covered with purple velvet. There were three shields on this coffin, on one of which was the Imperial crown, on another a Latin cross, and the third bore the following inscription:

NAPOLÉON III
EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS
NÉ À PARIS
le 20 Avril 1808
Mort à Camden Place
Chislehurst
le 9 Janvier 1873.
R I P

A few minutes later the procession left Camden Place and emerged upon the common, the French workmen in advance, the tricoloured flag in front, attached not to a staff but to the freshly broken branch of a tree. After these men there followed an abbé having a golden cross on his breast; next came a number of priests, one of whom read portions of the service for the dead. Then came the hearse, which was drawn by eight horses, with plumes on their heads and immortelles on their housings; and on each side of the hearse went the mutes, carrying wreaths of immortelles on their arms. The hearse was covered over with a pall of black velvet, on which were wrought the Imperial arms of France. Immediately behind the hearse, and so close to it that he was scarcely visible, walked the Prince Imperial, in simple mourning dress, but wearing the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, bareheaded, his clear blue eyes fastened upon the sad object before him. He seemed deeply moved, but his step was firm. Behind him was the line of princes of the House of Bonaparte, in their order of precedence, conspicuous among whom were Prince Napoleon, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Charles Bonaparte, and Prince Joachim Murat. Next came a host of the personal and military friends and political adherents of the late Emperor. The ex-Ministers of the Empire wore the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour; but, with two exceptions, the French officers did not appear in uniform; they were in evening dress, and walked bareheaded, as did all in the procession. Coming immediately after the more prominent of the French officers and Imperial

statesmen was the deputation of Italian Generals, sent by the King of Italy to Camden Place to represent him on this occasion. They wore their respective green and gold uniforms, and had upon their breasts numerous decorations and medals, and were followed by the main body of the procession, which consisted principally of Frenchmen—deputies, councillors of state, prefects, and others, among whom were a few Frenchwomen. The procession moved very slowly along the winding road, the spectators remaining uncovered while it passed, and exhibiting marks of respect and sympathy. It was indeed a gathering of the friends of the dead Emperor; and there was no occasion for the services of the eight hundred constables that had been sent down from London to preserve order.

When the doors of the church were reached it was half-past eleven o'clock. The coffin was then carried in, and following immediately behind it were the Prince Imperial, the Bonaparte princes, and a few persons closely attached to the family. On account of the very limited capacity of the church, nearly all of those who walked in the procession were obliged to remain outside the doors during the religious ceremony, only one hundred and eighty-four seats having been reserved for the persons who formerly belonged to the *Maison de l'Empereur*, and for the chief dignitaries of the Empire. Many of these seats were occupied some time before the arrival of the funeral cortège by the ladies of the Empress' household, and others, among whom were the Duchess de Malakoff, Madame de St. Arnaud, Madame Rouher, the Duchess de Mouchy,

and Madame Canrobert. At 10.30 the Princess Clotilde and the Princess Mathilde had already taken their places in a small side chapel, where seats had been reserved for them. The ladies were all in deep mourning, and many of them were weeping.

As a member of the Imperial household, I took the place reserved for me in the body of the building. Looking about me, I saw, among the number of persons whom I have not already mentioned, Madame Lebreton, Viscountess Aguado, Madame de Saulcy, Madame Carette, Mademoiselle de Larminat, the Duchess de Montmorency, the Countess Clary, the Duchess de Tarente, Countess Walewska, Countess Aguado, Countess Pourtalès, Princess de la Moskowa, Princess Poniatowski. And among the gentlemen, the Duke de Tarente, Generals Castelnau, Le Brun, and Frossard, Viscount Aguado, Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf, General le Marquis de Fortou, Viscount Henri Bertrand, General de Juniac, the Duke de Gramont, M. Benedetti, Baron Haussmann, Baron Schneider, Admirals Rigault de Genouilly and de la Gravière, M. de Forcade de la Roquette, Duke de Montmorency, Duke de Feltre, Colonel Stoffel, M. Maurice Richard, Marquis de Chasseloup Laubat, as also two or three old soldiers, pensioners of the Emperor, several of the Imperial domestics, and a number of working men representing the delegations that had come to England to be present on this occasion.

Within the little church, the coffin was placed upon a catafalque in the central space immediately west of the chancel. The Prince Imperial took his place near

the catafalque, on the north side, and the princes of the Imperial family stood near him. In the nave of the church the windows were draped with black cloth, which was festooned to let in the light. The windows on the west side were not draped, but the daylight, except such as penetrated through the eastern windows of the nave, was wholly excluded from the chancel, which was hung quite around with black cloth, and illuminated solely by six tall candles at the altar, and smaller lights on the ledges below. In the centre of the east wall a large cross made of white satin, not less than six feet in length, was hung immediately above the burning candles; and the black drapery on the north and south sides was relieved by the Imperial arms, blazoned in crimson and gold.

The Right Rev. Dr. Danell, titular Bishop of Southwark, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Searle, the former deacon of Tunbridge Wells, officiated in the ceremony.

The 129th Psalm was read by the Bishop at the foot of the altar, and the mass commenced with the *Dies Iræ*. The Bishop sang the preface, which was followed by the *Sanctus*, the *Consecration*, and the *Elevation*. Then came the singing of the *Benedictus*, the *Paternoster*, and the *Agnus Dei*. The Bishop then received the communion, and the coffin was sprinkled and the absolution pronounced. After the absolution, the immortelles and other floral devices were laid aside, and the coffin was carried by eight bearers to the sacristy, the choir singing the *In Paradisum*, followed by the *Benedictus* and the *Canticle*. A few moments afterwards it was placed in the vault that had been prepared to receive it; and the Prince

Imperial, passing along into the sacristy, laid upon it two wreaths; others of the family mourners followed, with floral offerings in their hands, till the coffin was heaped high and hung round with these funereal tributes; and then the little gate of iron latticework was closed; and while the Imperial family and the mourners were leaving, and the organ was playing the *De Profundis*, one by one, to the number of fifteen hundred or more, most of those who had followed the dead Emperor to the chapel passed by and sprinkled holy water upon his coffin through the grating. The service lasted scarcely an hour.

Thus ended the funeral ceremony, which was as sad as it was solemn and impressive, the voices of the officiators being mingled with the sobs of the women and the tears of the men.

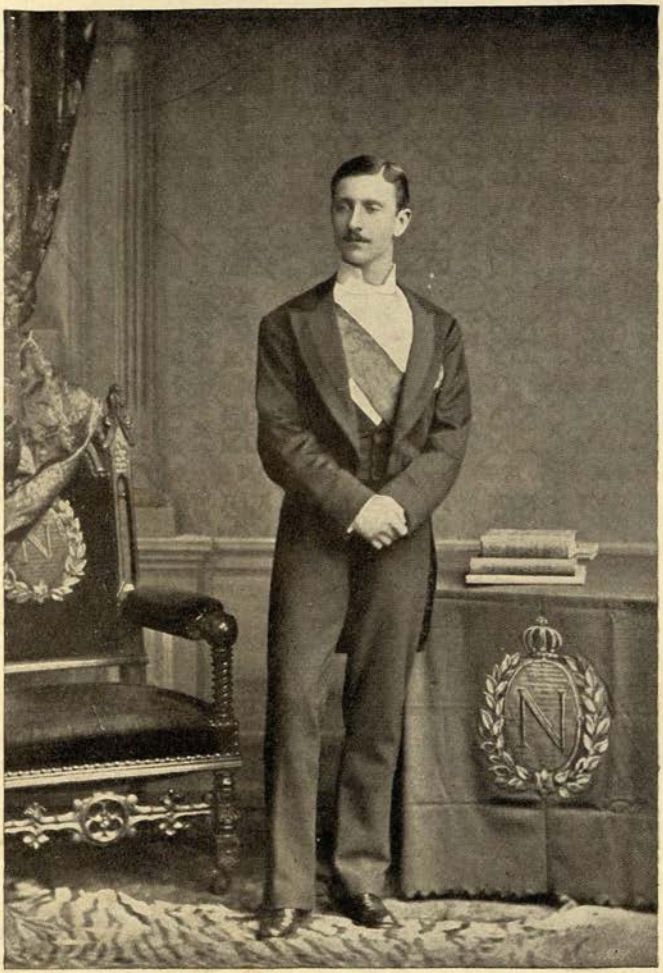
And could it well be otherwise, when we remember the career of him to whom these obsequies and this last homage were rendered—that almost every one of the witnesses of this simple, sad service in a humble little church in a foreign land, had also been a witness of the magnificent ceremonial which, in the very same month of January, just twenty-one years before, in the ancient basilica of Notre Dame de Paris, opened with splendour and with such promise the history of the Second French Empire?

The Empress, worn out with fatigue and watching, having sat by the side of the deceased Emperor during the whole morning, was not present at the service in the church, but remained in her own room at Camden Place, where a few of her friends kept her company.

The body of the Emperor was not long afterwards deposited in a sarcophagus, the gift of Queen Victoria, above which was placed the banner which at Windsor floated over his Majesty's stall as Knight of the Garter.

The King is dead—Long live the King!

At the end of the funeral ceremony the Prince Imperial and the members of the Bonaparte family and household returned to Camden Place, where, in the principal drawing-room, the son of Napoleon III. received in person the condolences of the distinguished men who had attended his father's funeral. And then, observing the great concourse of people, mostly Frenchmen, who had gathered together on the lawn in front of Camden Place, the Prince, accompanied by the Duke de Cambacérès, Prince Napoleon, and others, went out upon the steps of the house to acknowledge this homage of respect for the memory of his father. Here, with uncovered heads, he was received; many tears were shed, and hands were warmly grasped and words of sympathy or pledges of loyalty given. As he was about to re-enter the hall door, a workman stepped forward and addressed him, closing a short speech with the words, "*Vive Napoléon IV.!*" Instantly the cry was repeated by the whole assembly, and a rush was made towards the Prince, who was nearly swept off his feet by the impulsive and prodigious manifestations that followed of loyalty to the Imperial dynasty. At the very first *viva* the Prince raised his hand to stop the demonstration, but



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

From a photograph taken by Elliott and Fry in 1878.

To face p. 616.

the sight of his uplifted hand only seemed to increase its force; and after he had been hurried into the house by his suite, the cries of "*Vive Napoléon IV.!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*" continued to be repeated with an enthusiasm indescribable, and that appeared to be inexhaustible.

Not long after this impressive scene, M. Thiers, then *Chef du Pouvoir* of the French Republic—that form of government which he cleverly affirmed "divides Frenchmen least"—was heard to say, "Yes, let me assure you, the Republic will last for a long time in France; but," added the author of the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," "were I to let you know all I think about it, I should tell you that, were the Republic to disappear, the Empire would be the only government the country could possibly accept. If the people should revive a dynasty, this dynasty would be the one they would choose. The Napoleons are Democrats, and their name can never be forgotten."

APPENDICES

I

A LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS JOSEPHINE TO NAPOLEON III.

AMONG the letters found in the cabinet of the Emperor at the Tuileries, on the 4th of September, 1870, were a number from the Princess Josephine and her son, Prince Leopold. Perhaps the most interesting is one written by the Princess to the Emperor in June, 1866, in which she alludes to the fact, now forgotten, that it was under his "august protection" that the Rumanian nation came into being, and solicits the benevolent interest of her cousin in behalf of her son Charles, who had just accepted the throne offered to him by the Rumanians.

"If, my dear cousin," she writes, "I can let him go without fear, it is because I am sustained by the intimate conviction that we can count upon your good-will, and that you were already in sympathy with a resolution that sprang from a generous impulse, which the thought of the protection you always have given to the cause of Rumania sustained and strengthened. Since, because of that august protection, the guaranteeing Powers are no longer hostile to my son, I now write to thank you, my dear cousin, and to solicit for him your advice and your support. I beg of you to assist him—to sustain him in the task, doubtless very difficult, to which he has given himself with all the ardour of his young heart. Permit me to add to my prayer the assurance that he would not have taken this decision had he not been absolutely convinced that it would not be displeasing to you. This was the opinion of the Rumanians them-

selves. They are under too many obligations to you to have persisted, as they have done, in their resolution, had they had any reason to fear that it would have met with your disapprobation. For a long time I have cherished the hope of coming to Paris, and of commending to you my good son Charles more warmly than I can by writing to you. I had it so much in heart to pay my respects to her Majesty the Empress, and to thank her for all the kindnesses which she, as well as you, condescended to extend so generously to Antoinette and Leopold during their visit to the Tuileries. In offering to you the expression of my lively, of my profound gratitude, I could have spoken to you of my maternal solicitude, of the hopes we have placed in you—in your unremitting kindnesses. Unfortunately, I am compelled to give up that which would have made me so happy, for we are in the midst of a war of which *we* are unable to measure the dimensions. Charles has the sad task of being obliged to defend the provinces of the Rhine and Westphalia against South Germany. He joins with me in begging you to find in these lines the assurance of the kind feelings with which we are imbued, and to be so good as to have her Majesty the Empress accept it as our homage. We venture to hope that she will give her support to my people when speaking to you.

"It is with the tenderest affection that I am for ever, my dear cousin, your very devoted cousin,

"JOSEPHINE." [1]

These expressions of political consideration and assurances of gratitude and kind feeling were perhaps sincere when uttered; but four years later they would seem to have been forgotten or unheeded. If princes have not always short memories, a political end or *raison d'état* is apt to count with them far more than ties of family or personal obligations for past favours or services.

II

THE FAMILY OF THE EMPRESS

MARIE EUGÉNIE DE GUZMAN, Countess de Téba, was born in Granada, Spain, on May 5, 1826, and is the daughter of Don

[1] "L'Allemange aux Tuileries," par Henri Bordier, Librairie M. L. Beauvais, 1872, pp. 175, 176.

Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto Carrero, Count de Téba, and of Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick. The house of Guzman is one of the most illustrious in Spanish history, and the stoical loyalty to his king of Don Alfonso Perez de Guzman, who in 1291 permitted his son to be decapitated by the Moors rather than surrender the citadel of Talifa, has been immortalised by Lope de Vega.

Mademoiselle Eugénie, was a grand-niece of Alfonso X., and in the seventeenth century a Guzman married the Duke of Braganza, afterward King Juan IV. of Portugal. The families of Las Torres, Medina-Cœli, and Olivares are also related to the house of Porto Carrero, Counts de Montijo, through the Guzmans.

The mother of the Empress Eugénie was the daughter of Françoise de Grivegnée and William Kirkpatrick. The Grivegnées were originally from Liège, but had long resided in Spain. Her father, Mr. Kirkpatrick, was born in Dumfries, Scotland. He was a member of a family devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, and, for political reasons, emigrated to America just before the Declaration of Independence. Remaining there, however, but a short time, he went to Spain, where he soon became associated in business with his future father-in-law, a wealthy merchant of Malaga. Having been for a great many years the United States consul at this port, Mr. Kirkpatrick was personally well known to many Americans who had occasion to visit Spain during and immediately after the time when he represented our Government in an official capacity.

How Mr. Kirkpatrick came to receive this appointment is set forth in the following letter addressed to President Washington by George Cabot, United States Senator from Massachusetts:

"BEVERLEY, *January* 28, 1791.

"SIR,—Mr. William Kirkpatrick, a member of the house of Messieurs Grivegnée & Co., of Malaga, wishes to have the honour of serving the United States in the character of consul for that port. Should it be thought expedient to institute such an office, it may be found that Mr. Kirkpatrick's situation, as well as talents and dispositions, peculiarly enable him to fill it with propriety. Permit me, therefore, sir, to request that, when the qualifications of candidates are under your examination, his also may be considered.

"If any apology is necessary for this freedom, I hope it may not be deemed insufficient that, having been led by my profession to make frequent visits to Spain, among other intimacies I formed one

with the principals of the commercial establishment to which Mr. Kirkpatrick belongs; that these have desired my testimony on this occasion, and that my experience of their integrity and their friendship to the people of this country constrains me to think well of a gentleman they recommend, and to confide in one for whose faithfulness they are willing to be responsible.

"I am, with the most profound respect, sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"GEORGE CABOT."

"The President of the United States."

Another distinguished American has written still more interestingly of Mr. Kirkpatrick. Washington Irving, in a letter addressed, in 1583, to Mrs. Pierre M. Irving, says:

"I believe I have told you that I knew the grandfather of the Empress—old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827, near Adra, on the west of the Mediterranean. A week or two after I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada—a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye and been maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterward, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room, and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I had known him with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls I had known at Granada—now fashionable belles at Madrid.

"After this I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married, while I was in Madrid, to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British Crown. The other now sits on the throne of France."

Appendices

Of the mother of the Empress, Mr. George Ticknor, the author of the "History of Spanish Literature," writes, in 1818, as follows:

"I knew Madame de Téba in Madrid, when she was there on a visit last summer; and from what I saw of her then and here (Malaga), where I saw her every day, I do not doubt she is the most cultivated and the most interesting woman in Spain. Young and beautiful, educated strictly and faithfully by her mother—who for this purpose carried her to London and Paris, and kept her there between six and seven years—possessing extraordinary talents, and giving an air of originality to all she says and does, she unites, in a most bewitching manner, the Andalusian grace and frankness to a French facility in her manners and a genuine English thoroughness in her knowledge and accomplishments. She knows the five chief modern languages well, and feels their different characters, and estimates their literatures aright. She has the foreign accomplishments of singing, playing, painting, &c., and the national one of dancing, in a high degree. In conversation she is brilliant and original; and yet with all this she is a true Spaniard, and as full of Spanish feelings as she is of talent and culture."

III

THE EMPEROR'S FORTUNE

On account of the currency given to reports that the Emperor had amassed and left an enormous private fortune, soon after his death the solicitors of the Empress addressed the following communication to the Press:

"Incorrect statements having repeatedly appeared in both English and foreign newspapers regarding the will of the late Emperor Napoleon, we think it right, as solicitors for the administratrix, to state that all such rumours as have hitherto been published are without authority and inaccurate. Unavoidable circumstances have occasioned some delay in the publication of the will, but letters of administration *cum testamento annexo* have now been applied for, and, in order to avoid the possibility of further misrepresentation,

we are authorised to transmit to you a copy of the will for publication. . . .

"The estate has been sworn under £120,000; but it is right to state that this sum is subject to claims which will reduce the amount actually received by the administratrix to about one-half of the sum named.

[Signed] "MARKBY, PARRY & STEWART,

"April 27th." "37, Coleman Street, E.C.

IV

SPEECH OF LORD BROUGHAM

"LONDON, 6, GRAFTON STREET, *June* 12, 1864.

"MY DEAR DR. EVANS,—I hope your countrymen will be satisfied with my eulogy of them the other day in the Lords. It was so inaccurately given in most of the papers, that I shall send you an accurate account of it, which I shall have in a few days.

"Believe me, most sincerely yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

"*The Accurate Account.*"

"LORD BROUGHAM, in rising to second the motion, wished to make a few observations on some parts of his noble friend's (Lord Clanricarde's) statements. No one could lament more deeply than he did, not only the cruel and calamitous civil war which had been waging for the last three years in America, but the conduct of many of our countrymen in joining in this dreadful contest, more particularly those who came from that part of the country to which his noble friend belonged, and who, he lamented to say, had in great numbers entered the Federal army. He highly disapproved of the conduct of the Federal Government not only in the attempt which they began but could not carry out, to establish depôts for raising foreign recruits, but he disapproved as entirely of their taking men—even if they did not inveigle them by the tricks which had been described—taking them even when the men honestly entered, and entered knowing what they were doing, even though not deceived by crimps and deluded under the influence of strong liquor. The men were told they were going merely to labour in the fields, and after they

were there they were told there was no work for them, and they were asked, 'Will you please come into the army?' But even suppose the most honest and fair contract made between these Irishmen and the recruiting officers of the Federal Government, he still disapproved of the course they had adopted. What was their complaint against us? That we were not sufficiently neutral—that we did not hold the balance even between the two parties, Federals and Confederates. Both parties in America, he believed, complained of us in this respect; but could there be a more open infraction of neutrality than the conduct of those who compel the poor Irish immigrants to enter their service, or who take them into their service? They were taking men into their service who were guilty of an offence punishable severely in this country. These men were criminals. The crime of which they were guilty had lately been made a misdemeanour by the Foreign Enlistment Act; but in the reign of George II. it was felony, and at one time it was a capital felony. The men were still criminals, and the Federal Government employed men knowing them to be criminals [illegible] into their service. Time was when those same Americans complained bitterly of our employing foreign troops to subdue them—to do the very same thing towards them which the Federals were now doing towards the Confederates—endeavouring to restore the Union—that was to conquer, or attempting to conquer, the Confederates by foreign troops. In the drafts to supply the enormous demands which this most lamentable war had made—he believed not less than six hundred thousand in the course of the last two years—they took no regiments or corps, but thousands of persons from Germany, and, he grieved to say, hundreds, at least, from Ireland. The Germans formed a great part of their resources to supply the blanks which this cruel war had made. These Americans complained of our conduct in 1778; and the worst thing they considered we did, in attempting their conquest, was the employment of Hessian and other German regiments in the course of the war. The eloquence of Mr. Burke and of Lord Chatham made the walls of Parliament ring with complaints of the German mercenaries being taken into the pay of the Government for the purpose of subduing America. Now these Americans were doing the selfsame thing, not by taking corps, but thousands of individuals who are foreigners, into their service, and employing them against the Confederates.

"Would that his voice, which he feared hardly reached across the

House, could reach across the Atlantic, that he might in all kindness and respect remind his old friends and clients, for whom he in times past had stood the champion, defending their actions, exalting their character, so that he was represented as setting them down above his own countrymen, when he used to be called the Attorney-General of Maddison, the tool of the Jeffersons and Monroes. He now implored them to listen to his friend's declarations that they had done enough for glory and fame, had shown their boundless fortitude, their unsurpassed courage, their endless sacrifices, not more careless of the lives of others than of their own. Let them be well assured that there is but one feeling all over Europe of reprobation of the accursed, unnatural civil war, of sorrow for their sufferings under it, and of deep desire for the restoration of peace to bless the New World and to gratify the sympathies of the Old. This was no time for intervention, which might do harm and could be productive of no good. He had refused to present petitions from many considerable bodies anxious for that interference, as affording a hope of peace. He had refused to present them as inopportune. But he had a fervent hope that the occasion might before long arrive when this country, and her peaceful ally across the Channel, under a wise ruler, anxious for America's peace, would do good by offering their mediation between the contending parties, aiding them in arriving at just and reasonable terms, restoring the fruit of blessings to all nations, a tranquil and independent existence, with the establishment of universal prosperity and the uninterrupted progress of social improvement."

V

THE FALSIFIED DESPATCH

THE history of this despatch, briefly stated, is as follows: The French Government was informed on July 12th by the Spanish ambassador, that the candidature of Prince Leopold had been withdrawn by his father, Prince Antoine. On the same day the Duke de Gramont, in making the announcement to M. Benedetti, said:

"In order that the renunciation should produce its full effect, it would seem necessary that the King of Prussia should associate him-

self with it, and give a full assurance that he will not authorise it should it come up again."

On the following day, in accordance with his instructions, M. Benedetti—the King coming forward to greet him as he was walking on the promenade at Ems—took the occasion to inform the King that his Government desired to have some assurance from him that the candidature of Prince Leopold would not be brought up again with his Majesty's consent. Without making any promises, the King, at the close of the interview, told M. Benedetti that he was expecting every moment letters from Sigmaringen, and that as soon as he had received them he would send for him.

But during the course of the day the King received despatches from M. de Werther, his ambassador at Paris, which displeased him; and, about four o'clock, he sent one of his aides to the French ambassador to inform him that, while the King approved of the withdrawal of the candidature, with respect to the future he could only repeat what he had already said. An hour later, on asking for the promised interview, M. Benedetti received from one of his Majesty's secretaries a formal but perfectly courteous note, in which the King expressed his regret that he was really unable to say anything more on the subject than he had said during their interview that morning.

In reporting these proceedings to the North-German Chancellor —proceedings in which, as M. Benedetti has said, "No one was either *insulting* or *insulted*"—the Counsellor Abeken sent, in the name of the King, the following despatch:

"EMS, *July* 13, 1870, 3.50 *p.m.*

"Count Benedetti met me to-day on the promenade. He requested me very urgently to promise never to authorise a new Hohenzollern candidature. I proved to him in the most positive manner that it was impossible to make in this way engagements for ever binding. Naturally, I added that up to the present time I had received nothing, and that, since he was thus informed sooner by the way of Paris and Madrid, it was clearly evident that my Government was out of the question." To these words of the King the Counsellor added, that the King had since received a letter from the Prince confirming the announcement of the renunciation, but that the King had concluded to inform M. Benedetti of this through an aide-de-camp, and not to see him personally on account of his

claim, having nothing more to say, ending the despatch as follows: "His Majesty leaves it entirely to your Excellency to decide if this new requirement, and the refusal it has met with, should be communicated to the Embassies and to the Press."

This despatch reached Count Bismarck about five o'clock, when he was dining with Generals von Moltke and von Roon. "On reading it," says Bismarck, "my guests were so discouraged that they could neither eat nor drink." The despatch, if it indicated relations still strained, announced no rupture; peace might be expected. The despatch was read over and over and commented upon. Finally, Bismarck said: "I think I can fix it. The King leaves me entirely at liberty to communicate this information to the Press. It will only be necessary to paraphrase it a little—to make a few suppressions, to slightly change the tone." Thereupon he sat down and wrote out the following communication, to be sent officially to the Embassies and the Press:

"The news of the renunciation of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern has been officially communicated to the French Imperial Government by the Royal Government of Spain. The French ambassador has since, at Ems, addressed to his Majesty the King the demand that he be authorised to telegraph to Paris that his Majesty the King pledges himself for ever not to permit this candidature to be brought up again. Whereupon his Majesty has refused to see the ambassador again, and has informed him, through his aide-de-camp-in-waiting, that he has nothing more to communicate to him."

Then he read to his guests the text he had prepared. They were delighted. "It sounds now," said Moltke, "like a provocation given with a blast of trumpets." "You see," said Bismarck, "it is essential that we should be the ones who are attacked. Now, if I send this text to the newspapers, and to all our ambassadors, it will soon be known in Paris, and, not only on account of what it says, but from the way in which it will have been spread about, *will produce down there upon the French bull the effect of a red flag.*" And everybody knows that it did have exactly the effect intended and expected.

The reader will observe that King William had not refused to see M. Benedetti, but had only informed him that on the subject of guarantees he had nothing more to say than he had already said. As a matter of fact, M. Benedetti was received by the King on the

following day, July 14th, at the railway station, when his Majesty was about to leave Ems for Coblenz.

A great deal has been said about "the rashness" of the request addressed to King William after the renunciation of Prince Leopold had been officially communicated to the French Foreign Office. But in reality this request only became important, in the chain of events that led to the declaration of war, after Count Bismarck seized upon it as the pretext for a Macchiavellian invention—the alleged insult to the French Government. The Hohenzollern candidature had apparently been settled once before, in April, 1870; and having again been brought up, and a second time renounced, in the course of three months, however inexpedient it may now seem to have been to raise the question, it was then only natural that the Imperial Government should wish to have some assurance that this irritating affair might be considered as finally disposed of. Nor was the request made in a way to imply that such an assurance was a condition indispensable to the maintenance of friendly relations between the two governments.

VI

CONCERNING THE REORGANISATION OF THE ARMY

M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER, on being offered by Walewski a ministry in the Imperial Government, made it a condition that this project of reorganising the army should be abandoned. When shortly afterward, on the 10th of January, 1867, he had his first personal interview with the Emperor, after a few words of salutation the conversation, as reported by M. Ollivier in the ninth volume of his "L'Empire Libéral," opened as follows:

"'Endeavour,' said I, 'by all possible means, for the time being at least, to keep the reorganisation of the army within the limits of the budget and of its present strength.' To which the Emperor replied: 'A serious reorganisation is indispensable; the necessity for this was made apparent to me in Italy. It was the smallness of our army and the impossibility of having another on the Rhine which forced upon me the treaty of Villafranca. How is it possible to rest inert after the lessons of the last war [the Austro-Prussian War of 1866]? I know that my project is unpopular, but we must learn to bravely face unpopularity when it is necessary to do our duty.' I

did not deny the necessity of a serious reorganisation of our military mechanism, only I added: 'Your Majesty has realised the most urgent of these reforms by adopting the chassepot; there are others not less necessary, which, according to those who are competent to speak on these subjects, should be introduced into our tactics, our method of mobilisation, and our supply department; but cannot all this be done without touching our organic law of recruitment? Two days ago, at your cousin's, I listened to a conversation between Niel, Trochu, and Lebrun, whose conclusion was that on account of the length of our military service and our system of reserves, which could be still further improved, and the elasticity of the active force, our army possessed a solidity which the Prussian system, more democratic but less military, would weaken.' This the Emperor would not admit. He maintained that numbers would have henceforth in war an importance that would prove decisive; that the present organisation gave us no assurance of this, and that assurance on this point was absolutely necessary."

On the following day, at the Emperor's request, M. Ollivier saw the Empress and again offered his objections to an increase of the army. Of this interview he writes: "With a very exact knowledge of the subject, and with real eloquence, she explained to me that a reform was urgent; that it had been put off already too long; that she had been convinced on this subject since 1859. 'In view of an attack on the Rhine,' said she, 'my uncle Jérôme wished me then to sign a decree calling out three hundred thousand National Guards. Notwithstanding a majority of the Ministers were of his opinion, I was unwilling to sign at this time, in the presence of Europe, a confession of our military impotency. Thereupon my uncle arose, and said to me, "You are losing France; you are exposing us to an invasion." "In any event," I replied, "I shall not fly from before the enemy, as Marie Louise did—even, my uncle, were you to advise me to do so."

"'I wrote to the Emperor, and the peace of Villafranca was signed. We should take care that we do not find ourselves some day in a similar situation.'"

These conversations, in the light of subsequent events, show how clearly both the Emperor and the Empress understood the military needs of France, and that they distinctly foresaw the serious risks that would be incurred in the event of a war with any great Power, unless the army was considerably increased.

Appendices

VII

THE LOYALTY OF GENERAL TROCHU

DOUBTS with respect to the loyalty of General Trochu, that were suggested especially by a letter published in the *Temps* under his signature, almost immediately after he had assumed the duties of his office, caused the Council of Ministers to request one of their number to say to the General, at a meeting of the Council, that an explanation from him on this point was desirable. The General having answered equivocally, the Minister again put the question categorically, and in the presence of the Empress and the Council. General Trochu then answered as follows: "I am astonished that any one should persist in asking such a question of a French General. In accepting the functions of Governor of Paris, I was confronted by the supposition that the dynasty or the Assembly might be threatened. Should this happen, I reply, on my old Breton faith, that to defend the dynasty I will come and die on the steps of the Tuileries." To this burst of devotion the Empress answered: "Think first of saving France. I know what may happen to the dynasty. As for myself, I wish to retire worthily." At the close of the sitting, General Trochu said to M. David, speaking of the Empress and her last words: "This woman is admirable. She is a Roman. I am greatly impressed by her bearing and by her conduct. I am entirely devoted to her." "May I repeat to her what you tell me?" said M. David. "Certainly," replied General Trochu.[1]

M. Magne, Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of the Regent, when called as a witness in the case of Trochu *v.* Villemessant, said:

"On a certain occasion General Trochu told the Council that he had made a speech to the officers of a battalion of the National Guard, and that he thought it to be his duty to represent to them the dangers, the privations, and the sufferings to which they were about to find themselves exposed; that he told them, at the same time, that it would require great firmness of character to resist the emotion which one must feel on seeing his comrades, his friends, and sometimes his children, falling about him. He said, moreover,

[1] Déposition de M. Jules Brame. "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i. p. 201.

at this moment the officers of the battalion, who had appeared at first very resolute, seemed to be deeply impressed by the words which they had heard.

"On hearing this, the Empress straightened up, as if moved by a spring, and said: 'What, General—you said that to them! But then, on whom are we to count? Very well. If the Prussians come, I will go myself upon the ramparts, and there I will show how a woman can face danger, when it is a question of her country's safety.'

"The General replied that his words had been misunderstood; that the officers of the battalion were full of devotion, and that they could be counted upon absolutely. The words which I have just cited were certainly pronounced either at the time mentioned or at another. The General added: 'Madame, there is only one way of proving to you my devotion; it is for me to get killed, should it be necessary for your Majesty's safety and that of the dynasty.'

"This is what I heard, and I think (turning to General Trochu, who was present) that the General himself remembers it." Whereupon General Trochu made a sign of assent.[1]

VIII

EXTRACTS FROM OFFICIAL REPORTS OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

"AMONG the members of the *Corps législatif* whom the triumphant insurrection carried to the Hôtel de Ville, there is not a single one who has not disavowed any participation whatsoever in the invasion of the Assembly. There is not one who has not declared himself an absolute stranger to the work of preparing the blow by means of which the national representation was overthrown. MM. J. Favre, J. Simon, J. Ferry, Pelletan, Garnier Pagès, Em. Arago, Gambetta, all except M. de Kératry, speak in the same terms of this matter. . . .

"If, during the night of September 3rd and 4th, incited by the news from Sedan, a manifestation was resolved upon, the deputies of the Opposition declare that this resolution was taken without their co-operation and quite outside of them.

[1] "L'Empire et la Défense de Paris," par le Général Trochu, p. 85.

"Following the very wise advice that M. Thiers had given them, far from participating in this movement, they sought, they say, to hold it in check. They struggled hard, but they were unable to resist the current, and were compelled themselves to submit to the impulse which they had not given. Carried off by the crowd, they put themselves at its head, and associated themselves with an act which they had not wished, after that act had become an accomplished fact.

"The leaders of the insurrection of September 4th—if one is to believe these witnesses—are not to be found among the members of the Legislative Body. . . . We confine ourselves to a statement of the facts as they result from the testimony received, and we repeat that the Deputies, members of the Opposition, with the exception of M. de Kératry, have repudiated energetically all participation in the preparation of an act so culpable as the assault upon an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, and to which they belonged; that they formally disavow any complicity in this act, the responsibility of which belongs—if the opinion of certain witnesses is well founded—to those who were conspiring before September 4th, and who have conspired since; who, after having been the authors of the insurrection of this day, became the authors of the insurrections that followed on October 31st, January 22nd, and March 18th; to those, in fact, who were the enemies of all government and the scourge of every community."[1]

M. Jules Ferry, in his testimony before the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, said: "It is necessary for me to explain what our own situation was as Republican Deputies of the City of Paris with respect to a certain portion of the Republican party.

"This situation was very difficult. We were elected in 1869, and that election showed already the kind of obstruction which we as Republicans were about to encounter. M. Jules Favre was only elected after a second ballot, and with extreme difficulty. From that time public meetings began to be held, the violence in which was a very bad omen. After our election, and during that sort of interregnum in the Imperial Government which ended in the formation of a Parliamentary Ministry, during this period, which included several months, we had—it is necessary that it should be known, and we

[1] "Rapport fait au nom de la Commission d'Enquête sur les actes du Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale," par M. le Comte Daru, p. 41 ff.

ought to speak it out for the history of our time—great difficulty at every moment with the party which we called then by a very mild name, the party of 'impatients,' which became a little later the party of the '*exaltés*,' and finally the party of 'anarchy,' over which we have had such difficulty to get the upper hand in these later times.

"From the day that we were elected we found this party blocking our way, as an enemy. We were constantly convoked to meetings, at which we were publicly accused. Every day impossible manifestations were got up. You remember, perhaps, that one which it was proposed to hold in October, 1869, the Chamber not having been assembled within the period fixed by the law. The 'clubs' then decided that it was our duty as Deputies to appear on the Place de la Concorde, on the 26th of that month, I think.

"When, finally, the Parliamentary Ministry was constituted, we had the funeral of Victor Noir, 'the affair Pierre Bonaparte,' as it was then called, and we were placed in the position of men who had not the Government in their hands, but who were obliged to resist the tail of their party exactly as if they were responsible. A portion of those who had elected us, understanding absolutely nothing of the political situation, obedient solely to their own passions and the excitations of the newspapers and public meetings, dreamed only of popular manifestations copied after the demonstrations of the first Revolution. All this was truly for us a subject of perpetual torment.

"At the head of this party was a member of the Assembly, M. Millière; he seemed to be the cleverest of all these leaders. When we reached the Hôtel de Ville, on September 4th, M. Millière was already there, and he was not alone. Two men especially attracted our attention by their attitude and by their efforts. They were: one of them, M. Millière, who was haranguing the crowd in the great Throne Room, and the other M. Delescluze, who was roaming about the Cabinet, where we had formed the first Government Commission.

"If we had not known the profound differences among the revolutionary elements in the city of Paris; if we had not known, from the experience of many preceding months, that there was behind us a party of anarchy which was waiting only for a moment of weakness on our part to take the direction of affairs, the presence of MM. Millière and Delescluze, and of their acolytes, at the Hôtel

de Ville, and the speeches they pronounced, would have made the situation perfectly clear."[1]

IX

THE EMPEROR'S RESPONSIBILITY

THE question of responsibility for the capitulations during the Franco-German War having been made the subject of an inquiry before a military council, the Emperor was found to be entirely responsible for the catastrophe at Sedan—either in consequence of political prejudice, or from a more laudable desire to protect certain military reputations that would have been compromised by any other conclusion.

Immediately the report of this Council was published, the Emperor addressed the following letter to each of the generals present at the capitulation:

"GENERAL,—I am responsible to the country, and I can accept no judgment save that of the nation regularly consulted. Nor is it for me to pass an opinion with respect to the report of the Commission on the capitulation of Sedan. I shall only remind the principal witnesses of that catastrophe of the critical position in which we found ourselves. The army, commanded by the Duke of Magenta, did its duty nobly, and fought heroically against an enemy of twice its numbers. When driven back to the walls of the town, and into the town itself, fourteen thousand dead and wounded covered the field of battle, and I saw that to contest the position any longer would be an act of desperation. The honour of the army having been saved by the bravery which had been shown, I then exercised my sovereign right and gave orders to hoist a flag of truce. I claim the entire responsibility of that act. The immolation of sixty thousand men could not have saved France, and the sublime devotion of her chiefs and soldiers would have been uselessly sacrificed. We obeyed a cruel but inexorable necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil.

"NAPOLÉON.

"Camden Place, May 12, 1872."

[1] Déposition de M. Jules Ferry. "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i. p. 382.

Index

A

"A bas la Prusse," 220
Abbatucci, M., 605
Abd-el-Kader, 34, 35, 36, 37
Abeken, Councillor, 627
Adams, Charles Francis, 153
Adra, 622
Africa, 141, 276
Agricultural associations, 186
Aguado, Countess, 613; Viscount, 613; Viscountess, 328, 613
Aigle, The, 122, 432
Alabama, 169
Albe, Duchesse d', 483; Mademoiselle d', 485, 488
Albert, Archduke, 515; Prince, 87; Prince of Wales, 550, 590, 608
Albigeois, The, 182
Albion Hotel, 477
Alexander, Emperor, 514, 516, 517; II., Czar of Russia, 24
Alfonso X., 621
Algiers, Emir of, 34
Alison, Sir Archibald, 56
"Allemagne aux Tuileries," 620
"Almightiness of the Emperor," 241
Alphaud, M., 43
Alva and Berwick, Duke of, 622
Amboise, 34
America, 12, 148, 160, 170, 624, 625, 626
American Ambulance, 340, 342, 344, 459, 556, 557; Consul, 543, 563, 622; Legation, 338; Minister, 131, 138, 147, 170; Republic, 131, 146; Sanitary Committee, 363, 380; war, 143, 153
"American Annual Cyclopedia," 143
Amiens, 114; cholera at, 115; Municipal Council of, 116, 185
Amouroux, 348
Andrassy, Count, 130
Anlagen-Schloss, 85
Anti-Imperialists, 105, 254
Antoine, Prince of Hohenzollern, 84, 199, 211, 626
Antoinette of Austria, 620
Apogee of Imperial power, 190
Appleton, Tom, 129
Aqueduct of the Dhuis, 179
Aqueduct of the Vanne, 179
Arago, Em., 632; François, 28
"Arbitre de la mode," 106
Arc de Triomphe, 177, 181, 339, 349, 389, 572, 585
Arctic, Loss of the steamer, 13
Arles, 187
Army medical reform, 214
"Army of Italy," 132
Army of Lyons, 248
Army of Paris, 248
Army of the Loire, 576
Army of the Potomac, 161, 166
Army of the Rhine, 253, 527
Arran, 44, 56

Asia, 141
Athens, 181
Atlanta, The fall of, 159, 166, 167
Atlantic, The, 90, 154, 504, 509, 626
Attorney-General of Maddison, 626
Audience Chamber, 303
Auge, 435
Augsburg, University of, 38
Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung, 520
Augusta, Empress, 564, 578; Princess, 85; Queen, 501, 502, 508
Austerlitz, 344
Australia, 251
Austria, 26, 77, 336, 513, 515; Emperor of, 81, 87, 518
Austrian Ambassador, 197, 327, 373; Archduchesses, 87; Count, 87; Government, 26
Austro-Prussian War, 629
Auteuil, 584, 585
"Autobiography of Andrew White," 239
"Autrichienne," 415
Avenue de Cambolle, 412
Avenue de la Grande Armée, 376, 380, 583
Avenue de l'Impératrice, 193, 338, 340, 342, 585
Avenue Malakoff, 338
Avignon, 187
d'Ayguesvives, M., 289, 297, 605
Azeglio, 336

B

B——, Comte G., 436, 437
Bacon, 581
Baden, Grand Duchess of, 81, 564
Baden-Baden, 81, 86, 206
Badinguet, 334
Balan, 258
Barings, The, 108
Baroche, M., 313
Barrière de l'Etoile, 414
Barrot, M. Ferdinand, 315
Bassano, Duc de, 512
Bavarian paper, 12
Bayonne, 185
Bazailles, 256, 257, 258
Bazaine, Marshal, 253, 254, 255, 403, 521, 525, 526, 527, 529, 532, 537, 539
Beaufremont, Prince de, 340
Beauharnais, Josephine, Vicomtesse de, 88; Grand Duchess Stephanie, 81, 82, 87
Beaujon, Hospital at, 114
Beaumont Frères, 394
Beauvais, M. L., 620
Beckwith, N. M., 150
Bédolière, Mdme. de la, 328
Béhic, 605
Belcastel, M. de, 238
Belgium, 14, 365, 471, 479, 559; King of, 199; Queen of, 512
Belleville, 177
Bellevue, Château of, 274, 275; Hôtel de, 512
Benedetti, M., 208, 512, 605, 613, 626, 627, 628
Bentham, 545
Bercy, Château of, 483
Berezowski, 24
Berlin, 200, 206, 209, 212, 220, 228, 231, 239, 500
Bermuda Hundred, 164
Bernay, 419, 424, 425, 426
Bernstoff, Count von, 521, 538
Bertrand, General, 80
Besançon, 248, 575
Besson, M., 335
Bethmont, 242
Beust, Comte de, 197
Beyle, Henri, 117
Beylerbey, 432
Biarritz, 109, 110
Bibliothèque Sainte-Genévieve, 180
Biddulph, Michael, 558
Bismarck, 84, 184, 200, 208, 219, 265, 267, 269, 270, 271, 326, 518, 519, 520, 524, 525, 526, 528, 531, 532, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 553, 568, 569, 571, 576, 628, 629

Index

Bismarck-Bohlen, Count (*see* Bismarck), 272
Blanche, 144 ; de Castille, 389
Blanqui, 348, 570
Blois, 187
Blumenthal, General von, 265
Bohemia, 237
Bois de Boulogne, 42, 65, 120, 131, 150, 177, 339, 342, 359, 585
Bois de Vincennes, 177
Bonaparte, a, 41, 76, 310 ; family, 384, 610; House of, 611 ; Prince Charles, 595, 605, 611 ; Prince Louis Lucien, 38, 491, 574, 611 ; Prince Pierre, 349, 634 ; Princes' affair, 612
Bonar, Mr. Thomas, 491, 492, 493, 494 ; Mrs., 493, 494
Bondy, 414
Bonheur, Rosa, 121
Bonneville, 435
Bordeaux, 71, 570, 572 ; assembly, 571
Bordier, Henri, 620
Bosphorus, 432
Boston, 129, 138
Boudet, M., 314
Bougival, 384
Bouillon, 278
Boulanger, 352
Boulevard Beauséjour, 584
Boulevard des Capucines, 220
Boulevard Haussmann, 335, 337
Boulevard Malesherbes, 358
Boulevard Sebastopol, 176
Boulogne 21, 41, 60 ; affair of, 8, 66, 540
Bourbaki, 199, 327, 528, 529
Bourbons, The, 239
Bourgoing, Baron de, 605 ; Baronne de, 327
Bourse, The, 220
Boyer, General, 530, 532, 533, 534 535, 536, 537, 538, 539
Braganza, Duke of, 621
Brame, 287, 326, 631
Brewster, Cyrus S., 1, 2, 3
Bries, Marshes of the, 56
Brighton, 465, 466
Bristol, Hotel, 84
British consols, 221 ; Embassy, 372 ; Navy, 453 ; Parliament, 144
Brodick Castle, 43, 56
Brougham, Lord, 144, 624
Broussa, 35
Brussels, 512, 559
Buchanan, Mr., 163
Buffet, M., 297, 298, 301
Bullant, Jean, 142
Bull Run, 153
Burgoyne, Sir John, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 457, 458, 459, 461, 462, 463 ; Lady, 447, 454, 458, 459
Burgundy, Duchess of, 105
Burke, Edmund, 136, 625
Burlinghame, Hon. Anson, 57, 58
Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, 562
Busson-Billault, 287, 325
Butler, General, 164, 165
Buttes-Chaumont, 177, 383
Byens, Baron, 130

C

C——, Dr., 61
Cabanel, 120
Cabinet, The, 285, 287, 289, 309, 634 ; Councils, 200, 229 ; of the Emperor, 198 ; secrets, 515
Cabot, George, 621, 622
Cadiz, 299
Cæsar, 75, 226
Café Cantilope, 412
Cairo, 551
Calvados, 426
Cambacérès, Duc de, 616
Cambolle, 412
Camden, Lord, 491 ; Place, Chislehurst, 54, 480, 481, 482, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490 491, 492, 495, 500, 508, 529, 536, 573, 574, 575, 576,

578, 580, 582, 590, 591, 595, 596, 597, 598, 600, 603, 608, 609, 610, 611, 615, 616, 635
Camp, M. Maxime du, 176
Camp No. 2, 561
Campana, Marquis, 491
Canapville, 435
Canrobert, Madame, 564, 613 ; la Maréchale, 328 ; Marshal, 528, 535, 564, 613
Cantilope, Madame, 413
Capet, 334
Captain, The, 453
Capuchin friar, 336
Carbonero, 593
Carcassonne, 182
Carette, Madame, 592, 613
Carignan, 255, 261
Carlsruhe, 81, 85, 86, 87, 562, 564, 565
Carlyle, 110
Carmagnole, The, 343
Carnot, 28, 242
Caroline, Princess of Sweden, 81, 82, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88
Carpeaux, 121, 586
Carrero, Colonel Porto, 383
Casas, Madame Zifrey, 90
Casino, 458
Cassagnac, Paul de, 260, 262, 605
Cassel, 277, 502, 503, 506
Castelnau, General, 265, 272, 511, 531, 613
Catherine de Medici, 98
Caussade, General, 357
Celestin, 379, 398
" C'est ma guerre," 203
Chabrier, 310
Châlons, 248, 253, 262
Chamber of Deputies, 181, 218, 219, 237, 239, 283, 291, 294, 312, 313, 324, 326, 340, 341, 355, 356, 400, 401, 521, 605, 634
Chamber of Peers, 540
Chambord, Comte de, 64, 592
Champs Élysées, 344, 349, 415, 572, 585
Chancelleries of Europe, 370, 518
Chancellor of the North German Confederation, 271, 513, 532, 533, 534, 538, 539, 540, 571, 627
Changarnier, General, 225, 536
Channel, English, 441, 442, 447, 453, 463, 464, 476, 559
Chapelle Ardente, 608
Chapelle, Comte de la, 250
Charing Cross, 482
Charlemagne, 75
Charles V., 504
Charles X., 386
Charles, Prince, 619
Chasseloup Laubat, Marquis de, 613
Chasseurs d'Afrique, 262
Chateâuroux, Parc de, 247, 249
Chatham, 625
Chattanooga, 166
" Chef-de-gare," 428
" Chef du Pouvoir," 617
Chehéry, 275
Cherbourg, 182
" Chevaliers de Malta," 559, 560
Chevreau, M. Henri, 287, 290, 292, 293, 295, 324, 537, 605
" Chief of the Executive Power," 572
China, The, 159
Chinese Mission, 58
Cholera in Paris, 114, 179
Christine, Queen, 104
Christopher Columbus, 122
Church of Rueil, 383
City Council, 113
City Point, 161, 165, 167
Civita Vecchia, 248
Clanricarde, Lord, 624
Clary, Count, 479, 603, 609; Countess, 613
Claudian, 137
Clichy, 414
Clothilde, Princess, 513, 613
" Clothing Society," 558
" Clubs," 634
Coblentz, 85, 558, 560, 561, 562, 629
Code, The, 65

Coleman Street, 624
Cologne, 558, 559, 560, 561
Commanderie, La, 415, 416, 419, 423
Commercial Treaty with England, 183
"Commission Sanitaire des Etats-Unis ; son origine, son organisation et ses résultats, La," 173
Commissioner of the Confederate Government, 144
Communal Council, 607
Commune, 284, 347, 348, 354, 414, 570, 573, 578, 582, 585, 586, 588
Compiègne, 47, 119, 120, 123, 156, 327, 392
"Comptes fantastiques d'Haussmann," 181
Conciergerie, 370
Confederacy, The, 143, 144, 145, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 157, 159, 160, 166, 168, 169, 170
Conneau, Dr., 9, 10, 11, 279, 511, 592, 593, 594, 597 ; Lieutenant, 329, 330, 332
Constable of Bourbon, 305
Constantinople, 432
Constituent Assembly, 2, 302
Conti, M., 329
"Contrabands," 161
"Convention, The," 571
Cornuau, M., 116
Cornu, Madame, 76, 77
Corps législatif, 401, 632
Cortes of Spain, 299
Corvisart, 17, 594, 597
Cossé-Brissac, Marquis, 605
Côte d'Or, 576
Coudray, 435
Council of the Ministers, 296, 400, 631 ; of the Regency, 301 ; of State, 350
Councillor of Legation, 272 ; of State, 335
"Coup d'État, The," 7, 54, 80, 131, 291, 552
Courbevoie, 382, 383
Courier, Paul Louis, 33
Court of St. James's, 519
Courval, M. l'Abbé, 74
Cousin, M. Victor, 120, 140
Cowleys, The, 20 ; Lady, 22, 130 ; Lord, 23, 130
Crane, Dr., 340, 342, 344, 345, 346, 359, 363, 364, 368, 375, 376, 379, 390, 391, 392, 398, 410, 411, 416, 417, 421, 422, 423, 424, 430, 431, 440, 441, 445, 446, 447, 449, 452, 457, 458, 459, 557
Crédit Foncier, 183
Credit Institutions, 183
Cremieux, 399
Crimea, 16, 132, 192, 320
Cromwell, 59
Crown Princess of Germany, 563, 564
Czar, 24, 27, 514, 515, 518

D

"Dance, The," 587
Danell, 614
Darboy, Monseigneur, 231
Darien, Isthmus of, 509
Daru, M., 297, 298, 300, 633
Daumesnil, 185
David, Jérôme, 287, 289 324, 537
Daviller, Comte, 603, 609
Davis, Jefferson, 144, 158, 165
Daylon, William M., 147, 149
Death-rate in Paris, 178
Deauville, 372, 426, 429, 435, 436, 438, 439, 440, 442, 444, 446, 451, 453, 454, 460, 477
Debaine, M., 526
Declaration of Independence, 621
Declaration of War, 217
Delescluze, 348, 354, 355, 570, 634
Delessarts, The, 102
Delord, Taxil, 107, 315
Delorme, Philibert, 142
Democratic party, 159

Dentist, 1 ; American dentists, 20 ; Evans made surgeon-dentist, 20 ; Evans the only dentist at Court, 21 ; low social standing, 19
Dentistry, *al fresco*, 19 ; in Europe, 21 ; position in Paris in 1847, 18
Dentu, E., 515
" Dépêche du père Antoine, La," 211
" Deposition de M. de Kératry," 357
Deputies, 243, 282, 285, 296, 298, 299, 307, 309, 326, 345, 354, 356, 633
Desrats, Madame, 419, 420, 425
Desvaux, General, 535
Dhuis, 179
Diamond pin, The story of the, 14, 15
Dieppe, 477
Directory, The, 191
Direct cause of defeat of the French, 227
Distribution of awards, 190
Dix, General John A., 134, 135
Dolma Bagchtie, 432
Donchéry, 265, 271, 272
Douan, 242
Douay, Felix, 253, 261
Doubs, 576
Dover, 479, 573, 574
Drainage of marshes, 186
Dresden, 563
Dreyfus, 26
Druses, 36
Duc, M. Violet le, 121
Ducrot, General, 69, 200, 255, 256, 257, 258, 261, 262, 270
Dufaure, M., 579
Dumas, Alexandre, 126
Dumfries, 621
Dupanloup, 117
Duperré, Commander, 605
Dupin, 314
Dupret, Baron, 574
Dupuy-de-Lôme, 297
Duruy, M., 53, 54, 117
Duvernay, 323
Duvernois, M. Clement, 287, 310

E

Early, 156, 167, 172, 173
Eastern Railway, 227
Egypt, 122, 551 ; old, 333
Egyptian gallery, 333
Eighty-first Regiment, 228
Elizabeth, Madame, 414, 504
Elysée, Palace of the, 2, 3, 4, 5, 17, 90, 113
Emperor Napoleon III., American civil war, 145–160, 167–170 ; appearance, 40, 121 ; attempted assassinations, 22–24 ; burial, 608 ; candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain, 194–200 ; characteristics, 3, 7–8, 10–13, 15–21, 109–112, 545–550 ; courtships, 80–87, 91–94 ; death, 603–608 ; Deposition, 296–299, 323–326, 336, 348, 364–365, 541 ; elected President, 1 ; Empire in Mexico, 171 ; England, 573–582, 590–593 ; Franco-Prussian War, 201–207, 218, 222, 223, 226, 229, 236, 243–255, 531–538 ; Friendships, 6, 8–10 ; last illness, 593–602 ; marriage, 95–98 ; prisoner, 370, 402, 489, 500–511, 522 ; pursuits, 41–51, 72 ; relations with Madame H., 4 ; religion, 73–75 ; Sedan, 258–264 ; surrender, 265, 270–279, 283–285, 290 ; Trochu, 288, 304, 305, 309 ; upbuilder of the nation, 174–192 ; visit to Queen Victoria, 14 ; visit to U.S.A., 127–128, 133, 136, 143 ; wife, 100–101, 116, 123, 124
Emperor William, 578
" l'Empire et la Défense de Paris," 293, 295, 632
" l'Empire Liberal," 629
Empress Eugénie, American appreciation, 128, 135–137, 163, 171–173 ; appearance, 91 ; attempted assassinations, 21–23 ; betrothal, 91–95 ; Camden Place, 480–500 ; charac-

teristics, 101–105, 116–126; dress, 105–108; family, 620–623; flight, 308, 310–327, 337–338, 359–469; Franco-German War, 202–203; Hastings, 469–479; jewels, 110; last days of Emperor, 573–576, 591–593, 602–615; love of her people, 109, 111–116, 184–188; marriage, 95–101; political purposes, 513–523, 537–555; Regent, 229–232, 246, 277, 285–289, 297–299, 357–358; Regnier, 524–530; resignation, 300–303; Sedan, 277–278, 290–293; visit to Queen Victoria, 14
Empress Frederick, 563
Ems, 627, 628, 629
England, 4, 14, 24, 49, 110, 118, 128, 153, 157, 251, 324, 361, 365, 367, 372, 373, 402, 406, 441, 444, 445, 446, 447, 452, 453, 464, 466, 467, 468, 470, 475, 476, 477, 478, 481, 485, 488, 500, 507, 512, 513, 518, 521, 550, 559, 596, 613
English Building Society system, 185; consols, 108; Embassy, 22, 23; Foreign Office, 152; Government, 150, 155, 168, 169; Military Academy, 593
"Enquête Parlementaire," 108, 209, 286, 291, 296, 301, 306, 307, 310, 357, 531, 536, 631, 635
État Major of the Commune, 348
Europe, 21, 29, 30, 34, 82, 88, 93, 104, 127, 128, 130, 135, 144, 153, 192, 204, 214, 221, 226, 229, 238, 242, 370, 475, 497, 517, 518, 520, 566, 626, 630
Evans, Dr., arrival in Paris, 1; Abd-el-Kader, 36, 37; American Ambulance, 213–217; burial of Emperor, 609–617; "Clothing Society," 558–563, 568, 575, 576; death of the Emperor, 604–605; Dr. Conneau, 10, 11; eve of Franco-German War, 230–233; flight of Empress, 310–327, 337–338, 359–469; General Grant, 161–166; introduction to Emperor, 2; introduction to Empress, 88; letter to Paris Press, 553–554; Lord Brougham, 622; marriage of Emperor, 96; Metz, 556–557; Paris, 582–589; Paris Exposition, 61; President Lincoln, 160; Princess Caroline, 86; relations with distinguished people, 21, 130, 194–196; relations with Emperor, 5, 6, 8, 12–16, 18, 20, 23–24, 50, 127; relations with Empress, 99, 106, 118; return to Paris, 167; Revolution, 339–349; visits to Emperor in England, 500–502, 506–516, 576–582, 595; visit to U.S.A., 159; U.S.A. Sanitary Commission, 193; War of Rebellion, 147–153, 156–158
Evans, Mrs., 14, 19, 159, 161, 167, 372, 436, 439, 440, 441, 448, 449, 450, 452, 459, 477, 482, 576, 582
Everard, Madame, 407; M. Ernest, 409
Evreux, 372, 397, 408, 412, 413, 436
Exports, 184
Exposition, 24; of 1867, 189; of 1900, 181; Universelle, 214

F

Failly, General de, 253, 254
Falkner, Charles J., 138
Farincourt, Baron and Baroness, 605
Farnborough, 106, 498, 545, 554
Faubourg du Temple, 345; Montmartre, 345; St. Antoine, 113, 345
Faure, M., 222, 265, 296
Fauvel, 594
Favre, Jules, 67, 236, 242, 307, 341, 354, 356, 376, 399, 401, 514, 515, 517, 518, 519, 525, 528, 568, 569, 571, 576, 632
Federal Government, 143, 145, 147,

148, 154, 157, 169, 170, 224, 624, 625; Union, 146
Feltre, Duc de, 613
Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street, 14
Ferrières, 518, 519, 525, 568
Ferry, M. Jules, 244, 254, 307, 632, 633, 635
Fifth Corps, 254
Filon, M., 524
First Army, 248; Corps, 248, 255; Empire, 192
Flamaraens, M. de, 311
Flandrin, 119, 121
Fleury, General, 5, 6, 323
Floing, 256, 257
Floods, 187, 188, 514, 515, 516, 518, 574
Florence, 513, 544, 593, 607
Floquet, M., 315, 514
Flourens, 348, 570
Foder, M., 482, 484, 485, 486, 487
Fontaine, Madame, 391, 392
Fontainebleau, 47, 131, 150, 151, 152
Forbach, 280, 284, 543
Forcade de la Roquette, 605, 613
Foreign Enlistment Act, 625; Office, 195, 208, 310
Fort de Bicêtre, 228
Fortou, General le Marquis, 613
Fortress, Munroe, 162
"Fournisseur de Sa Majesté, l'Empereur," 344
Francis I., 210; Joseph, 530
Franco-German conflict, 202; drama, 542; War, 196, 284, 512, 514, 552, 564, 568, 635
Frankfort, 562
Frederick Charles, Crown Prince, 526, 527, 528, 536, 578
Frederick the Noble, Emperor, 85; William the Regent, 85
French Ambassador, 208, 514, 628; army, 204, 205, 206, 216, 225, 233, 245, 250, 263, 283, 340, 475; Assembly, 143; Catholic Church, 74; clericalism, 74; democracy, 74; Empire, 186, 215, 475; Parliamentary Republic, 353, 600; Republic, 513; Revolution, 146; securities, 221; War Department 249
Frenoirs, 271, 274, 275
Froeschwiller, 280, 543
Froissart, 535
Frossard, 71, 613

G

Galloni d'Istria, 605
Gambetta, Leon, 74, 203, 219, 303, 354, 364, 376, 399, 400, 401, 632
Gardes Mobiles, 228, 236, 237, 240, 241, 246, 288, 346, 412, 571
Garde Nationale, 306, 343, 346, 356
Garenne, La, 256
Garnier, Pagès, 236, 242, 632
Garrick Club, 485
Gazelle, The, 443, 444, 451, 453, 454, 461, 462
Gaulois, The, 211, 553
Genouilly, Admiral Rigault de, 198, 226, 287, 613
Genton, M., 297
George Street, 463
Georgia, 166
Géricault, 333
German Army, 205, 404; Army Corps, 572; Army of Occupation, 579; bombardment, 585; Chancellor, 519, 525; Government, 565; invasion, 358; military authorities, 561; military organisation, 200
Germany, 4, 82, 128, 198, 202, 205, 206, 208, 209, 212, 213, 225, 227, 237, 241, 244, 268, 283, 403, 500, 502, 503, 504, 505, 517, 559, 562, 565, 566, 620, 625
Gérôme, 119
Girardin, M. Emile de, 63, 212, 242, 312
Giraudeau, 226
Givonne, 256, 257, 259
Gladstone, 153, 558

Glais-Bizoin, M., 242, 308
Goatfell, 56
Goddard, Monsignor, 490, 603
"God, the Family and Property," 308
Golden Horn, 432
Goltz, M. de, 130
Gortschakoff, 514
Gounod, 119
Goutellard, M., 195
Gouzien, M. Armand, 318
"Gouvernement de la Defense Nationale," 399, 400, 514, 518, 520, 522, 530, 531, 532, 534, 568, 571, 572, 576, 594, 633
Government of France, 521, 601; of Paris, 521, 533, 569; of St. Petersburg, 518; of the Emperor, 218, 549; of the Regent, 536; of the Republic, 180; of Tours, 533, 569, 576
Governor of Paris, 292, 293, 304, 306, 309, 356, 400, 631; of the palace, 315; of the Tuileries, 319
Goze, 259
Grafton Street, 624
Gramont, Duc de, 195, 196, 197, 198, 207, 208, 213, 542, 605, 613; Comtesse de, 564
Granada, 620, 622
"Grand Army," 134, 382, 575, 585
Grande Rue, 584
Grand Duchess, 82
Grand Opera, 180, 221
"Grand Prix," 214
Grand Rabbi of France, 118
Grand Referendary, 315
Granier de Cassagnac, M., 53, 79, 540, 548, 549, 550, 605
Granperret, 287
Grant, General, 153, 156, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167
Granville, Lord, 213
Gravière, Admiral Jurien de la, 292, 329, 330, 613
"Great Baron," The, 175
Great Britain, 155, 511
"Great Gallery," 332
Greatest work of Napoleon III., 192
"Grenadiers de la Garde," 133, 270
Gressier, M., 244, 314
Grévy, M., 140, 572
Grignan, Mademoiselle de, 5
Grimont, Castle of, 526
Grivegnèe, Françoise de, 621; Messrs., 621
Grousset, Pascal, 348
Guizot, M., 1, 67, 191, 351
Gull, Sir William, 597, 598
Gustavus III., King of Sweden, 22; IV., 81
Guzman, Don Alfonso Perez de, 621; Marie Eugénie de, 620

H

H——, Madame, 3, 4, 5
H——, de, 251
Hachette, 177
Hague, The, 14
Halles Centrales, 180
Ham, Fortress at, 21, 146, 332, 509
Hamilton, Duke of, 43, 84, 442
Hampton Roads, 161
Hancock, General, 165
Hankey, Thomas, 558
Hanover, Elector of, 503
Hants, 554
Harper & Bros., 358
Harrison's Landing, 172
Hastings, 465, 467, 468, 469, 475, 476, 477, 479, 480, 485, 487, 516, 522, 524, 525
Hatzfeld, Count and Countess, 130
Hausmann, Baron, 175, 177, 314, 613
Havelock Hotel, 469, 476
Havre, 368, 372, 442
Hegelianism of M. Cousin, 140
Hehren, Baron, 574
d'Hendicourt, 259
Henry IV., 210
Hercules, Farnese, 506

d'Hérrison, M., 366, 367
d'Heylli, Georges, 315
"Histoire de France," 74, 191
"Histoire du Second Empire," 107, 315
"History of Spanish Literature," 623
"History of the American Ambulance," 217
"History of the Consulate and the Empire," 617
Hohenzollern, Prince Leopold of, 84, 195, 197, 210, 547, 619, 620, 626, 627
Holland, 14
Homburg, 206, 501, 502
Honfleur, 437, 438
Hood, General, 166
Hortense, Queen, 9, 38, 39, 40, 56, 383
Hôtel Carnavalet, 180; Dieu, 115, 116, 180; du Casino, 372, 439, 440, 447, 459, 477; de Ville, 170, 307, 308, 314, 354, 376, 399, 634
House of Austria, 210; of Commons, 150, 151; of Hapsburg, 241
Hübner, Count, 130
Hugo, Victor, 73, 181, 210

I

"Idées Napoléoniennes, les," 6, 73
Illy, The Calvary of, 256, 257
"Immortal," 409
Imperial civil list, 109; Court, 128, 134, 137, 139, 140, 141, 145, 336; dynasty, 77, 288, 299, 369, 509, 600, 616
Imports, 184
Indépendant Rémois, 520, 527
Indian Ocean, 251
International Red Cross Society, 500, 564
International Society, 559
"Internationale," 355
Inter-oceanic canal, 509
Invalides, The, 606
Ireland, 625
Irish, Mr., 563
Irving, Washington, 622; Mrs. Pierre M., 622
Isabella, The Catholic, 122
Isle of Wight, 462
Ismalia, 122
Italian Ambassador, 199, 327, 334, 543
Italy, 4, 15, 26, 74, 128, 141, 192, 233, 336, 513, 515, 541, 542, 543, 629

J

James River, 172
Jefferson, 626
Jérôme, ex-King of Westphalia, 55, 503, 512, 630
Jerrold's, Blanchard, "Life of Napoleon III.," 52, 181
"Jewel Room," 332
Joinville, Prince de, 226
Josephine, Empress, 40, 49, 88, 92, 95, 98, 383; Princess, 82, 84, 619
"Journée de Sedan," 270
"Journal d'un officier d'ordonnance," 367
"Journal du Siège de Paris," 315
"Journal Officiel," 394, 399
Juan IV., King of Portugal, 621
Juniac, General de, 613
Jura, 576

K

Keeper of the Seals, 218
Kératry, M. de, 254, 307, 354, 357, 632, 633
King's College, 581
Kirkpatrick, 9, 622; Maria Manuela, 621; William, 620
Knight of the Garter, 616
Kolb-Bernard, 207

L

L——, Countess of, 20
La Brun, General, 613

Lacordaire, 351
Lainstow, Major, 561
Lalanne, Jean, 334
Lamartine, 28, 95
Lanterne, 348
Laradit, M., 312
Lariboisière, Hospital at, 114
Larminat, Mademoiselle de, 613
Las Torres, 621
Laurens, 119
Lavalles, 191
Lavallette, M., 476
La Valette, M., 537
Lebœuf, Marshal, 198, 204, 205, 206, 207, 209, 226, 245, 249, 250, 287, 251, 535, 613
Lebreton, General, 306; Madame, 329, 332, 335, 338, 359, 373, 379, 390, 391, 392, 398, 410, 421, 422, 423, 426, 427, 430, 440, 441, 445, 452, 457, 458, 469, 472, 473, 488, 592, 593, 613
Lebrun, General, 223, 261, 263, 515, 630
Lee, General, 166, 171
Le Flô, General, 354
Leghorn, 607
Legion of Honour, 12, 608, 611
Legislative Assembly, 92, 201, 209, 212, 217, 230, 235, 236, 238, 297, 306, 307, 311, 312; Body, 153, 176, 285, 297, 298, 299, 357, 524, 533, 536, 633; Chamber, 136, 212, 243
Legouvé, Ernest, 119
Lesczynska, Marie, 323
Lesseps, M. Ferdinand de, 122, 320
Leverrier, 119
Lhuys, M. Drouyn de, 93, 94, 168
Liberté, The, 218
Libyan desert, 392
Liège, 621
"Life of Cæsar," 53
"Life of Napoleon III.," 52, 181
"Life of Prince Consort," 105
Lille, 185, 559
Limay, 393
Lincoln, President, 26, 144, 154, 155, 158, 159, 160, 167, 171, 545
Lindau, Herr Paul, 505
"Lion d'Or," 435
Lisieux, 372, 412, 419, 421, 429, 434
"Little Corporal," 383
Liverpool, 159
Locock, Sir Charles, 479
Loire, 187, 189, 341
London, 14, 67, 104, 108, 142, 153, 156, 467, 478, 481, 482, 485, 487, 491, 521, 525, 556, 557, 558, 559
Longhaye, M., 559
Louis IX., 388, 389
Louis XIV., 48
Louis XV., 323
Louis XVI., 334, 415
Louis Philippe, 2, 34, 60, 140, 191, 239, 383, 386, 436, 437
Louis, Prince, 73
Louise, Princess, 82, 83
Lourmet, Comtesse de, 115
Louvet, 198, 209
Louvre, 96, 180, 292, 306, 307, 308, 331, 333, 335, 375
Low, Sampson, Marston, Low & Searle, 217
Lowe, Sir Hudson, 504
Lowell, 153
Luxembourg, 63, 223, 311, 314, 540
Lyons, 7, 187, 233, 248, 351, 373, 572; Lord, 213

M

McClellan, General, 159, 167, 172
Macmahon, Marshal, 71, 253, 258, 259, 260, 341, 526
Madeleine, 337, 358, 586, 587
Madrid, 294, 622, 623, 627
Magenta, Duke of, 134, 254, 257, 607, 635
Magne, 287, 631
Magnin, M., 240, 242
Magny, 393

Mahhi-el-Din, 35, 36, 37
Maison, Dorée, 84
Malaga, 621, 622, 623
Malakoff, de, 612
Malaret, 544
Malmaison, 383, 384
Malmesbury, Simon de, 182
Mansfield, Albert, 53
Mantes, 372, 389, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398
Marguerite of Navarre, 98
Margueritte, 262
Marie Antoinette, 87, 98, 100, 110, 289, 414
Marie Amelie, Queen, 592
Marie Eugénie de Guzman, 89
Marie Louise, 87, 98, 630
Markby, Parry & Stewart, 624
Marly, 384
Marne, The, 178
"Marseillaise," The, 221, 222, 228, 343, 348, 349, 413, 456
Marseilles, 7, 351, 572
Marsh, Mrs. George P., 543
Martin, Theodore, 105
Mary, Princess, Duchess of Hamilton, 8, 81, 82, 83, 84, 88
Mason, John Y, 138
Massachusetts, 621
Masson, Madame, 560
Mathilde, Princess, 457, 512, 613
Maxau, 244
Maximilian, 171
Mayence, 558, 561, 562, 564
Meade, General, 165
Medina-Cœli, 621
Mediterranean, 122
Mège, 198
Mellinet, General, 319, 320
Mentque, M. de, 312, 313, 314
Mercier, M., 154
Mérimée, Prosper, 117, 289
Metternich, Prince de, 130, 197, 327, 329, 330, 332, 333, 336, 366, 373
Meulan, 389, 393, 559
Metz, 71, 234, 245, 248, 253, 512, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 531, 532, 533, 534, 536, 537, 556, 557
Meuse, 251, 255, 256, 272
Mexico, 170
Mézières, 255, 256, 260
Milan, 607
Millière, 354, 634
Minie, Major, 45
Mirabeau, 289
Mississippi, 165
Mocquard, M., 5, 51
Moltke, General, 265, 266, 267, 271, 273, 274, 275, 345, 532, 628
Monroe, 626
Montagne, Sainte-Geneviève, 177
Montfort, Simon de, 182; General de, 315
Montijo, Comte de, 89, 621; Comtesse de, 90, 294, 622; Mademoiselle de, 89, 93, 94, 95, 96, 98, 101
Montmorency, Duc and Duchesse de, 605, 613
Montretout, 382, 584
Mont Valerien, 382, 584
Morny, Duc de, 453
Morny, Place de, 454
Moscow, 575
Moselle, The, 251
Moskowa, Prince de la, 270, 272, 511; Princesse de la, 613
Mouchy, Duc and Duchesse de, 476, 612
Mouzon, 254
Muette, La, 583
Munich, 564
Murat, Prince de, 511, 574, 611; Princesse de, 476
Musset, Alfred de, 221

N

N——, Duke of, 56
Nantes, Edict of, 56
Naples, 607
Napoleon, 4, 39, 49, 60, 64, 73, 74, 75,

76, 79, 80, 81, 95, 116, 134, 174, 381, 383, 384, 474, 504, 540
Napoleon, Prince, 55, 64, 148, 253, 513, 537, 574, 611, 616
Napoleonic Dynasty, 202, 351, 523, 533 ; family, 557 ; legend, 76
Napoleonshöhe, 503
"National, The," 212
National Assembly, 2, 211, 253, 285, 305, 570, 572, 591, 596, 635
National Defence, Government of, 108, 302, 303, 304, 355
National Guard, 236, 242, 292, 318, 319, 320, 321, 355, 356, 414, 415, 630, 631
"National War, The," 219
National workshops, 2
Natural frontiers, 29
Navy, 182, 183
Nélaton, 17, 594
"Nero," 121
Neuilly, 349, 383, 583
Newcastle, 153
New England, 423
Newhaven, 477
New Orleans, 143
New South Wales, 251
New York, 45, 108, 128, 138, 159
Ney, Edgar, 5
Nicaragua, 509
Nicholas, Emperor, 77
Nicholson, 493
Niel, Marshal, 209, 242, 245, 246, 294
Nigra, Signor, 130, 199, 327, 329, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 366, 543, 544
Nile, 55
Nisard, M., 311
Noir, Victor, 349, 351, 634
Norfolk, 161, 167
Normandy, 372, 411
North German Gazette, 200
Noslitz, Rittmeister Count von, 275
"Notre Dame," 95, 179, 615

O

"Œuvres Posthumes de Napoleon III.," 250, 265, 271
Olivares, 621
Ollivier, M. Emile, 198, 211, 219, 282, 543, 629, 630
Oppenheim, Baron Edward, 561
Orange, 187
Orleans, Bishop of, 117 ; maid of, 406 ; princes, 592 ; princesses, 592
Orsini, 21, 547, 548

P

Pacy, 397, 407, 409, 416
Pacific Ocean, 508
Paget, Sir James, 596, 597, 598
Pajol, General, 254, 511
Palace of Saint Germain, 180
Palais Bourbon, 218, 295, 302, 303, 306, 307, 309, 310, 312, 313, 317, 327, 343, 345, 357
Palikao, Comte de, 253, 273, 285, 286, 287, 297, 301, 302, 306, 325, 341
Palmerston, 153, 155, 168
Panama, 508
Panthéon, The, 28
"Papiers et correspondance de la Famille Impériale," 324, 551, 552
Parc Monceau, 358
Parien, de, 198
"Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie," 177
Parmentier, 178
Passports of the Empress, 372
Passy, 584
Paty de Clam, Colonel du, 560
Pavia, 504, 607
Pavillion of Apollo, 332 ; of Flora, 48, 323, 331 ; de l'Horloge, 48, 323, 415 ; de Marsan, 294
Pecq, Le, 384
Pelissier, la Maréchale, 328
Pelletan, 242, 314, 632
Pepa, Mademoiselle, 90, 98, 99, 102, 103
Persigny, Duc de, 5, 6, 151, 537

Petersburg, 161
Petit Pont, 180
Pianori, 75
Picard, 399; Ernest, 242
Piennes, Marquis de, 115
Pierres, Baron de, 297
Pietri, M., 327, 511, 609
"Pipe-en-Bois," 303
Pius IX., 117
Place de la Concorde, 302, 303, 318, 325, 342, 343, 572, 586, 634
Place de l'Etoile, 572
Place Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, 336, 365
Place du Carrousel, 307, 321, 330, 375, 414
Plebiscitum, The, 203, 312, 315
Plichon, 198
Plombières, 188
Poëze, Madame de la, 328
Podbielski, General, 275
Point-du-jour, 583, 585
Poissy, 367, 368, 388, 389
Pol, 589
Pollet, Madome, 98, 102
Poniatowski, Prince, 311; Princess Louisa, 605, 613
Pont d'Alma, 180; d'Arcola, 180; d'Auteuil, 180; de Bercy, 180; Pont au Change, 180; Pont au Double, 180; Pont des Invalides, 180; l'Évêque, 435; Pont Louis Philippe, 180; Pont Notre Dame, 180; Pont Saint Michel, 180; Pont de Solférino, 180, 307
Pontarlier, 575
Porte d'Auteuil, 583; Dauphine, 583; de l'Impératrice, 583; Maillot, 376, 380, 383
Porter, General Horace, 166
Porto Carrero, Cipriano Guzman Palafox, y, 621
Portsmouth, 466
Portugal, 621
Pourtalès, Comtesse de, 200
Presse, The, 211, 219
Prim, Marshal, 197, 198, 199
Prince Consort, 168, 606
Prince Imperial, 22, 23, 47, 121, 124, 133, 134, 157, 158, 188, 229, 231, 232, 234, 298, 311, 323, 330, 364, 402, 448, 457, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 478, 479, 480, 481, 486, 487, 488–491, 494, 507, 512, 524, 525, 528, 533, 573–577, 581, 593, 602–617
Prince Royal, 276
Princess Alice, 466
"Principes par un Ancien Diplomate, Les," 304
"Propriété Nationale," 375
Protot, 348
Prussia, 63, 79, 85, 196, 197, 198, 201, 204, 205, 208, 210, 216, 219, 235, 237, 246, 264, 265, 266, 268, 276, 403, 503, 404, 515, 519, 534, 538, 539, 553, 564, 626, 627, 628, 629
Puteaux, 382
Pyat, Felix, 348, 570

Q

Quartier de l'Etoile, 130
Quartier Imperial, 277
Quartier Latin, 138
Quartier Saint-Leu, 116
Quay of the Tuileries, 308
Queen of Bohemia, 136
Queen's Hotel, 466
Quentin-Bauchart, M., 311

R

R——, Dr., 54; M., 582; Marquis de, 395
Rambeaux, M. Firmin, 24
Rappel, 210, 348
"Rapport fait au nom de la Commission," 633
Rastadt, 562
Rayneval, Madame de, 328
Red Sea, 122

Index

Regnier, 523-531
Reille, General, 264, 265, 270; 271, 272, 511
"Reign of Terror," 334, 356
Remusat, M. de, 52
Renan, 284
Revenez, M. Louis, 318
Revue Comique, 238
"Rhin Allemand," 221
Rhine, 206, 211, 242, 244, 542, 620, 630
Rhone, 187, 189
Richard, Maurice, 198, 613
Richmond, 156, 161, 164, 168
Ricord, 594
Risle, 418
Rives, William C., 138
Rivière de Thibouville, La, 416, 418, 420, 426, 427, 431
Rivoli, 176
Roché, M., 350
Rochefort, M., 350
Roebuck, Mr., 144, 150, 151
Rollin, Ledru, 354
Roman Commonwealth, 230
Roman Pont-du-Gard, 585
Rome, 141, 181, 326
Roon, General von, 628
Rothschild, Leopold de, 558
Rouher, M., 226, 310, 311, 314, 537, 540, 542, 604, 605; Mademoiselle, 605; Madame, 605, 613
Route Impériale, 384, 393, 398, 416
Rowles, Mr. and Mrs., 491, 492; family, 491; Miss Emily, 491
Rue Bourgeoise, 395; Castiglione, 344; Farville, 393; Gresset, 116; Halèvy, 587; Montmartre, 588; Nationale, 394; Royale, 394, 586; Villejust, 340; Viviénne, 220
Rue de Noyon, 116; de Rivoli, 337, 343, 344, 345, 586
Rue de la Chaussée d' Antin, 587; de la Paix, 133, 337, 342, 344, 358, 587; de l'Assomption, 584; de l'Echelle, 320; de l'Elysée, 604; des Rosiers, 438; du Casino, 453; du Cirque, 3.
Russell, Lord John, 155, 168
Russia, 153, 514, 518, 531
"Ruth," 120
Ryde, 467, 477, 501
Ryde Roads, 463

S

S——, Madame, 497
Saarbach, 511
Sadowa, 208, 241, 268, 283, 336
St. Albert, 256
St. Amboise, 179
St. Antoine, 114
St. Armand, Madame de, 612
St. Augustin, 179
St. Cloud, 12, 30, 42, 131, 194, 196, 197, 206, 226, 229, 230, 234, 322, 382, 449, 576
St. Denis, 606
Ste. Beuve, 129
Ste. Clothilde, 179
St. Eugène, 179
St. Germain, 379
St. Germain-en-Laye, 387, 388
St. Germain l'Auxerrois, 333
St. Helena, 78, 80
St. Hilaire, Barthelemy, 254
St. James's, 519
St. Joseph, 179
St. Lazare, 368
St. Leonard's, 467, 468, 469
St. Mary's Church, 491, 609
St. Pierre de Mont Rouge, 149
St. Privat, 526
St. Petersburg, 516, 518
St. Simon, 105
Salle Carrée, 332
Salle des États, 331
Salle des Marechaux, 98, 142
Salle des Sept Cheminées, 332
Salle des Spectacles, 294
Salon Bleu, 298
Salon d'Apollo, 48, 131

Sancy, Madame de la, 328
Sardou, M. Victorien, 318, 320
Satory, 248
Saulcy, Madame de la, 328, 613
Savannah, 166
Saxony, 87, 561
Schneider, M., 201, 303, 306, 613
Schönlein, Baron, 559
Scotland, 43, 621
Searle, Rev. M., 614
Sebastopol, 176, 263
Second Empire, 74, 84, 110, 126, 131, 140, 239, 315, 317, 357, 370, 615
Sedan, 21, 68, 78, 109, 250, 254, 255, 256, 257, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 271, 272, 273, 275, 279, 288, 294, 340, 345, 387, 403, 502, 506, 515, 522, 526, 531, 532, 557, 576, 601, 634
Sée, Professor Germain, 594
Séez, Seminary of, 74
Sefer, Pacha, 432
Segris, 198
Segur d'Aguesseau, M., 311, 312
Seine, 42, 112, 143, 174, 176, 178, 180, 181, 343, 382, 386, 393, 394
Seraglio Point, 432
Serquigny, 426, 428
Sévigné, Madame de, 5
Seward, Mr., 154, 158, 159, 160, 171, 353
Sharpless, Dr. and Miss, 477
Shaw, Miss, 22, 478, 479, 480
Shenandoah, 167
Sheridan, 167
Sherman, General, 165
Siècle, The, 210
Siege of Paris, 531
Sigmaringen, 199, 627
Simon, M. Jules, 240, 242, 399
Slidell, Mr., 144
Smith, Sydney, 409
Société de Sécours aux Blessés, 217
Sociétés des travailleurs, 355
Société Internationale des Travailleurs, 351
Soir, The, 211
"Soleil d'Or Le," 420, 435
Solferino, 66, 134, 263, 607
Sorbonne, 117
Sourd, M. Le, 203
Southampton, 368, 442, 460
Southsea, 466
Southwark, 614
"Souvenirs du Second Empire, 53, 540
"Souvenirs Militaires," 515
Spain, 90, 109, 195, 197, 210, 299, 305, 322, 496, 620, 621, 628
Springfield, 160
Steenackers, M., 308
Steinberg, Madame, E., 86
Stoffel, Colonel, 200, 605, 613
Strasbourg, 8, 21, 60, 248, 531, 572
Stratton Street, 491, 452
Strode, 483, 484, 485, 487, 491
Strumpf, Abbé, 561
Stückelburg, M. de, 130
Stuttgart, 562, 564
Suez Canal, 122
Sultan, The, 432
Suresnes, 382
Sweden, King of, 22, 81
Switzerland, 4, 559, 575
Syndic Peruzzi, 607
Syria, 35, 36

T

Talifa, 621
Tarente, Duc and Duchesse de, 613
Tascher, de la Pagerie, Baron, 28
Teba, Comte de, 89, 383, 622 ; Comtesse de, 90, 91, 98, 99, 102, 112, 113, 620, 622
Temple, The, 180
Temps, The, 210, 356
Teniers, 390
Thayer, M., 80 ; Madame, 88
Thélin, Charles, 9, 10, 101, 331, 332
Thiers, M., 51, 52, 63, 184, 236, 238,

239, 242, 287, 302, 521, 569, 571, 572, 573, 580, 596, 617, 632
Third Army, 248
Thionville, 526
Thompson, Sir Henry 598, 599, 601, 604
Thouvenel, M., 154, 168
Tiber, 542
Ticknor, George, 623
Times, 606
Tissot, 519
Tocqueville, 351
Tophaneh, 432
Toques, 435, 442
Torcy, 256
Torgau, 561
Torquay, 478, 593
Toul, 248
Tour d'Auvergne, Prince de la, 287, 310, 514, 542
Tours, 187, 569
Tour Saint Jacques, 180
"Tout Paris," 141
Trent Affair, 154
Triel, 389
Trinité, La, 179
Trochu, General, 74, 75, 253, 288, 291, 292, 293, 295, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 325, 355, 356, 357, 399, 400, 401, 402, 553, 554, 568, 577, 630, 631, 632
Trotter, Lady, 388
Trouville, 372, 396, 420, 425, 435, 436, 438, 441, 442, 448, 452
Tuinécourt, 256
Tunbridge Wells, 481, 614
Turin, 544
Turkey, 432
Türr, General, 542

U

Union, The, 153, 154, 156, 158, 159, 194, 625
"Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'industrie," 180
United Italy, 543
United States, 11, 50, 61, 62, 89, 127, 128, 138, 147, 155, 170, 194, 215, 221, 224, 251; army, 170, 214, 224; Consul, 621; Sanitary Commission, 172, 173, 214; Senator, 621
Univers, The, 217

V

Vaillant, Marshal, 28
Valdrome, Chevandier de, 198
Vallette, M., 305
Vanne, Aqueduct of the, 179
Varennes, 414
Vasa, Prince Gustavus, 81, 84
Vassorgne, 258
Vaubert, General, 272
Vaux, 389
Vega, Lope de, 621
Vendôme, Place, 89, 132, 133, 344, 437, 587
Vendresse, 272
Venice, 607
Verdy, Colonel von, 275
"Verité, sur la Campagne de 1870 La," 226
Vernon, 247, 248, 249
Versailles, 503, 532, 538, 572, 582, 591
Veuillot, M. Louis, 73
Vicksburg, 165
Victoria, Queen, 14, 48, 104, 168, 169, 479, 501, 518, 521, 550, 590, 608, 616
Vienna, 513, 542
Villa Eugenia, 109
Villafranca, 629, 630
Ville Lumière, 588
Villemessant, 631
Villena, Marquis of, 305
Vincennes, 293
Vinoy, General, 255
Visconti Venosta, 544
Vougy, M. de, 290
Vouillemont, Hôtel de, 543
Vrigne-aux-Bois, 256

Index

W

Walewska, Countess, 613
Walewski, 78, 629
War of the Rebellion, 169, 224
War of the Secession, 170, 171
Washburne, Mr., 165, 170, 338
Washington, 154, 156, 158; George, 164
Waterloo, 78, 383
Webb, General James Watson, 170
Wedel, General von, 561
Werther, M. de, 627
Westphalia, 55, 503, 620
White, Hon. Andrew D., 239
Wiesbaden, 206, 562
Wight, Isle of, 593
Wikoff, Henry, 66
Wilderness, Battle of the, 156
Wilhelmshöhe, 67, 252, 276, 481, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 509, 524, 525, 573, 578, 580
Wimpfen, General de, 69, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 270, 271, 273, 275, 276, 519
Windsor, 616
Winterhalter, 498
Wissembourg, 280
Woolwich, 593, 602
"Wreck of the Medusa," 333

Y

Yankee War, 144
York Hotel, 463

Z

Zouaves, 270, 318
Zululand, 480

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